

A
COLLECTION
OF
Select NOVELS,

Written Originally in

CASTILLIAN,

BY

Don *Miguel Cervantes Saavedra*, *

Author of the History of

DON QUIXOTE de la MANCHA:

In the Territory of the Imperial City of TOLEDO,
in NEW CASTILE.

~~~~~

Made ENGLISH by

HARRY BRIDGES, Esq;

Under the Protection of His Excellency,

JOHN, Lord Carteret,

Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland.

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T H E

Translator to the Reader.

HOSE, who know not who Miguel
 T Cervantes Saavedra was, will be
 very willing I should say something
 of this Incomparable Author, whom the Hi-
 story of Don Quixote will render Immortal.

Miguel Cervantes Saavedra, (for that was
 his Name,) was born at Seville, as 'tis the
 ordinary Sentiment; however, some Spani-
 ards there are who maintain, he was born in
 a Village near the Imperial City of Toledo;
 whether he was, or was not, he was an Or-
 nament to Spain; but his Fortune answer'd
 not his Merit: He had been Secretary to the
 Duke de Alva; after that he retir'd to Ma-
 drid,

The Translator to the Reader.

drid, where he was treated with that Coldness, by the chief Ministers of King Philip III. the Duke of Lerma, Uzeda and Cea, who affected not Men of Learning, that he betook himself to Arms; he followed the Wars many Years, and was present in the famous Battle of Lepanto, where he lost one of his Hands: This was not the only bad Adventure he had in his Life, he was taken by the Infidels, and, after a long Captivity, returning into his own Country, he died, in so great Poverty, that he wanted Necessaries. Behold th^e Destiny of this Great Man!

THE Translator has Inoculated some Castilian Words into our Language for Decoration, and his own Pleasure in the doing.

AS the Spaniards derive all their Gallantries from the Moors, a Spanish Novel must have an African Relish; for, without that Relish, not to be adjusted to Rules, it would be cold and insipid, and hardly read in Spain; there must be none but Marvellous and Surprising Adventures in that Country to deserve Admiration.

THE

The Translator to the Reader.

THE Translator, from the University of Oxford, accompany'd the most accomplish'd, Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, in his extraordinary Embassy to the Court of Spain, in the Year, 1666, in the Minority of Charles II. King of Spain, who concluded the Peace, after a long War, between the Crowns of Spain and Portugal.



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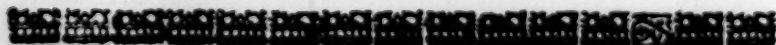
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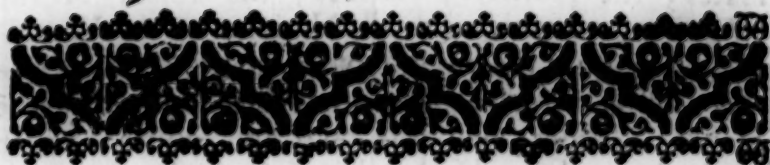
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NOVEL I.

T H E G Y P S I E.

*Quien va lexos a se Casár
O sera engánado, o quiere engánar.*

Who seeks a Wife at distance off
Will cheat, or else be made a Scoff.

GYPSIE, of those that had thriv'd by their Trade, bred up a young Girl in quality of a Niece, and call'd her *Pre-tiosa*; she taught her all her Old Feats of *Activity*, and as this young Girl profited so well by her Instruction, there never was a *Gypsie* a better Proficient; that which accomplish'd her Distinction from all the other *Gypsies* was, her extraordinary Beauty; the Air, the different Climates,

mates, the Journeys, Artifice, the Injury of the Weather, to which (of all Nations in the World) the *Gypsies* are the most subject, could never deface the Lustre of her Visage, nor blacken her white Hands: Besides, she was civil and polite, which made some that observ'd her suspect she drew her Extraction higher than a *Gypsie* Family; all that they could find to reflect was, that with all her good Air her Discourse was somewhat loose; but, nevertheless, said nothing that might cause open Blushing; for, besides that, she express'd herself with Wit, and in a lively and natural manner; she took great care in the Management of her Terms, and had made thereupon such severe *Lectures* to her Comrades, who carry'd it with so great Respect to her, that there was no *Gypsie*, old or young, that dar'd sing in her Presence the least Song that would offend Modesty, or correspond with the least immodest Word.

THE old *Gypsie*, who wanted neither Wit nor Judgment, observing what a precious Treasure she possess'd, did as the Eagle, that teaches her Eglets to fly and live amongst Rocks, so that *Pretiosa* was well supply'd with *Vianello's*, *Stanza's*, *Quottrains* and *Sarabands*, by the old one; in a Word, in all sorts of Verses, particularly in Romances, which she sung with an excellent Grace, this Woman, who was subtle, and knew how to turn all to Profit, search'd for such Pieces, and did all she could for a Collection, so she wanted not Poets that supply'd her; for these Poets accommodate all sorts of People when Opportunity serves to sell their Performances: How many are there who work for those
blind

blind People, who go about singing of false Miracles, and partake of their Gain? Prefix'd of all Sorts in the World: 'Tis an Effect of Poverty that makes *Poets*, as well as Nature that sharpens and debauches *Wit*; and makes a Man apply himself to certain Things, that he never thought of in his Life, if he had been never so little at his Ease.

TO return to *Pretiosa*. She was bred up in divers Places in *Castile*; and when she was about 15 Years old, her Nurse carry'd her to *Madrid*, with Design to expose and sell her Merchandize at the Court, where all is bought and sold. The first Entry she made in this Capital of *Spain*, was upon *St. Anne's Day*, who is the *Patroness* and *Advocate* of this Town: She, and seven other *Gypsies*, went in dancing; the Dance was compos'd of four Old and four Young ones, and a Male *Gypsie*, a very good Dancer, that led up; the Spectacle was very agreeable; all these *Gypsies* were dress'd after their Manner, but very proper and richly set off: They all drew Admiration; but her, that they admir'd most, was *Pretiosa*, that shin'd above 'em all, who certainly had Attraction and Ways, that could not but distinguish her, and draw Love from all that cast their Eyes on her, amongst, or in the Middle of a Sound of *Tabor* and *Castanets*, and they Dance again; a confus'd Noise was heard, that augmented the Beauty and Charms of the *Gypsie*; they all ran to see her, as well Men as Children, and all in Admiration; but 'twas all clear another Thing. When the Dance ended they heard her sing, the Air sounded

B

with

with the Noise of Acclamations and Commendations, and the Judge of the Festival immediately, by common Consent, gave her the Price of the first Dance: 'Tis the Custom, when they celebrate the Festival, to repair to St. Mary's Church, before the Image of St. Anne; the *Gypsies* went thither and danc'd, and *Pretiosa* signaliz'd her self; after which she sung this *Romance* :

To St. ANNE.

O Tree, of Price inestimable,
That was so long in budding out,
That *Joachim* himself began to doubt
If Heaven was to him favourable,
Altho' his Faith was firm and sound,
As he in *Holy Text* had found :

This Faith, altho' it lively was,
He, Holy Man, was set at Naught;
The Priest did charge him with the Fault;
His Spouse was curst with Barenness,
Drove from the Altar and the Temple;
The best of Mortals, like a Simple.

Thou that was sometime infertile,
Has now at last produc'd us Fruit,
And of all Fruits the sweetest Root;
The most aimable and most acute,
Who in her Holy Arms embraces,
The Saviour of all human Races;

O, Mother, of a Daughter dear,
In whom God shew'd his Greatness;
O, *ANNE*, encourage our Address,
And pray her Holy Son to appease,
To cast on us his Eyes of Pity,
In Token of his Deity :

'Twas you that took such Care and Pains
To elevate in all Humility,
Her that compriz'd Divinity,
That after took a Shape Human;
With her you now enjoy above,
The God of Gods in Holy Love.

P R E T I O S A sung so well, that she ravish'd all that heard her; others said, 'twas Pity she was a *Gypsie*, that she deserv'd a higher Birth; the most discerning used other Language; let the little Harpy only grow; let her grow a little, and they will see what she can do; her Eyes are more proper for them than her Hands; and judge by her growing Charms that already draws the Suffrages of 'em all; 'tis easy to see she was born to make Slaves; that she prepares Ambushes that will be fatal to those that come too near, and that few Hearts will escape her. *Pretiosa* hearkned to all these Things, without making

B 2

Shew.

shew; she gave Attention no more than the insipid Elogies the People gave her; and as well pleased as she was, to hear her self commended in this flattering manner, she left not off the Dance she had begun, and in which she excell'd.

THE Ceremonies of the Festival being ended, the *Gypsie* gave over dancing; she found her self fatigu'd, but appear'd in her Adorn with new Charms, that redoubles the Surprize of those that assisted at the Devotion of the Day; and as they said, ev'ry now and then, a thousand little agreeable Things, full of good Sense, and with her Fame reach'd the Court.

THE Rendezvous of *Gypsies* that would see *Madrid*, is in the Field of *St. Barbe*, 'twas there *Pretiosa* retir'd; but after Fifteen Days she re-enter'd the Town, in Company of Three other young *Gypsies*, with Sonnets, a new Dance, and many pleasant Songs; but, however, they were modest Songs; for *Pretiosa*, as we have said, had never suffered her Comrades to sing offensive to Ears, which was very much wonder'd at; in the mean Time, the old *Gypsie* never lost her out of her Sight; she was her *Argus*; for she was afraid to loose her.

WHEN the Dance was begun, 'twas under a Row of Trees, and in the Street of *Toledo*; presently all the People ran thither, and while the Four *Gypsies* danc'd, the old one went about asking somewhat for the Dancers; no Body need be ask'd, every one gave liberally; so true 'tis that Beauty is capable to awaken Charity of the most Drowsy; the Dance was

no sooner ended, but *Pretiosa* boldly cry'd out, *If any one will give me half a Rial, I will sing singly, the finest Romance in the World*: This Romance was made, she said, at the Time our Queen *Marguente*, after her Lying-in, went to return Thanks to Heaven in the Church of St. *Lawrence*; 'tis a famous Piece, made by one of the most celebrated Poets: *Pretiosa* had hardly made an end of speaking, but all those that were about her desir'd her to begin, and to take no Care, she should be well contented; in effect, there shower'd down Money on all Sides, that the old one could hardly gather it up, but she did it at last; after which, *Pretiosa* having begun to look over her Sonnets, and made some Tours of a Dance, she sung the Verses she had promis'd, and were compiz'd in these Terms:

OF Queens, the greatest here her Offering makes;
Her Virtues and her Beauty make her shine;
Possession of all human Hearts she takes,
And is a lively Image of a Ray divine.

So much Beauty charms the Eyes,
Human Joy and Love divine;
Holy Treasure that in Heaven lies,
Merit an Altar and a Shrine.

Who sees this supreme Virtue, sees the Heaven itself;
This Heaven, this Firmament, with all its Wealth:
The Sun and Beams from setting to the Morn
Warms, and the Universe adorn.

Next to the Queen comes this Star that shin'd,
The Fear and Trembling of all Human Kind;

As

As when the Night extends her Curtain,
The Stars appear in Places certain.

The Troops of Gods immortal enter the sacred Dome,
Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn,
With fair *Diana*, did her Incence burn,
Under her Standard march, and brought her Home.

About these shining Spheres appear'd the God of Love,
With many Thousand *Cupids* from above;
The God of Thunder comes to bless the Earth
With Opulence, Gaiety, Balls, and Mirth.

All that the Earth can yield for those of Man,
The Old and New World with the Ocean;
With Pearls and Jewels, and all that's Sweet,
Shall strew'd be at your Majesty's Feet.

Great Queen live happy, live without Care and Pain,
Heaven gave its Word Justice should take Place;
The Scourge of Vice, and all immodest Flame
Of *Moors*, and *Mahomet*, with his cursed Race.

The Holy Destinies attend to sing
Your Glory and Renown,
And make your Days all Days of Spring,
And full of Joy you'r Crown.

Lawrence, the *Martyr*, was roasted on a Gridiron,
Whilst *Infidels*, and *Heathens*, did environ
The Holy Man, whose Ashes did produce
Another *Phoenix*, for the *Christian* Use.

O! Virgin Spouse, Mother and Daughter,
(Thus prayed the Princess on her Knee,)

Vough-

Vouchsafe to hear my Prayer, that after
What I receiv'd may welcome be.

Great First-Fruits here, I offer a Sacrifice
My Son, my Subject's Joy, and Part of a Vow;
Hear me, O *Mary*! and vouchsafe to allow
My Suit, the Pleasure of my Heart and Eyes:

Grant that his Father, both th' Hemispheres Com-
mand,
And all the Treasure of the Western Land;
The Son, another *Atlas*, prove this Weight to bear
Upon his Shoulders, in our Hemisphere.

Prayer being ended, and the Queen reliev'd,
A Thousand Vows were made, as 'twas believ'd:
Depart Great Princess, (came a Voice that cry'd,)
Your Prayers are heard, nor can they be deny'd.

PRETIOSA had hardly made an End of
her *Romance*, but all that were about her, to the
Number of more than Two Hundred Persons, con-
jur'd her to sing it again, and to oblige her to do
it, they promis'd liberally to recompence that, which
some did before-hand; the *Gypsie* begun again, and
in that Moment an Officer of the Long Robe, pas-
sing by, the Voice of *Pretiosa* tickl'd his Ears; he
stop'd short, and drew about her as others did; in
the mean Time, considering within himself, 'twas
beneath the Gravity of a Person of his Character to
amuse himself to hear a *Gypsie* sing in the open
Street; he suddenly retir'd; but as the Behaviour
and Voice of *Pretiosa* had charm'd him, he order'd
one of his Servants that follow'd him to tell the
old

old Gypsie, she should bring the young Girls to his House, that his Wife *Clencia* might see them, who might be very willing to hear 'em sing; the Laquey executed his Master's Orders, and the old one promis'd at the Hour appointed to appear before the Lady.

THE Gypsies retir'd presently after to go sing and dance elsewhere; a very handsome young Man took the Opportunity to approach *Pretioso*, and giving her a Paper folded, spoke to her after this Manner; *Amiable Gypsie, sing the Romance I give you, may possibly please you; I have others I will communicate to you, which you must learn by Heart, and will convince you they are worthy of giving you that Trouble. (I believe it, answer'd Pretiosa only.) Be you as good as your Word, and provided these Pieces are not too free, be assur'd I shall soon find a Place for 'em in my Memory: But this is not all, as it were unfit you should give me these Verses for Nothing, let us agree before Hand for the Price; every one ought to live by his Trade. We shall not differ upon that, said the young Man, only take this Song upon Tick.*

DURING this short Conversation, the Gypsies went their way, and in the Moment the young Man left off speaking, they found themselves opposite an Iron Gate, where they heard themselves call'd; *Pretiosa* went near the Grate that was low, and perceiv'd in a Hall, richly furnish'd, many Gentlemen, where some gam'd, others walk'd and diverted themselves together. *My Lords, (presently said Pretiosa, in a grumbling Tone, such as the Gypsies use,) is there*

any Thing to be got amongst you? She had no sooner said these Words, but all the Gentlemen drew near; for by this Time she was known; let the little Gypsies come in, they all said, we have somewhat to give 'em. We might buy it, perhaps, too dear (said *Pretiosa*.) Ah! (said one of the Gentlemen,) I understand her; but she must come boldly in; and having laid his Hand on his Breast, where was a Cross of *Calatrava*, he gave her his Oath she should not be touch'd, no, not so much as the Top of her Finger. My dear *Pretiosa*, (said one of the three young Gypsies,) go, if thou hast a Mind to't; but for my Part, I shall never have the Courage to go into a Place where so many Men are. Thou art a Novice, my dear *Christiana*, ('twas the Name of the Gypsie that spoke last,) Men are to be fear'd where they cannot be avoided, but not where there are a great many together; but in private, Head to Head, Persons of our Sex, that are prudent, may be even in the midst of Armies, tho' never so numerous: I own that Opportunities ought to be avoided, but that only on secret Occasions. Let us go in then, (said *Christiana*,) for I agree to what thou say'st. The old Gypsie encouraged 'em also; so they went in.

THEY were but just come in, when the Knight, that wore the Cross of *Calatrava*, perceiv'd the Corner of the Paper the young Man had given her; (she had put it in her Breast;) he went up to her and seiz'd it. O! give me back the Paper, my Lord, I conjure you; 'tis a *Romance* was lately given me, I have not read yet. Can'st thou read little Girl then? (said one of the Company.) Yes, truly, (said the
C old

old *Gypsie*,) and write too; I have bread up my Niece as if she had been Daughter to a Man of Learning. In the mean time, the Gentleman open'd the Paper, wherein he found a Crown in Gold. Behold a Letter, (said he, presently,) wherein Care was taken to pay the Carriage: Take the Money, and leave me the *Romance*. Very well, (answer'd *Pretiosa* :) This Poet has treated me as if I were not very rich; the Case, however, is singular; and, 'tis a Thing much more extraordinary, that a Poet has given me a Crown in Gold, than 'tis that I have receiv'd one; for Poets are never overstock'd in Revenue: If it be his Way of giving Songs, let him Copy a whole Collection of *Romances*, and let him send them to me, one after another, they will find a very good Reception, he may be perswaded. The Gentlemen were surpriz'd to hear a little *Gypsie* discourse so prettily, and at the Dedicacy of her Railleries. I am impatient (she went on, to hear this *Romance* read,) my Lord, read it aloud then, and we shall see if the Poet be as witty as he is liberal. The Gentleman then read these *Stanza's*.

LITTLE *Gypsie*, Nature's Glory;
 Envy of the *Cyprian* Race:
 Thy Stony Heart I find in Story;
 No Diamond has an harder Face.

If these good Qualities thou ownest durst,
 This Truth must then be known to all;
 That those that view thee must be curst;
 Beauty and Rigour make thee criminal.

Amidst

Amidst these Glances, adorable,
A cruel *Basilisk* does lurking lie;
We then should be less miserable,
If from his Baits we soon do fly.

Miracle of Nature, marvel of our Days,
Awaken, on whom so many Lovers split;
When thou my Fortune tellest, and my Ways,
A thousand Torments dost thou cause by it.

No Wonder then if *Gypsies* Witches are,
To enchant Mankind, and in their Snare
To inveigle by their Eyes, and not their Hand,
These Charms, by which they all Mankind com-
mand.

Fair *Pretiosa*, whom constantly I love;
More charming than the Day, or Gods above:
These Verses I have made, nor have I gain'd
More Hope, than in Desire to b'entertain'd.

THESE last Verses then, (said *Pretiosa*,) con-
cludes in Poverty; 'tis no very happy Prefage;
a Lover should never stand upon that; for in
my Opinion, Poverty and Love are irreconcilable
Enemies. And where did you learn that? (said one
of the Gentlemen, presently.) Do not you know,
(said she,) that there's a Sort that know all with-
out having ever learn't? I am of that Number, and
so are all *Gypsies*, Male and Female; our Wit is of
another make than that of others; and Ability in
us outstrips Age and the Number of Years; we row
upon another Ocean, and steer by another Compass;
for since it is Address and Industry we live by, we

study it from the Cradle. Tell me truly ; did you ever know Men *Gypsies*, or Women *Gypsies*, Innocents ? cast your Eyes upon these young Girls that accompany me. They say not a Word ; and, by their Silence, you would take them for Stakes ; but they are little Sharpers, that know much, and shew you a great deal of Country. In a Word ; there's no She *Gypsie* of 12 Years old but knows more than others of 25. A little Usage, (said she, smiling) and a little *Magic*, makes us learn in one Year, what others could not learn in half an Age.

THIS Repartie compleatly enchanted the Gentlemen, who were so pleas'd, that every one gave 'em, as well those that gam'd, as those that did not: The old Woman order'd her Affairs so well, that she pick'd up Three or Four Crowns in *Rials* ; so she went out from thence very joyful, to go to the Judge's House, where *Claricia*, that had been already advertised, expected her, with a Lady, one of her Neighbours, and some other Persons; the Moment the *Gypsies* appear'd, the Ladies ran to *Pretiosa*, who seem'd to 'em bright as the Sun ; they bestow'd on her, presently, a thousand Commendations, and made a thousand Caresses. Can'st thou tell the good Fortune, little Girl ? (said *Claricia*, to her.) More Ways than One, (she reply'd.) All for the better, (reply'd the Lady;) And by the Life of the Lieutenant, my Husband, thou shalt tell it me. Give her only your Hand, (said the old one,) make the Cross there, and you will soon see by what she will tell you, she knows as much as a Doctor. The Officer's Wife put her Hand presently in her Purse, but found nothing ; she spoke for some Money to her

her Chamber-Maids, and the Lady her Neighbour ; but they were all as rich one as the other. We shall make but a bad Hand on't here, (said *Pretiosa*, to her self ;) and presently raising her Voice, she began to tell 'em, All Crosses, in as much as they are Crosses, are good ; but believe me, my good Ladies, the Golden ones are the best, and bring much better Fortune ; a Crown in Gold, or a Rial of Forty Pence, makes one say Wonders : But what Virtue I pray you can a Farthing or Half-penny have ? *Pretiosa* preach'd to little Purpose, the Ladies had no more Pieces of Gold or Silver, than Pieces of Copper. 'Tis not always in great Houses one may look for great Riches, (said one of the Chamber-maids.) All is not Gold that glisters ; but I have a Silver Thimble, take it *Pretiosa*, and be not scandaliz'd at the Scarcity of the House ; they are rich enough that are wise. The *Gypsie* took the Thimble in good Part, and having taken the Lady by the Hand, she came out with these Words, (which made the Company laugh heartily :)

G I V E me this white Hand fair Lady ;
 Your Spouse a little lunatick has made ye ;
 In breaking Frith, roving and raking ;
 Keeps your Heatt in constant aking ;
 You're sweet as Honey ; sometimes Gall
 Is not so bitter when you call.
 Your Maid's about ye, a *Lioness*
 Of *Barbary*, or *Hyrceanian Tygres* ;
 But notwithstanding this fierce Ire,
 The sweetness of your Mind soon stops the Fire ,
 Even as an Infant at the Breast ;
 Therein you shew your Female Rest ;

You

You grumble often, eat alone,
 When the Fit of Jealousy comes on.
 The noble Judge a Sportsman is
 For any Game, none comes amiss.
 Fair Lady, you three Husbands shall
 Espouse, after this present Mortal ;
 But laugh not, Madam, now you hear
 Such Happiness is drawing near ;
Prognosticks, even the most complete,
 No Texts of *Gospel* are, but Cheat ;
 You shall enjoy an Heritage,
 Before you come to Years of Dotage ;
 Your Son a Canon of a Church shall be ;
 I do not mean *Toledo* ; she,
 Your little Daughter, shall be Abbess
 Of a Monastery, no less,
 Where Love, sometimes, is made by those,
 Who study Rhyming more than Prose.
 I'the Morning you may stand upright,
 With a sad Downfall before Night :
 Look well t'your Hits, or you may see,
 I tell you your true Destiny.

PRETIOSA having spoke these Pleasantries
 with so good a Grace, all the Women that were at
 the Judge's House, besought her to tell them their
 good Fortune ; but she remitted them to another
 Day, after having exhorted 'em to provide Silver
 Rials.

THEY were just going out, when *Claricia's*
 Husband came in ; they told him Wonders of the
 little *Gypsie* ; he stay'd 'em a-while, and made *Pre-*
tiosa and the rest dance, and confirm'd the Com-
 menda-

mendations had been given 'em; he presently put his Hand into his Pocket, and after he had shaken and toss'd it, came out empty. Upon my Word, (he cry'd out,) I have not one Penny my dear little *Gypse*; but my Wife will supply you. Give her a Rial, Madam, I will give it you again. That's pleasant, (answer'd *Claricia*;) and whence d'ye think I should have it? You ought to know! I am not over-stock'd. Give her then some small Matter, (reply'd he,) *Pretiosa* will come and see us another Time, and then we'll recompence her. I am not of that Mind, (said the Lady;) I will give her Nothing now, and that will oblige her to come again. I doubt that very much, (reply'd *Pretiosa*;) you seem to be no richer another Day than you are at present; 'tis not always amongst the Great Ones we may look for Business; they take on all Hands, and never pay: What Recompence can I expect? But, believe me, (she went on addressing herself to the Judge,) My Lord Judge, make Concussion, and you will never want Money, if you don't do, as other Officers do, and amuse yourself in introducing new Customs, you will die with Hunger, my poor Master; and you, Madam *Claricia*, the Chamber-maids, and all that are about you. I know enough, (reply'd the Judge,) what other Judges do; but every one follows his own Judgment; and, I have a Soul I am loath to loose. I perceive it, my Lord, (said the little *Gypsie*;) Then you have a Mind to be Cannoniz'd after your Death; and, I am sure, that will be a very rare Thing to see in the *Kalendar*, the Name of a Judge in *Red Letters*: I will take, before Hand, a Piece of your Robe, for *Reliques*. Thou knowest too much, (reply'd the Judge;) But,

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my dear *Pretiosa*, have Patience; I will order it so, that the King and the Queen shall see thee. Their Majesties possibly may take me for their Buffoon, (reply'd *Pretiosa*;) and, I am of that Mind, 'tis a very good Trade in Princes Courts; a Buffoon shall sooner make his Fortune, than an honest Man; but as 'tis a Trade I am little acquainted with, I should soon be cashier'd, without Ways; I am very well as I am, a poor *Gypsie*, and come what will it may please Heaven to give me. Hold, little one, (said the old one,) cease thy Discourse, thou talkest too much; and truly thou knowest a little more than I have taught thee; do not subtilize so much, I pray thee, thou may'st be in Danger of confounding thy self; talk of Things that become thy young Years permit thee to say, and fly not too high; these Discourses, subtle and too refin'd, threaten thee with a Fall. The Judge was in an Extasie; but as it began to be late, the *Gypsies* took Leave, and went out of Town: They return'd some Days after, and rang'd themselves, according to Custom, early in the Morning; they insensibly found they were in a little Bottom, and the first Object presented itself to their Eyes, was an handsome young Man, of a good Mien; his Sword was gilt, so was his Dagger; on his Hat was a rich Band, with a Plumet of divers Colours; the *Gypsies* no sooner saw him, but they stopt and took him into Consideration, extreemly surpriz'd, that a young Man with that Air should be on Foot, and all-alone, so early; but they were much more surpriz'd, when they saw the young Man come towards 'em, laughing, and demanded, after the most civilest Manner in the World, of the old *Gypsie*, if *Pretiosa* and

and he might divert themselves in private, one Moment, for he had nothing to say to 'em but for their Good? With a good Will, (answer'd the old one,) I will hearken to you, on Condition that we do not go much out of our Way, and that you do not detain us too long: Upon that, all three going aside, about twenty Steps from the rest, the young Man address'd himself to *Pretiosa*, and said, I shall not use much Preamble, I am in love with you, to Extremity, charming *Gypsie*; I have a long Time resisted my Star; I will not dissemble with you; but notwithstanding the Resistance I have made, I cannot forbear adoring you; and, I find, I shall adore you all my Life long. He had but just finish'd his Declaration, but he turn'd towards the old one, and at the same Time, opening his Cloak, there appear'd a Cross he wore on his Habit; I am a Knight, my good Mother, my Order, as you see, is of the most honourable of *Spain*; my Name is *Don Juan de Carcamo*; for I will not conceal my Name; I live yet under the puissance of my Father; I am an only Son, and I hope for a Succession, very considerable; my Father is at Court, where he pretends to a Post that is, in a Manner, assur'd him; and from all you have heard me say, you may conclude I have no Reason to complain of Fortune; and, yet, I do complain, and shall complain all my Life, that, if with this great Wealth that I possess, I possess not *Pretiosa*; my Intentions are pure; my Words are sincere; of which, you may be convinc'd, without risking any Thing: I desire only to serve her in that Manner she shall appoint me; her Will shall be always mine. In making an End of this Protestation to the old *Gypsie*, he let her understand

what Part of the Town his Father's House stood in, and by what Marks she might know it; she might, by that Means, clearly perceive the Truth of what he said; but this was not all, but to the End she might not believe him on his bare Word, he gave the old one a Purse, wherein were an Hundred Crowns in Gold, which indemnify'd, with Usury, the *Gypsies*, of the little Booty they had made at the Judges.

A L L the Time that *Don Juan de Carcamo* had talk'd, *Pretiosa* regarded him with Attention; 'twas certain, that his Air, his good Mien, and his Stature, did not seem disagreeable to her. I will answer this Knight, if you will give me Leave, (said she, addressing herself to the old *Gypsie*.) Thou may'st, my Girl, presently, (reply'd the Grand-Mother,) for I am convinc'd thou wilt answer pertinently. *Pretiosa* then began, and spoke to the amorous Knight in these Terms: Altho' I am no more than a *Gypsie*, know, my Lord, I have a Soul as great as if I were born a Princess, and that neither Promises nor Presents are capable of prevailing with me, or tempt me the least in the World; you reckon from others, that I am insensible to the Submissions of Lovers; that I am Proof against all the Subtleties, and all the Artifices they use to make themselves belov'd; I am young, as you see, but yet I know that Love is an imperious Passion, that blinds those that it possesses, and entirely diverts their Wit; a Man of this amorous Temperament, if he see a young Person with some Charms, he surrenders himself Hand over Head, without considering if his Passion hurts him in the World, or if it

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be contrary to his Interest; he let's himself be drawn to a Precipice he might have avoided, if he had made use of his Reason; he then thinks of nothing but possessing the Thing he loves; then there is nothing he will not undertake to accomplish his Ends; and from the Moment of its Accomplishment, upon opening his Eyes, his Tenderness is turn'd into Contempt, and he takes Aversion to the unhappy she he idoliz'd before: These Considerations are the Cause, I assure you, that I give little Credit to Words; nor on Effects of which I make no great Account. Have you a Mind I should speak sincerely to you, and with Freedom? I flatter myself that you love me, and that you burn with a Desire to possess me; it will belong only to you to be happy if I can cause your Happiness; but undeceive your self, once for all, it will not be but by making your self my Husband, and that only on certain Conditions I am going to propose to you; for I pretend not we shall give one another our Hands, unless I have my Sureties before-hand; one Marries not at Random; there are even wise People, who say, Marriage is an Affair to be thought on all ones Life: But to come to Terms; I would know first, if you are the true *Don Juan de Carrismo*; and if that be so, you must resolve, young Gentleman, to quit your Father's House, and make your Abode in our Tents, and dwell two Years amongst us; it requires so much Time, to see if you and I sympathize with one another; and when that Time is expir'd, we find our selves made for one another, we may write our Destinies by the sacred Bonds of *Hymineals*; from this Time to that, you shall carry it to me like a Sister, and I will regard

you as a Brother; for, you must not imagine it will be permitted you to take those little Privacies with me, that the most part of Lovers, now-adays, take with their Mistresses; this is what I can't comply with; I am willing to let you know, to the End you may not plead Ignorance, the Conditions are somewhat hard, and the Noviciat pretty long: But what would you have? One cannot take too much Precaution when one embarks in Marriage; perhaps, during that Time, you may recover the Sight you have lost; or that you have very obfuscated; and that you may perceive that you ought to fly what you now follow with so much Ardour, and so you may not run the Risque to make me unhappy, and your self so also: I see so great a Disproportion between you and I, that you may well repent to have lov'd me; and I cannot take too good Measures thereupon: If you can comply with these Conditions, you may order your self to be enroll'd under the Standard of our Company.

DON Juan, that had hearken'd attentively to these Things, seem'd at a Stand, and knew not what Way to take to give an Answer. I perceive clearly, (said *Pretiosa*,) then, that so many Conditions frighten you; but I am content you take Time to resolve; nor is it an Affair of so little Consequence it deserves; nor even to determine in a Moment; go Home; 'tis the Advice I give you; examine your self, and enter into no Engagement without mature Deliberation; a wise Man never undertakes any Thing he may repent of; in the mean Time, you may divert your self with me, every Festival Day, in the Place where we are, whether we go to *Madrid*, or come back again, WHEN

WHEN I perceiv'd my self in Love with you, then, (answer'd the Knight,) I made a Resolution, charming *Pretiosa*, to have no Will but yours; but I vow, it never enter'd into my Thoughts you would have exacted such Conditions of me, and such frightful Conditions; but since you command, it belongs to me to obey; I am willing to become a *Gypsie*, and make all those Proofs you require, if they were a thousand Times more difficult; there's nothing that a true Lover will stick at; you have no more to do than to prescribe me the Time you would have me change my Course of Life; and you will not order it sooner than I desire; the soonest is best for me: I will make a Pretence to go to *Flanders*, where my Friends are willing I should go, and by that Means I shall have a Way to furnish my self with Money necessary for it: I shall be but Eight Days at most, to get my Equipage ready; after which, I will set out; and I know how to deceive those that go along with me, that I shall come to the End of my Enterprize. The only Thing I conjure you to agree to, lovely *Gypsie*, if it be permitted me to make Prayers, is to inform you from this very Day, if I have told you the Truth, when I have talk'd to you of my Estate and my Birth; Sloth is invisible in all Things, and may be fatal; for in fine, when one's furnish'd with such Charms as yours, one meets with Adorers presently; and, I dare flatter my self, if you were once convinc'd I am veritably *Don Juan de Garcamo*, you would prefer me before another, having, as you already have had, so great Testimonies of my Tenderness, and Excess of my Love. A little Jealousy sits well on a Lover, (answer'd *Pretiosa*;) but 'tis
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requisite also, that he has Confidence; have it then, *Don Juan*, I order you, and fear nothing, tho' you see it; I perceive then, when I have Reasons to give of loving you, I must love no other.

I AM confounded at thy Discourse, little Girl, (cry'd the old *Gypsie*;) and how many Reasons, good God, all pertinent and to the Purpose; thou knowest already, as much as a Batchelor of *Salamanca*; And where hast thou learn't all these Things? Thou talkest of Love, of Jealousy, of Confidence: And what is there thou hast not talk'd of? I hearken to thee, my dear Child, as a Person that's posselt, and speaks Latin without knowing it. *Pretiosa* began to laugh at the Impertinence of her Aunt; and the Conversation was confin'd between they three: It was resolv'd to appear in the same Place eight Days after; and that *Don Juan* should give an Estimate of the Estate his Affairs were in. During this, the old *Gypsie* open'd the Purse, and was convinc'd by her own Eyes, there was effectively an hundred Crowns in Gold. Let us return this Money, (said *Pretiosa*,) and let us keep the Purse only, that is of rich Embroidery; for the Girl that takes Money, seems to sell her self. Thou art a Fool, little Girl, with all thy Wisdom, (said the old one;) remember, that taking is nothing of that, and that we are *Gypsies*; thou little thinkest, *Pretiosa*, if one of our Children, or our Kindred, should by Chance fall into the Hands of Justice, what better Friends could they have than Crowns of Gold, to render favourable the Secretary and the Judge? I was three Times, for three divers Crimes, upon the Point of mounting the Scaffold

fold, to be whipt; a Silver Bason deliver'd me the first Time; a Necklace of Pearls the second; and the third, forty Rials, of forty Pence each; thou ought'st to think, my dear Girl, that we exercise a dangerous Trade, and that is full of Contrivance and forc'd Occasions, where there is no better Protection for the Unfortunate, than the invincible Arms of Great *Philip*; they are *Hercules's* Pillars, not to be pass'd by; a Ducat, of two Heads, spreads Joy on the sad Vizage of a Proctor, and of all the Serjeants of Death, who are the Harpies and Blood-suckers of us, unhappy and miserable *Gypsies*; they love rather a thousand Times more to have to do with us, than the Pads on the Highway; whatsoever Misfortune, or Defeat, we have had, they never believe we are poor; they say, we are like the *Caraquins* of the Beggars of *Velmont*, all ragged and torn, but Pistoles sewed within. In the Name of God, my Grand-mother, (answer'd *Pretiosa*,) say no more on't; repose your self with your Crowna of Gold, and come what will on't, I wish with all my Heart, you would carry 'em to your Grave, and that you may never have Occasion for 'em to see the Light: But this is not all, our Companions ought to Share with us, that have waited long enough. By my Faith, (reply'd the old one,) they shall see these hundred Crowns of Gold, as they, at present, see the Great *Turk*: But there's a Remedy for all Things; this good Knight shall take the Pains to see if he has any Money left, and they shall divide it among 'em; for poor Girls, a small Matter will content them. I have some Money yet, (said *Don Juan*;) upon that, he drew out of his Pocket three Rials, of forty Pence, that
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he distributed to the other *Gypsies*, that were more satisfy'd with his Present, than the Author of a *Comedy*, when he hears the *Brubaha* on some Place in his Piece.

AFTER the Distribution of three Rials, *Don Juan* took the old *Gypsie* and *Pretiosa* aside, and renewed to them the Promise he had made, to list himself in their Band; he told them, he would take the Name of *Andrew*, which is a Name very common amongst *Gypsies*; after which he took Leave of 'em, without embracing *Pretiosa*, or giving her a Kiss, so respectful his Love was. *Andrew*, (for so we shall call him for the Future,) went into the Town, and the *Gypsies* followed him a little after, very well pleas'd with their Adventure.

THEY had hardly travers'd two or three Streets but they met the young Man that gave the *Stanza's*, wherein was found a Crown of Gold in the Fold; he presently drew up to 'em, and addressing himself to *Pretiosa*, ask'd her, if she had read the *Quatrains* he had given her. Before I answer your Question, (reply'd the *Gypsie*,) I have one to make you, or rather, 'tis a Doubt I desire you to clear up; but do not disguise the Truth; tell me sincerely, Are you, peradventure, a Poet? The young Man seem'd presently confounded; in the mean Time, having recollected himself, he told her, That there were so few of the Name of Poet, that he might boldly say, he was not; and in saying that, he believ'd he ly'd not; but, veritably, he lov'd *Possie*; and when he had Occasion of Verses, he never borrow'd the Vein of another, but made them
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for his Diversion; those that I gave you, (said he,) are of my own making, as well as others I design; nevertheless, I am no Poet, God keep me from it. And why, (said the *Gypsie*,) is it such a bad Thing to be a Poet? 'Tis not so bad a Thing as it may be call'd, (reply'd the young Man;) nevertheless, I hold it is not so very good, when one has no other Trade than making of Verses. Say rather, (reply'd *Pretiosa*,) because Poets are poor. You are deceiv'd, (answer'd the young Man,) 'tis quite contrary; there are no Poets but are rich, because they are always contented; excellent Philosophy, which few Men attain to: It looks as if the Universe was form'd for them only; Fountains divert 'em, Meadows their Delight, Trees shade 'em, Flowers smile; they turn all into Pleasure; which are the only Riches to which all Men ought to aspire: But whether Poets are rich, or whether they are poor, is what I am little concern'd for; tell me only, *Pretiosa*, I conjure you, in what View did you ask me if I were a Poet? Certainly, (answer'd *Pretiosa*,) having imagin'd, as I still do, altho' you may be able to say it, that all Poets are poor, and principally the good Poets; I was surpriz'd to see a Crown of Gold folded in the *Stanza's* you gave me; and I doubted very much if they were of your composing; nevertheless, as I knew now you are no Poet, tho' you can make Verses, I might well think you were rich; tho' to tell you the Truth, I have some little Doubt of it; for, in fine, those that make Verses, whether they are Poets or no, know neither how to preserve the Goods they possess, nor acquire what they possess not; you know at least, 'tis the Proverb. I know it, (reply'd the young Man;) but I am not of that Number; I

make Verses, and yet am neither rich nor poor: In a Word, I can without incommoding my self, give a Crown to whom I please; then presenting her a Paper, Take this second Paper, *Pretiosa*, (said he to her smiling,) without troubling your self further; if I am a Poet or not, I desire only you would be perswaded, That he that makes you this Present would be glad to possess the Treasures of *Cresus*, to offer them to you. The young *Gypsie* had no sooner the Paper in her Hands, but she felt a Crown within it. I will have none of your Crown, (said she,) 'twere the World revers'd; 'tis for Poets to receive, and not to give; I am willing to accept you for a Maker of Verses, but not for a Maker of Presents; take back your Crown of Gold, and we shall remain good Friends. Since you will make me poor by Force, (reply'd the young Man,) I will take it back, and preserve it preciouslly, all my Life, since you have touch'd it with your white Hands. At these Words, *Pretiosa* took out the Crown, gave it him, and kept the Verses, which she would not read, tho' in the Streets; and the young Man retir'd well satisfy'd, with the Thought he had, that the *Gypsie* was a little concern'd for him, because she had talk'd to him so familiarly.

AS *Pretiosa's* Design was to go to *Andrew's* House the soonest she could, she stop'd not to dance, as because she found her self in the Street she wish'd for; she was no sooner entred it, but she lift up her Eyes on all Sides, and, in fine, she perceiv'd a Balcony with a Grate of Iron gilt, which were the Tokens that *Andrew* had given her; there was a Lord of about fifty Years old, that wore a red Cross

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on his Habit, and by that Mark and his Air, it was not hard to judge he was a considerable Person; the Lord had no sooner perceiv'd the *Gypsies*, but he call'd out they should come near, promising them they should go away satisfy'd; presently three other Gentlemen appear'd upon the Balcony, amongst whom was *Andrew*, that could not forbear blushing and being pale, on casting his Eyes on his dear *Pretiosa*; all the *Gypsies* went up except the old one, who stay'd below to inform herself from the Servants of *Andrew's* Quality: As soon as the young *Gypsies* entered the Hall where the Company was, the Lord, (of whom we just now spoke,) said, This young Girl, (pointing to *Pretiosa*,) is without doubt, that fair *Gypsie* that makes so much Noise, and of whom such Wonders are publish'd. 'Tis the same, (reply'd *Andrew*; and without enlarging any thing, the finest Person that ever was seen. They say so, (said *Pretiosa*, smiling;) but either they flatter me, or all the World have bad Eyes. By the Life of little *Don John*, my Son, (reply'd the Lord then,) thou art a thousand Times fairer than was publish'd; and I have a good Eye I assure thee. And who's this little *Don John* your Son? (reply'd the young *Gypsie*.) 'Tis the young Gentleman that thou sce'st by thy Side, (answer'd the Lord,) shewing her *Andrew*.) Freely, my Lord, (said *Pretiosa* then,) I believ'd you had sworn By the Life of some little Infant, of two or three Years old; see a little, I pray you, this little *Don John* what he is; he might even have a Wife; and to say the Truth, by certain Lines he has on his Fore-head, I will affirm, that before three Years are over, he will have one; or he will change his Mind. Hast thou Skill in Physiognomy,

(said one of the Gentlemen,) then? Yes, without Doubt, I know it, (she answer'd.) Do you think I have been a *Gypsie* so long in the World, and not have some little Knowledge of the Lines Nature has engraved on the Visage of all Men, to discover their Humour and their Nature; *Don John* is in Love; he is hot; he is jealous; and often takes upon him to promise Things a little impracticable: I pray God he be not a Lyar; he will soon make a long Voyage; but one does not always know whether; perhaps he will believe he goes Westward, and yet goes Eastward; Man proposes, and God disposes. Veritably, little *Gypsie*, (answer'd *Don John*,) thou hast said many Things that hit me; but thou deceivest thy self when thou imagin'd'st I was a Lyar; that's none of my Character; for the Voyage thou talkest of, thou prognosticatest right; I shall depart to go for *Flanders*, in four or five Days at farthest; and, I avow, that thou mortify'd'st me, when thou said'st I should take another Way; for I would not for all the Treasures of *Peru*, that thy Predictions were veritable. Never fear, my little Lord, (reply'd *Pretiosa*,) recommend your self only to God, and all will go well: 'Twere pleasant for you to imagine one ought to believe all that a *Gypsie* says; we know no more than others; we speak at a Venture; and we say so many Things, 'tis no Wonder if we rencounter sometimes; alarm not your self, you shall go to *Flanders*; and 'tis not my Intention to stop you; but you must nick the Time; I will give you, however, one Advice, Moderate your Passions; do nothing blindfold; promise nothing you cannot perform, tho' to your Loss; detest Lying; and give us something I conjure you; 'tis better

better to give than receive ; and he that gives only lends to him that made the Poor and the Rich. Thou say'st well, *Pretiosa*, (said *Don John*,) and I thank thee for thy good Councils ; but I complain of one Thing ; thou dost charge again on the Subject of my Sincerity ; thou takest me for a Lyar, and I am none ; I abhor a Lye ; I think him unworthy of all Men, and particularly of him that makes a Profession of Arms : Believe me, little *Gypsie*, I will accomplish in the Town, and every where, what I promis'd in the Fields. Promise us then, (reply'd *Pretiosa*,) to give us something. Truly, I cannot, (said the young Gentleman,) but my Father will do it for me ; I have given this Morning to Ladies all that I had, and one cannot give what he has not. I die, (said *Christiana* then, who was retired with the two other *Gypsies* to a Corner of the Hall, to talk between themselves without being heard.) I die if this be not the same Gentleman who made us a Present this Morning of three Rials ; but let us not speak till he begins ; perhaps there may be some Mystery in it ; I doubted at first, but, at present, I doubt no more ; 'tis infallibly he that speaks. I do not think so, (reply'd one of these *Gypsies*,) he says he gave his Money to Ladies, and we are very far from it ; but being so sincere, as he just now protested, what Appearance is there that he would lye the next Moment, and even without any Necessity ? 'Tis true that every Man is a Lyar, and Lyes cost 'em but little. When a Lye, (answer'd *Christiana*,) tends directly to do good to one's Neighbour, and to Honour, 'tis not properly a Lye ; they call it so abusively ; but this is not our Business : I see, that
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with all these fine Compliments, they will give us nothing here, and that they trouble not themselves to make us dance.

UPON these Matters, the old *Gypsie* began to bruth up, and turning to *Pretiosa*, she said to her, Give off talking, 'tis late; thou hast many Things to do yet, which perhaps thou little thinkest of. And what have you, Grand-mother, (answer'd *Pretiosa*.) have you some Son, or some Daughter, that you are in such Hast? Thou hast met with what thou little thoughtest of, (reply'd the old one,) I have a Son, and thou never sawest any thing more genteel; come *Pretiosa*, and I will shew thee Wonders. I pray God, (said the young *Gypsie*.) it be not aborrive, or one of those unfortunate Childien that die the same Day they are born. All will go well, (reply'd the old one,) the Labour was very happy; and the Child, who is as bright as the Day, is marvelously well. Does any of yours lie-in, (said *Don John's* Father?) Yes, my Lord, (answer'd the old one;) but these Labours must be kept very secret; nor is it permitted to say any more. Don't trouble your self, my good old Woman, (said one of the Gentlemen,) we have no Desire to know your Lyings-in; however, let her be who she will, I cannot but pity her, to trust such as you, the Secret might well come to Light. Truly, (said *Pretiosa*, with a scornful Air,) we are not such as you take us for; I avow, that generally speaking, Women are not over-secret; but there are many Men, believe me, that are Women upon that Article: She then turning to the old *Gypsie*, said to her, Let us be gone, Mother, these
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Gentlemen will do us no good ; they have too bad an Opinion of us ; and without Doubt, 'tis because we have stole nothing here, nor can do base Things. Don't be angry, *Pretiosa*, (said *Andrew's* Mother then,) the Gentleman had a Mind to be merry ; thou shalt not go 'till thou hast danc'd with thy Companions, and I will provide thee a Ducat of Gold with two Heads, that are not so pretty as thine, tho' it has two Heads crown'd ; but a Ducat is always as much as 'tis worth. I have always heard it said so, (said the old one,) dance then; my little Girls, and content these good Lords. There was no need of speaking twice to *Pretiosa* ; she presently then took her *Tabor*, and the *Gypsies* danc'd with such Agility, and with so good a Grace, particularly *Pretiosa*, that every one was surpriz'd ; *Don John* had always his Eyes fix'd on her, and his Joy could hardly be express'd ; but this Joy was somewhat interrupted by an Accident that happened ; no sooner had the *Gypsies* made an end of their Dance, and every one preparing to give 'em Commendation, *Pretiosa* let the Verses fall that the young Man, we mention'd, had given her in the Street ; one of the Gentlemen catch'd it up, and instantly said, Behold here a *Madrigal*, hearken to't, since the *Gypsies* have left off dancing ; one may judge by the first Verse it came from a good Hand, and 'tis likely the End will answer the Beginning ; however, the Piece is new, and the worst Verses are passable, when they have the Grace of Novelty. *Pretiosa* wish'd with all her Soul the Verses had been given her, without being read ; for she apprehended *Andrew's* Jealousy ; she demanded 'em of the Gentleman very earnestly, but they were
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in too good Hands; the Gentleman was resolv'd to read 'em; he read then aloud this *Dixain* :

WHEN *Pretiosa* with her Voice the Air does beat,
 And with her Hand and Fingers to compleat
 An Instrument, does touch no Heart's so fierce,
 But yields unto the Laws she does rehearse.
 These Charms are not the only ones she has;
 She has Attractions that so far surpass,
 That Kings would even their present Arms lay down,
 And *Jove* himself his All-cælestial Crown.

I DIE (he cry'd out that read the *Madrigal*),
 the Poet that compos'd it I understand. He is
 not a Poet, (answer'd *Pretiosa*), 'tis a young Man
 gallante, and of a good Mien, that makes Verses
 sometimes for his Diversion, and to regale his
 Friends; this is the second Time he was pleas'd to
 make 'em for me; and you will be convinc'd, with-
 out Doubt, he is no Poet, when I have told you,
 of all the Men in the World, he is the most li-
 beral; I can say it on certain Knowledge.

T H E reading the *Madrigal* was like a Clap
 of Thunder to poor *Andrew*; from the first Verse
 to the last he sweat nothing but Blood and Water;
 he did, however, all that he could to conceal it, in
 spite of a thousand jealous Transports, that dis-
 turb'd him, during the Reading, and which sally'd
 out; and put him entirely out of Countenance;
 but he could not hold; at the *Gypsie's* Words a
 cold Sweat seiz'd him, Paleness appear'd in his
 Face, and he fell into a sort of a Swoon, whereof
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his Father, who lov'd him with the utmost Tenderness, was alarm'd. Fear nothing, (said *Pretiosa*,) attend a Moment, that I may speak two or three Words in his Ear, and you will see he will quickly come to himself again; I have an infallible Remedy against swooning; she then came near him, and said, privately, Truly, thou wantest Courage to be a *Gypsie*; rowze up thy Spirits, and the Author of the *Madrigal* shall not give thee the least Pain; 'twill not be he shall possess my Heart; thou knowest to whom I have given it; and I have already told thee, I am insensible to Liberalities and Commendations: After that, she made half a Dozen Crosses on his Heart, and withdrew: *Andrew* reviv'd in a Moment, and declar'd aloud what the *Gypsie* had said to him was a salutary Remedy: Upon this, the Ducat with two Heads was given her: You may divide it amongst your selves, (said *Don John's* Father,) and that which thou shalt do, *Pretiosa*, before thou goest away, thou shalt leave me in Writing the Words thou pronouncest in *Don John's* Ear, I may make use of it in case of Need. The *Gypsie* was at a Stand; but making a Virtue of Necessity, she answer'd, she would recite 'em with all her Heart, and any one may write 'em; they are Words, (she added,) you would take for a ridiculous Gallimawfry; but as much Gallimawfry as they are, they have one singular Virtue, as the young Gentleman just now tried; and 'tis not the first Time I have made an happy Tryal, and I hope it will not be the last; hearken and laugh at the Charm as much as you please; I permit you thereupon. She recited these Verses that she made off Hand;

Little *Gypsie* without Brain,
 Subject to the Moon in wain,
 Fear not, sleep upon thy Bed,
 Let no Distrust possess thy Head;
 Thy Perseverance shall be blest
 With Fruits of Joy, and peaceful Rest:
 God and St. *Kitt*, shall be thy Aid.
 She turn'd about and further said.

PROVIDED, (continued the young *Gypsie*,) that half of these Words be recited, and that six Crosses be made upon the Heart of the Person that is fallen into a swoon, or that has some Trouble in his Head, provided he has a strong Faith, such surprizing Effects will appear, that the Learning of the greatest Doctors could never attain to. The Grandmother, who was apprehensive, lest *Pretiosa* should fall into some Confusion on this Rencontre, and was full of mortal Inquietudes, was agreeably surpriz'd at the hearing of this extempore Piece; but *Don John* was much more, seeing her Wit had sav'd him on an Occasion, that gave him more Cause of Fear than the old *Gypsie*. *Pretiosa* took her Leave, and left the *Madrigal* with him that had read it, to finish *Andrew's* Cure; forasmuch as could be seen, she had observed, that Jealousy was a terrible Thing, and had been an Imprudence on his Part for her to discover it. He who the young *Gypsie* saluted last, was *Don John*, to whom she said with an agreeable Smile, Remember, my Lord, that all the Days of this Week are happy for those that undertake Journeys; begin yours immediately, if you will believe

lieve me; all sorts of good Fortune attend you; make not yourself unworthy by your Negligence, of the Sweetness and Glory your Destinies prepare for you, and concur with Heaven, who is all-favourable to make you the most fortunate of all Mortals. These Words caus'd a thousand Transports of Joy in *Don John*; the *Gypsie* came to talk to him without Equivocation, so that he had much ado to conceal his Contentment; every one was pleas'd, particularly the *Gypsies*, who a Moment after divided the double Ducat, (after that Manner they used to make their Shares, that is to say, the old one reserv'd half, as she was Mistress of the Band;) after which, she took the Portion of the other half, which was done without the least Contentment; so religiously is this Law observ'd. The *Gypsies*, who were no sooner withdrawn, but the amorous *Don John*, who felt but little Joy, thought in good Earnest of executing the Design he had form'd, of throwing himself among the *Gypsies*, to render himself worthy by this Sacrifice, to possess his amiable *Gypsie*; the Day he had promis'd to join 'em came at last, and that Day he went all alone to the Rendezvous, mounted on a Mule he had hired; the old *Gypsie* and *Pretiosa* fail'd not to come thither, and they received him with a thousand Tokens of a veritable Tenderness. Behold me here, (said *Andrew*,) in your Hands, ready blindfold, to execute all that you expect from me; nothing will be difficult to me, since I am certain, that at the End of my Career, I shall find a Recompence I shall prefer before the Conquest of the whole Universe; in the mean Time, as I am afraid I shall be pursued, and that it would be the greatest

Misfortune that could happen to me in my whole Life, if I should come to be discover'd, conduct me, before Day-light, where our Troop is lodg'd. *Andrew's* Request was granted, and they join'd the Troop a little after, that was encamp'd under Tents, cover'd with Leaves; *Andrew* was conducted into that which was the most proper, into which enter'd presently ten or twelve *Gypsies*, they were all young, gay and jolly, and the old one gave 'em to understand she should bring em a Companion that Morning; these Sharpers presently cast their Eyes upon *Andrew's* Mule; and one immediately took upon him to say, This Mule is not an impertinent one, she would find a Dealer, and we might sell her next Thursday at *Toledo*. You shall not do that, (answer'd *Andrew*,) 'tis a hir'd Mule; and there is not in all *Spain* so miserable an Hostler but knows these sort of Mules; I have more Interest than every one knows. Very good, (reply'd one of these Sharpers,) if the Mule had as many Marks as there will be Signs in the Heaven, before the dreadful Day of Judgment, we would transform her in such a sort, that her Dam that bore her could not know her, and much less the Master that bred her up. That's nothing, (reply'd *Andrew*,) I have better Council to follow; and I pray you to agree to it, the Mule must be kill'd, and presently put so deep in the Earth, that there will be no more Words made of her than if she were quite consum'd. And what has this poor Creature done? (said another *Gypsie*,) Should one kill the Innocent? Who made you these Laws? Shall Crimes be committed without Punishment? Have better Language, I pray, and trouble not your selves. Consider well the

the Mule only, and engrave as much as you please in your Memory the Mark it has; for after I have had her, if you know her two Hours after, I will be content to be whipt as long as they please; we have metamorphos'd others: I am ready to believe your Metamorphosing, (said *Andrew*,) if the Mule die, and be interr'd, makes her a thousand Times more reconvisible than what you speak of; the Dye is cast for this once, my Will must be executed; you think it enough to say, and promise it shall be so, neither more nor less; the surest Way in this World is always the best; for, after all, how can one know but some Body may be found, as able as you, that might have the Secret to give her her first Form; wise Men never run such Risks; but I see clearly what it is, if this Mule dies, as die she will, she will never be sold; and you will have no Profit from her; there's your Grievance; that's what excites your Pity, and makes you make so many moral Reflections: My Friends, you will loose nothing; fear nothing; I am not come amongst you so unprovided, but I can give Beginning to Things that will be worth four Times more than the Mule. Very good, (another took upon him to say,) if the Mule dies, we shall not be the first Judges that have suffered themselves to be corrupted with Presents, and made out Processes against Innocence the most apparent; in the mean Time, to say the Truth, I have great Regret for this poor Beast; but however, die she must, First or Last.

EVERY one agreeing to't, 'twas with Policy the Mule should not live, tho' he might have produced

duc'd good Money : It was resolv'd to stay till Night to pronounce Sentence upon him, and they began to prepare for *Andrew's* Reception ; which was done after this Manner ; they empty'd presently all that was in one of the Tents, which was dress'd with Boughs, and adorn'd it with Herbs and Flowers ; as soon as the Tent was prepar'd, they made the new *Gypsie* sit down on a Piece of Linnen, and gave him a Cloak, and a Pair of Tongs ; two *Gypsies* having taken their Guitars, and played upon 'em, and made him make two or three Capriols to the Sound of that Instrument ; after that, they strip'd his Arm, which they gently bound with a Silken Cord twice round, only ; after which, they gave him two Truncheons, *Pretiosa*, and many other *Gypsies*, old and young, being present, and all enchanted with the Air and good Mien of *Don John* : These Ceremonies, and some others, being over, the oldest *Gypsie* of the Troop taking *Pretiosa* by the Hand, went and plac'd himself with her before the young Gentleman, to whom he spoke in these Terms, We give thee this young Girl, who is the Flower and Ornament of all *Gypsies* that are in *Spain* : It is in thy Power to make her a Spouse or a Mistress ; thou may'st proceed in this Matter as thou thinkest fit ; we have no other Fashion ; be not surpriz'd ; 'tis one of the Privileges of the Liberty we take, that enfranchizes us with these fatiguing Practiques to which all Men are subject, as soon as they enter into some Engagement. Consider, then, *Pretiosa*, think, maturely, if it pleases thee ; see if thou can'st find any Fault in it, and if thou findest you are not made one for the other, cast your Eyes on the other *Gypsies* that stand round thee ;

thee; thou may'st find one to give the Apple to: But we declare to thee, when once thou hast made thy Choice, you must stand to your Choice, and be content with your Destiny; we observe, inviolably, the Laws of Friendship; none sollicit what another possesses; and, from thence, it comes, we are never tormented with Jealousy; Incests may, possibly, be found amongst us; but we never suffer Adultery; for, if one of our Wives, or our Mistresses, is surpriz'd in a flagrant Fault, we give 'em no Quarter; never think we have Recourse to Justice; we do Justice ourselves; we are their Judges and Executioners; and when dead, we bury them in the Mountains, and in the Desarts, and there is no Body, be he who he will, not even those that execute 'em, that are question'd to give an Account of their Death; 'tis this Fear, and this Affrightment, that restrains 'em within the Bounds of Chastity; and, thence it comes, as I said before, that we live in Assurance on that Side; there are very few Things we possess but we possess 'em in common; but Wives and Mistresses are excepted; One of our inviolable Rules being, that those they only appertain, are those to whom Fortune has given 'em: There is nothing but Death can separate those whom Hymen and Love has united, or an Age extreamly disproportionate; for in that Case, and that only, 'tis permitted us to give a Bill of Divorce to an old Woman, and cast our Eyes upon another, that may be nearer our Age: With those Laws, and some others of this Nature, we preserve ourselves, and pass our Lives happily; we are Masters of the whole Universe of Fields, of Fruits, of Harvests, of Forests, of Mountains, of
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Rivers, and of Fountains; of the Stars, and all the Elements; accustom yourself, betimes, to suffer; we suffer nothing, properly speaking; we sleep in Tranquility, and as commodious upon the Ground, as upon Beds of Down; and the burnt Skin of our Bodies is as an impenetrable coverlet against the Injury of the Air; insensible to Grief; Torture, the most cruel, moves us not; and under what sort soever they represent Death, we grow not pale at it; we have learn'd to despise it; we make no Distinction between Ay, and No; when we find it necessary, we may be Martyrs; but we are never Confessors; we sing loaden with Chains and Irons in the deepest Dungeons; but we have nothing to say to Hell; our only Profession is to appropriate the Goods of others to ourselves; and, as to obtain our Ends, we have no Need of Witnesses to watch us; by Policy, we take upon us, in the Day-time, some little Business; but, commonly, by Night, we make our veritable Trade; Glory, the Point of Honour, nor Ambition, can move us, and, we are thereby exempt from this mean Servitude, belonging, for the most Part, to great Men; illustrious, unhappy, or better to express it, Slaves: Our Palaces are portative, Pavillions, and nothing can be compar'd to the Ornaments of these moveable Houses; they are Beauties that Nature herself produc'd, and are far above gilded Balcons, and those sumptuous Moveables, invented by ridiculous Pride, and the effeminate Delicacies of Men; we live under these Tents, occupied for the present, without caring, over-much, for what is to come; we regard all with Indifference, and live by our Wits; we abandon not ourselves blind-fold to our
Star,

Star, avoiding these three Things only, the Church, the Sea, and Kings Courts. In a Word, we possess all, because we are always content with those Things only we possess. I have a little enlarg'd; but this long Discourse is not inutil; because, in fine, it were not fair thou should'st be ignorant what sort of Life thou art going to lead, and the Profession thou ought'st to make: I have rudely painted it, and in Haste; but in Time, thou wilt discover many other Things, no less worthy of Consideration than those thou hast heard now.

THE old and eloquent *Gypsie* having ended his Discourse, the Novice answer'd him; He presently told him, That he was charm'd with so many wise Constitutions, all founded upon good Sense, and on fine Policy; that he was troubled he had not sooner Knowledge of the Lives of *Gypsies*; that, henceforth, he renounc'd even the Profession of a Gentleman, and the vain Glory of his Ancestors; that he entirely submitted his Heart to their Laws; and he would religiously observe them; and if he devoted himself to their Service, he well perceiv'd he was worthily recompenc'd, since he should possess the divine *Pretiosa*, for whom, he added, he would relinquish all the Crowns, and all the Empires of the World; which, however, I should be glad to possess, to offer 'em to this Beauty. *Pretiosa* was not dumb. If our Legislators, (said she,) have found in their Laws that I am thine, and as such have deliver'd me to thee, they may do it, and I ought to submit myself to these Laws; but there is another Law that thou ought'st to submit to in thy Turn, that is, to comply with the

Condition I have already impos'd on thee, that will be salutary to the one and the other: If thou givest the least Attention, that little Experience that I have tells me, that all Passions are violent, and that they make even the Nicest faulty, and we often repent of Things done in Haste; after the Manner most Men are made, they easily disgust Pleasures when they have once tasted them; but, especially, when these Pleasures have cost 'em somewhat dear, and when they have carry'd 'em so far to metamorphose themselves, after the Manner thou hast design'd to do, one would have that To-day, which one would not have To-morrow, because one comes to open one's Eyes; a wise Man proceeds slowly, he does nothing but with Reflection: Love is a blind Deity, and the Nuptial Bed the Grave of Tenderness, as I have always heard say; I own the Rule is not general; some Spouses there are that cherish even to Death; there are Friendships eternal; but I maintain, 'at the same Time, that these Friendships are not durable, because founded on Esteem, Love only produces 'em not; I will love thee, and I would have thee love me; but I would have us love one another, because we find ourselves worthy to be belov'd; and we must necessarily know one another before we can come to that; and as that is not to be attain'd in a Moment, for, 'tis not the Work of one Day, I desire, and I have already let thee know, that thou livest amongst us two Years entire, and, if it be so, that at the End of that Time thou art permitted to enjoy the Privacy a Spouse ought not to refuse her Spouse, to whom she is entirely bound with the Chains of *Hymen*; this Tryal is long, but 'tis necessary; and 'tis even the only

only Way to take that thou may'st possess me without Repentance; and that I may not be abus'd, 'tis on thy Part, at present, to determine; 'tis yet in thy Power to accept the Condition or not; if it seems too hard to thee, thou art free, the Mule is not yet dead; thou hast thy Cloaths, and all thy Money; and, 'tis permitted thee all the rest of thy Journey to consider with thyself which may appear conveneable; but thou shalt not enjoy me but at this Price; if thou remain'st amongst us we will be merry, and thou shalt always be distinguish'd; and if thou dost withdraw, we will complain of thee; but thou shalt never loose our Esteem; for, we see very well, there is a For and Against on the Subject of this Enterprize; every one ought to have Justice done 'em; but what wilt thou do? I am delicate in this Matter, and thou oughtest not to disapprove my Delicacy: If thou truly lovest me, let us love, (she said further,) according to Reason, or separate our selves for ever.

NO, *Pretiosa*, we will not separate, (said *Andrew*, then, to her,) I come into all thy Sentiments, and the Condition thou imposest on me, if it were a thousand Times heavier, I would overcome it; there is no Assurance I will refuse to give thee, nor Oath but I will make, that I never will resist thy Will one Moment in my whole Life. The Oaths and Promises a Slave makes, that comes to obtain his Liberty, (said *Pretiosa*,) are Things that do not happen very often to be minded, when his Chains are broken off; 'tis the same with Lovers, to obtain what they desire; they promise Things the most impossible; every one promises according to his Hopes, *Andrew*;

I will have neither Oaths nor Promises, 'tis only the Imprudent that trust; I will have only of thee the Tryal I demand, and it shall be on my Part to stand upon my Guard, and to prevent thy offending me. I obey, (said *Andrew*;) but the only Thing I demand of my Companions, that for one Month, it may be permitted me not to undress; I want, merkins, this Time of Inaction, to form myself to a Trade I understand not, and for which, it may be necessary for me to be instructed in. Take no Care of that, (said the old Man, *Gypsie*;) we will give thee certain Rules, and thou wilt be so experimented, that thou wilt take Pleasure in the following a Profession wherein is more Delight than thou art aware of; for, in fine, what can be imagin'd sweeter in this Life, than to possess, without Labour, that which makes the rest of Men sweat, and to go out in the Morning with empty Hands, and come back, at Night, laden with whatsoever our Occasions require? I have seen return among 'em, (reply'd *Andrew*;) who were loaden with Blows, they have met with, in their nocturnal Expeditions, and had little Cause to be proud of their Ability and their Experience. I agree to't, (reply'd the *Gypsie*;) there are Disappointments everywhere; taking Things in the worst Sense, one is not every Day fortunate, nor is he all Merchant that always gains, every Profession has its Perils; that of theirs is not exempt; but the Good drowns the Evil; it leads to the Gallows, sometimes; but, ordinarily, it makes one live in Profusion and at Eye; the Misfortune of one ought not to discourage all the rest; because one Ship is tost in a Tempest and suffers Shipwreck,

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Should that discourage others from sailing, and continue their Voyage? Would it not be ridiculous to say, that one Soldier ought to renounce the Wars because Millions of People perish in it; and that one finds Death rather in it, or good Words, than Advancement and Recompence? Because some of us could not escape the Galley or the Scourge, shall we live with our Arms a-cross, and in criminal Oysivety? We are chastiz'd sometimes; and, is there any Order of Men in the World that are not, sometimes, chastiz'd? One cannot die Twice, my dear *Andrew*; and when one is once dead, one has want of nothing: And for the Ore, and those little Marks they imprint upon our Shoulders, that's a fine Jest; 'tis our Staff of Command, and our Arms of Chivalry. *Andrew*, my Son, be not dismay'd, great Things are difficult, repose thy self only on our Wings, and in Time, like the Eagle, we will teach thee to fly so well, that thou wilt never return without Prey, nor be better content than when thou hast made some Capture.

I A M willing to believe it, (said *Andrew*;) but however it be, I have good Reasons to prevent me taking this Pleasure so soon, and you may dispence with me, if you please, for the Time that I have demanded; in the mean Time, as 'tis not fit any one should loose, I will distribute two hundred Crowns of Gold to the Band, that shall fraternally be divided, that I may indemnify it from the Shifts I might make, during the Time of my Dispensation. *Andrew* had no sooner pronounc'd this Word, but he was surrounded by all the *Gypsies*, who carry'd him on their Arms, and on their
Should-

Shoulders, and carrying him in Triumph, nothing was heard but Cries of Joy and Acclamations. The *She-Gypsies* did the same Thing with Respect to *Pretiosa*; they gave all the Marks of their Alacrity; there was only *Christiana*, and two or three more of their Companions that were mortified in their Hearts; for in fine, Envy slides everywhere, as well in the Tents of the Poor, and the Cottages of Shepherds, as in the Palaces of Monarchs; they seem'd, nevertheless, to testify an apparent Joy; for Envy is a Passion timid, and shamfac'd, that's always endeavour'd to be hid.

THE Acclamations were no sooner ended, but they began to make good Cheer; the Sum promised was divided; the Praises of *Andrew* were renewed; and the Beauty of *Pretiosa* was elevated up to Heaven: In the mean Time, Night came on, the Mule was skinn'd, and bury'd so well, that *Andrew* had no Cause to fear it would ever be discover'd; they bury'd also together all the Furniture, after the Manner of the *Indians*, who bury with their Dead the Things they held dearest to 'em.

ANDREW was all surpriz'd at the Things he had seen and heard; he admir'd, in himself, the Wit of the *Gypsies*, resolving to pursue his Enterprize, without, nevertheless, falling into their Vices, and their Manners. Theft seem'd to him a Thing so base, and unworthy, that he regarded it with Horror; and he knew well, it was in his Power to exempt himself, by Means so sure and efficacious, that it would not be difficult for him to put the Change upon his Companions.

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THE next Morning, *Andrew* besought the Company to be willing to change their Station, and depart from *Madrid*, for he apprehended to be known in those Parts. They answer'd him, they had resolv'd to march towards the Mountains of *Toledo*, and go Forage from thence all the circumjacent Plains. They departed the Day following, and they made a Present of an Ass to *Andrew*, which he refus'd, declaring he would go on Foot, and march after his charming Mistress, who mounted a little Hackney or Pad. Never were Lovers more satisfied than were *Andrew* and *Pretiosa* in this March; they said a thousand amorous Things, and reiterated the Protestations they had made, to love eternally. Is it so, O Love! that thou degradest us? Is this the Treatment thou usest to those that submit to thy Empire? *Andrew* is a Gentleman, and a young Spark, endowed with Wit; he was Yesterday the Delight of a rich Father, and To-day, behold him metamorphos'd, after a Manner in the World the most incomprehensible; he has cheated his Domesticks and his Friends, and has frustrated the Hopes of those that gave him Birth; he has left the Road to *Flanders*, whether he should have gone, to exercise his Valour, and increase the Glory of his House, to go prostrate himself at the Feet of a *Gypsie*. Thy Puissance, O Love! is great.

FOUR Days after, they arrived at a Borough two Leagues from *Toledo*, where they pitch'd their Camp, having a Precaution, above all Things, to put into the Hands of the Alcaide, or Judge of this Territory, certain Pieces of Silver Plate, for

• Assu-

Assurance they would steal nothing in Places of his Jurisdiction : After this, all the old Female *Gypsies*, and some young ones, dispers'd themselves, here and there, four or five Leagues from the Place where the Gang staid. *Andrew*, and two or three *Gypsies* follow'd them ; and, 'twas from that Time forward they began to give him Instructions, for the Profession he had promis'd them to make, as soon as the Month was expir'd ; but he troubled himself very little to think much of it, resolv'd, as he was, whatsoever might happen, 'never to put them in Execution ; he was on the Contrary very much concern'd at the Sight of the least Theft ; and, it happen'd, more than once, that he paid, with his own Money, the Thefts his Comrades had made ; his Heart was too tender to hold out against the Tears of an Infinity of miserable ones, from whom they had often taken their very Cloaths. One may well judge, that the *Gypsies* accommodated themselves but little to the Ways of their Novice ; that drew upon him some little Mercurial, and in Effect to counterrene their Laws ; and the Profession would have been worth nothing, if every one had done as much. *Andrew* was of the same Mind ; he promised, tho' he would do as the rest did, but declar'd to 'em, at the same Time, he would play his Pranks all-alone, that he would not be accompany'd by any one whatsoever. I want not, he continu'd to say, neither Ability to draw myself out of Danger, nor Courage to expose myself to it ; 'tis but reasonable, that he that makes any Prize may have the sole Glory, and the Remcompence, as he ought to have the Confusion, and to be punish'd, if he has the Misfortune to be surpriz'd,

priz'd, and his Enterprize fail. These Reasons were good and convincing; but the *Gypsies* would not resolve to comply with him; they endeavour'd all they could to turn him from this Resolution, alledging, that a thousand unforeseen Accidents might happen to him, wherein he might want Succour; and, in a Word, that one single Man could not make Captures very considerable; that he put Chimeras in his Head, and that he would soon be alone in repenting to take such an Opinion, so extraordinary and so singular, they thought it convenient to oppose his Sentiment. Andrew would be a solitary Thief, and they very well saw his Design, he would, from Time to Time, buy somewhat, and say he had stole it: In effect, it was his Practice; and by this Superchery, he did more good to the Gang than all the other *Gypsies* together. This charm'd *Pretiosa*; but as one has always Fear for the Person one loves, when she had a little reflected, she said a thousand Times in her Heart, that her Lover expos'd himself too much, and that she wish'd he had more Timidity, and less Courage and Address; for, after all, she said, That altho' Fortune seem'd to declare for the most Bold, and the most Courageous, they are those only, nevertheless, if we consider it well, that are most subject to Disgrace and Tragick Adventures: But, what shall we say? (she said further,) no Body can avoid his Destiny.

THE *Gypsies* were above a Month in the Territory of *Toledo*, where they did very well their Business; they pass on to *Extremadura*, a Country no less rich; and if *Pretiosa* appear'd always charm-

ing to *Andrew*, *Andrew* seem'd more and more to *Pretiosa* the most accomplish'd Lover in the World; he was tender, modest, discreet, and had, besides, so great Address, that 'twas he always that gain'd the Prize of running or leaping, which made him admir'd in all the Places whither-soever they went; he play'd admirably well at the Mail, and at Racket, and all Games of Exercise, which rais'd him so great Renown, that they talk'd of him as of a Prodigy. *Pretiosa's* Beauty made no less Noise in *Extremadura*, than the admirable Qualities of *Andrew*, so that there was neither Town nor Village but they were invited to, on Festival Days, or in private Assemblies: Thus the Gang march'd, rich, happy, and content.

A LITTLE Time after; the Gang having pitch'd their Tents, under some Chesnut-Trees, that were a little distant from the Road, they hear'd, about Midnight, Dogs bark hard, and lowder than ordinary; *Andrew*, and some *Gypsies*, went out to see what the Dogs bark'd at, and found a young Man in white, that defended himself against two of those Animals, as well as he could, that leap'd out upon him, and seiz'd him by the Thigh, they were no sooner come but they made the Dogs let go their Hold, and one of the *Gypsies* spoke to him in this Manner; And who brought you hither, good Man, at such an Hour, and too, out of the Way? Is it with Design to make some Capture? It shall be so; you are not arriv'd at a good Part. I am not come to Steal, (answer'd the young Man,) and I know not whether I am in the right Way or the wrong; but all that I know is, that I am

I am not in a very good Path; all that I demand of you at present is, if, peradventure, there is some Inn near, or some Place I may retire to To-night, to heal the Wounds your Dogs have made, that you would direct me. There is neither Place nor Inn, in this Country, whether we might conduct you, answer'd *Andrew*; but to wash your Morfures, and repose yourself To-night, we will accommodate you with that; you have nothing to do but to follow us; for, tho' we are *Gypsies*, we are not so bad as we are black. God reward your Charity, (reply'd the Unknown;) but to make it all entire, carry me, I beseech you, for the Pain I feel is so great, that I cannot go one Step. *Andrew*, and another *Gypsie*, then carry'd him into one of their Tents, the Night was clear, and they perceiv'd 'twas a young Man, handsome and tall, his Equipage was singular enough, he was clad in white Linnen, having upon it a sort of Skirt, bound about his Reins. The Tent they carry'd him into was that of *Andrew's*; they lighted presently a Fire and a Candle, and *Pretiosa's* Grandmother run presently to wash his Morfures; she took some Hairs of the Dogs that had bit him, and fry'd 'em in Oil, and having wash'd the Wound with a little Wine, she applied the fry'd Hairs to it, with a little green Rosemary she chamm'd before, she afterwards bound the Wound with a Linnen Binder, and made some Signs of a Cross.

WHILE they wash'd this young Man, *Pretiosa*, that was present, regarded him very attentively; and, for him, he had always his Eyes fix'd upon her; *Andrew* fail'd not to perceive it; but seeming

to take no Notice, looking on it as a Thing impossible that the Thing should happen otherwise; for he said, within himself, who could have once seen *Pretiosa* and not always have a Regard for her? The unknown went to repose himself, and, in that Moment, *Pretiosa* took aside her dear *Andrew*, Dost thou remember, (she said to him,) a Paper I let fall in thy House, when I danc'd there with my Companions, that gave thee so much Jealousy? I remember it very well, (answer'd *Andrew*.) 'twas a *Madrigal*, made in thy Commendation, that was very good. He that compos'd it, (she told him,) is this same young Man, that has been bit by our Dogs, and that we just now left; I am not deceiv'd, 'tis the very same, and I have seen him twice or thrice, since that Time, and he gave, besides, a *Romance*, as good as the *Madrigal*; he was then dress'd like a Page, not like ordinary Pages, but as those of Princes, they call Pages of Honour, or of the Chamber: I assure thee, *Andrew*, that this young Man is discreet, he talks well, he has had good Education; I have known him a Person of Merit, and, I cannot imagine what Adventure brought him hither, and whence it comes he appears in this Equipage. I well know by myself, (reply'd *Andrew*,) the same Constellation that transform'd me into a *Gypsie*, has made him take the Habit he wears. Ha! *Pretiosa*, I begin to perceive that thou art like the rest of thy Sex, that thou lovest to make Conquests, and that I am not the only Man, whose Head thou hast fill'd with Hopes; this young Man is not transported hither without Mystery; and, thou hast said too much, not to perceive that thy Heart might be divided;

divided; begin, if that be so, to make me die, and afterwards kill this new Lover; sacrifice us not both together; one is very ingenious to raise Discontents when one is jealous. *Pretiosa* cry'd out, all alarm'd, and, a Mistress is unhappy when she meets with a Lover of thy Character; thou suspectest my Sincerity; thou accusest me of Co-questy, and Inconstancy; and upon what Ground? on a View that ought to convince thee of my Innocence, and the Concern I have for thee, if thou makest the least Use of thy Reason; for, in fine, if there were any thing of Artifice or Trompery in it, who could have hindred me from dissembling and keeping a profound Silence? Had it not been permitted me to feign that this young Man was a Stranger to me, and what cou'd my Design be in the Confidence I have made thee, if there were any Mystery in it? But, 'tis Time to disabuse, and cure thy unjust Incertitudes; there's a sure Way to do it; examine the young Man thyself, To-morrow; it will not be hard for thee to know whither he goes, and from whence he comes, and what might be the Occasion of his Disguisement; he'll answer thee, and according to his Answers, order him to be gone; all our *Gypsies* have that Respect for thee that none will receive him into his Tent; and if that were so, be assur'd, he shall not see me; that I will avoid his Conversation; I will avoid his very Sight, or that of any other thou forbiddest me to see: I own, I am not uneasy to see thee jealous, but I should be extremely so if thou continuedst to be unjust. No, *Pretiosa*, I shall not do it, (answer'd *Andrew*;) and thou ought'st to allow, that Love is sometimes alarm'd a little, and that

that my Doubts are pardonable: In the mean Time, I will execute what thou orderest me; I will know, if it be possible, what this young Page would have, and what Prey 'tis that he looks after; however, I am still convinc'd that his Disguisement is mysterious, and that he does not run about the World, thus travesty'd, without some View. What would become of his great Wit, thou findest in him, if he wander'd thus without Design, and in such a ridiculous Equipage? I will turn him so many Ways, that he shall have Occasion for his Wit to deceive my Eyes; and, he shall, in spight of his Wit, discover what's in his Soul, in his Habit of Masquerade. Jealousy is a terrible Passion, (said *Pretiosa*, thereupon,) she perpetually seeks new Subjects of Inquietude; she reverses the Imagination, and disorders the Wit, tho' never so good; as it subsists not but in Suspicion, most commonly chymical and imaginary, every Thing is uncertain; for those that are attack'd with this Malady, and have no more the Use of their Senses, they see quite otherwise than other Men; a Pigmy seems a Giant to them, and Doubts, the worst founded, are to them the mortal Truths: Reassume thy first Situation, *Andrew*; suspend thy Judgment for a little Time, thou wilt thereby come to see clear; thou wilt repent thee of thy Injustice; thou wilt have a thousand secret Remorses; and, I find, I shall forgive thee; nothing is difficult to those that Love. This Conversation being over, *Pretiosa* left *Andrew* to go lie down, waiting Day-light, to endeavour to clear him of his Doubts; tho' the Night was very far advanc'd, it seem'd to him extreamly long. *Pretiosa* lost her Labour in

in her Tenderneſſes, and ſpent herſelf in Arguments to make him hearken to Reaſon. He fill'd his Head with a thouſand Viſions; never was Man leſs reaſonable; he perpetually made Mountains of the leaſt Atoms, and never cloſ'd his Eyes a Moment. Day came at laſt; he roſe up and fled, if I may call it ſo, to the Place where the young Man lay; he inform'd himſelf preſently of his Morſures, and after this Compliment, which was very ſuccinct, he aſk'd him his Name, whether he went, and under what View he travell'd thus by Night, and croſs the Fields. The young Man answer'd, he found himſelf better, that he was abſolutely free from Pain, and that now, he was in a Condition to take the Road and proſecute his Journey.

AS to his Name, and for Answer to other Things, Andrew would know. He ſaid, his Name was *Alonſo Hurtado*, that he went to our Lady of the Rock of *France*, and to make the more Haſte, he travell'd by Night in this Manner; and, that in the Obſcurity and Darkneſs, he miſt his Way, where Evil beſel him, Thanks to the Dogs, that guarded theſe Tents. This Declaration ſeem'd not legitimate to Andrew, his Suſpicions increas'd, and in the Transports of Jealouſy, he answer'd him in theſe Terms, Do you well know, my Friend, how I would deal with you, if I were your Judge? I would hang you high and low, on your Answers; truly, you give 'em us fairly; I concern not myſelf to know who you are, what is your Name, nor whether you go; I only advertiſe you, that if you have a Neceſſity to lye, you would do it with a little more Appearance of Truth; you ſay you go
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to our Lady of the Rock of *France*, and you leave it on the Right Hand, and even thirty Leagues, at least, from the Place where we are; you travel by Night to arrive the sooner, and you march out of the Way in the Forests, where there's hardly any Path; rise, my Friend, learn to lye less grossly, and you may go as soon as you will; in the mean Time, in Recompence of the good Advice I give you, clear up one Thing I have a great Mind to be satisfy'd in; will you tell me the Truth? I have Hopes, in some Manner, since you know how to lye so badly; tell me, then, are not you, perhaps, a young Man I have often seen at Court, in the Habit they wear when they are out of Pageship, and are ready to be a Gentleman? If you are he, that I speak of, you have the Noise of being a great Poet; you compos'd a *Romance* and a *Madrigal* for one of our *She-Gypsies*, that was at *Madrid*, some Time ago, and passes amongst us for very pretty; hide it not from me; I promise you the Faith of a Gentleman *Gypsie* to keep it secret, if it be necessary; but go not about to tergiverser, and feed me with new Stories for Asses; I know you, the Visage I see now here is the same, without any Doubt, with that I have seen very often at *Madrid*; and to deny this Truth, were to deny that you were bit by our Dogs; or that *Aurora*, that fair Harbinger of Day, (to speak the Language of Poets,) gilds the Top of our Mountains; the Renown you have acquir'd, made me regard you the more, so that I have imprinted your Figure so well in my Memory, that I should know you under a Disguisement more fantastical; trouble not yourself, take Courage, you are not among Scoundrels,

Scoundrels, you are amongst Friends, and such Friends as will defend you against all Events; but there is more yet, and 'tis a View I demand of you more; I imagine a Thing, and 'tis what I think veritable; I count you happy to fall into our Hands; I imagine, then, that you being in Love with the pretty *Gypsie*, for whom you made Verses, you are come to see her, and if that be so, I am so far from blaming your Design, that, on the contrary, I esteem you the more; tho' I am a *Gypsie*, I am, by Experience, not ignorant of the Force and Power of Love; I am not ignorant of the Changes and Metamorphoses it makes those make that submit to her Laws; it is the Least and Greatest of Deities: Now, if this be so, which I in no Manner doubt of, I pronounce to you, that the fair *Gypsie* is in our Gang. I know it, (interrupted the young Poet,) and I saw her last Night.

THESE Words were a Clap of Thunder for *Andrew*, Jealousy entirely possess his Heart, he knew not where he was, he appear'd confus'd, and interdicted. I saw her last Night, (said the young Man, once more,) but I would not discover myself, because I did not think it to the Purpose. You are, then, the Poet I spoke of? Yes, (answer'd he,) I am he; I neither can nor will deny it, after so many Assurances that you have given me, and, wherein, I flatter myself, I may make Account, tho' Fidelity is not very much found in Forrests, and upon Mountains. She is found, notwithstanding, (said *Andrew*,) we, who are *Gypsies*, make Profession to be the People the most Secret that are in the World; with these Assurances you may

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open your Heart, and you will never repent it; the young *Gypsie* is my near Kinswoman, she will do all that I will have her: If you desire to have her in Marriage, I answer for all her Kindred; and if it be only for a Mistress, we will not use so many Ceremonies, provided you have some Money; with that precious Metal, what Difficulties cannot be smooth'd? I have Money, (reply'd the young Man,) 'tis stich'd in a Sleeve of a kind of Skirt, I wear bound about my Body, and there are four hundred Crowns in Gold, at least. These last Words caus'd new Trouble in *Andrew's* Mind, he imagin'd that this Man carry'd not about him so considerable a Sum without Design, and the View, he propos'd, was to conquer by Force of Money, the Heart of the charming *Gypsie*. This Trouble appear'd in his Eyes, over all his Face, and in his Words. This Sum, (he said again,) is not to be despis'd, (all confus'd,) it remains only, that you discover your Intention to me, and that we put an Hand to the Work; the young Girl will not act the Difficil, I assure myself; Money, in the Age we live in, does all, with such a Passport, there's no Gate that opens not, no Cruelty but it humanizes. Alas! (said the young Man, then,) I must let you know that the Violence, that constrain'd me to traverse, and wander from Country to Country, proceeds not, in any Manner, from the Love you speak of; I aspire not to *Pretiosa*; there are, in *Madrid*, Beauties enough might be able to stop me, and that yield in nothing to your fairest *Gypsies*; tho' I am constrain'd to own, that *Pretiosa* has Charms that might well produce a-like Effect; there is no Mortal more perfect, and I have
often

often sung her Beauty, as you know; but be that as it will, 'tis not Love that brought me hither, and makes me travel the Fields in the sad Equipage you see me in; 'tis the Caprice of my Star, my bad Destiny, my Misfortune.

THIS Discourse hearten'd up *Andrew* a little, whose Mind run quite on other Things. He prest him, then, to relate his Adventures; which the young Poet did off Hand.

I LIVED at *Madrid*, (he said again,) and I was in the House of a great Lord, whom I serv'd, not in Quality of Master, but in Quality of a Kinsman, he had an only Son within a little of my Age, and we had contracted together a Friendship, so tender, and so strait, that 'twere very difficult for me to paint or express it; this young Lord fell in Love with a young Lady, of a House well qualified, and who he willingly would have marry'd, if, as an obedient Child, he had not submitted to the Will of his Father and Mother, who oppos'd it, because they aspir'd to a greater Match; he saw her nevertheless, and serv'd her; I was the only Confident of this secret Passion, that his Parents believ'd entirely extinct, and that had never been stronger; for, who knows not that Opposition sharpens the Passions, which it renders more lively, and more vehement? We pass'd along one Night before the Gate of my Kinsman's Mistress, as was our ordinary Custom; but, this Night was fatal; we perceiv'd, in the Dark, two Men, that appear'd of a good Mein, we put ourselves in a Posture to discover 'em, and we were hardly within Reach

of their Swords, that they drew, and charg'd us with an unimaginable Vigour; we drew ours, and they receiv'd 'em with the same Vigour, the Combat began and ended in a Moment; the young Earl, animated by Jealousy, became furious as a Lion; I seem'd not less animated than he; in fine, for I will be as short as I can, we aim'd our Passes so well to the Purpose, that they cost the two Gentlemen their Lives, who we attack'd with so much Fury; we wounded 'em both, almost, at the same Instant, so they fell dead upon the Place; we no sooner saw our Enemies revers'd on the Ground, and without Motion, but we began to take our Flight; we presently went Home, and taking as much Money as we could carry, we took Refuge in the Monastery of St. *Jerome*, apprehending a Pursuit, by the Relations of the Dead; by their Dress, and by their Bravery, they seem'd to us Persons of Distinction; we were receiv'd in this House just in such a Manner as we could have wish'd, and we carry'd it so, without Suspicion, that the Fryars that receiv'd us, advis'd us to return to the Earl's Palace, that our Absence might not give a lawful Occasion to make 'em suspect us for Authors of the Murder. As the Council was wise, we were in no great Trouble to follow it; but in the Moment we were going to put it in Execution, we were advertis'd, that the Judges of the great Provost of the Palace, had seiz'd the Father and Mother of the young Lady, under whose Windows the Rencontre happen'd, and the Domesticks being examin'd, a Chamber-maid had depos'd, That the young Earl, my Kinsman, saw her Mistress every Day, and every Night; and upon this Deposition,

sition, Search was made for us; and as we justly were missing, all the World was convinc'd that we assassinated these two Gentlemen, who were of the Principal of the Court; we were much embarrass'd, and, at last, after much Deliberation, by Advice of my Kinsman, and the Council of the Fryars, 15 Days after we left the Monastery; for we could not always live there; the young Earl in a Monk's Habit, follow'd a Fryar, and took the Road of *Aragon*, to go from thence into *Italy*, and so for *Flanders*; and as to what concern'd me, I believ'd I ought to separate from him, and take another Road, and so abandoning myself to Providence, I dress'd myself in the Manner you see, and accompanying a Monk, that made me pass for his Servant, we came to *Talavera*, where we parted. A Moment after I left this Town, and, to avoid the great Roads, I march'd cross the Fields as a Criminal, who thought himself pursued, and, I order'd it so, that Yesterday at Night, I found myself at these Chesnut-Trees, where I was so ill receiv'd by your Dogs: I own, I told you I was going to our Lady of the Rock of *France*; but it was only to answer Good or Bad, to what you ask'd me; for to tell you, sincerely, I know not where this Lady is situated; all that I can learn is, that 'tis beyond *Salamancha*. 'Tis true, (said *Andrew*,) and you have left it a great Way off; but, proceed. All the Design I had, (continued the young Gentleman,) was for *Seville*; I have there a *Genoesse* Gentleman, a great Friend of the Earl's, my Kinsman, that sends, from Time to Time, great Remittances of Money to *Genoa*; and I flatter myself, that by his Means, I may go to *Cartagena*, and from

from thence pass safely into *Italy*, upon one of the Gallies at his Command; for who knows but I am one of his Factors? You see the History of my Adventures, and you see what is my Design; but my great Difficulty is, that I know not what Course to take to go safely to *Seville*; my Soul is disturb'd with a thousand Fears, all seem'd suspicious; every Thing made me afraid; and, altho' I see clearly to the Bottom, that they are no more than pannick Terrors, and that I am alarm'd very often without any Cause, methinks, I have at my Heels all the Bayliffs of the Universe: I have a Thought, but I know not if 'tis practicable, I would desire you *Gypsies* to let me march in your Troop, and I will follow you to *Seville*, if you march that Way; I will pass my Word you will be pleas'd with me; and, I perceive clearly, at the same Time, it were the only Means to deliver me from my Terrors; for, after all, who could ever tell I was amongst you? But to tell you the Truth, I distrust in what Manner they will be willing to receive me into their Company. They will receive you, (answer'd *Andrew*,) and you may depend upon't; and if you do not enter into our Troop, (for I know not whether we shall take the Road to *Andaluzia*,) you may take another, that we may meet again in two or three Days; it may cost you some little Matter; but what's that? Nothing is done for Nothing in this World; 'tis enough, when by Means of a small Sum one sets one's Mind at rest, and accomplish our Designs.

THIS Dialogue was no sooner ended, but *Andrew* retir'd, and went to inform the other *Gypsies* of
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of what had past. After he had made 'em a succinct Recital of this young Man's Adventures, he acquainted 'em with his Design to put himself, for some Time, into their Gang; and unanimously all were agreed to receive him, except *Pretiosa*, and her Grandmother. You may go to *Seville* with this young Stranger, if you please, (said the old *Gypsie*;) but I know well I shall not be of your Party; 'tis a Country where 'tis not permitted me to land in, and where the *Gypsies* smell not the best: Upon the whole, as to what concerns me, I will have nothing to do there; 'tis but a little Time ago that we were there, and I play'd a Trick with a Townsman, call'd *Triguilla*, he has not forgot, I assure myself; and what I am bound to believe, he will liberally discharge himself, if I fall into his Hands: This Man, who was credulous and covetous, it enter'd into his Head I was a great Devincerepe, and that I could, without fail, tell him of a Treasure, he believ'd, one of his Ancestors had hid in his House; he had tumbled every-where without any Success; and that 'tis a general Rule among the People, that we are all *Magicians*, especially we that are old; he address'd himself to me with a great deal of Confidence; he began by putting a Piece of Silver into my Hand, and, after this Beginning, which he thought more capable than any other to captivate my Goodwill, he besought me with Importunities, that made me laugh, and in giving me Commendations, which certainly I deserv'd not, that I would put in Practice my Black Art, to discover this pretended Treasure; I own I was a thousand Times in the Mind to restore him the Present he had made me, and
answer

answer him I had forgot my Grammar; but, in fine, as that which comes into our Hands seldom goes out, and, besides, I had a Mind to divert myself, and cure him, at the same Time, of this ridiculous Imagination, that had fill'd his poor Brain; I had no Mind to give it him again; I told him, then, in a grave Tone, that I had known of a long Time enough to give him Satisfaction, that he should not think much of his Present, he had no more but to do what I should prescribe him; and on the Faith of the oldest *Magician* in the Company, I would warrant him, that if there was in his House Money hid, he should find it, tho' 'twere in the Power and Guard of *Belzebub*, and all the *Demons* together. *Treguilla* had such Faith in my Discourses, and my Promises, that I put him all naked in a Tub of Water, up to his Neck, after having mutter'd some Words that signified nothing, and having set on his Head a Crown of *Cypress*, and a Wand in his Hand, that I told him came from a certain Tree, whose Name I remember not; the Tub was in a little Cellar, pav'd, and well pointed, (a Circumstance that ought not to be forgot, because, for the Intelligence of my History, 'tis necessary to be known,) having put him, then, into his Bath, I retir'd, having earnestly recommended to him to stay there the whole Day, without Impatience, and not come out 'till he heard a Bell strike, (that is never heard but towards the Beginning of the Night,) adding, that he should be no sooner out, but the Wand should conduct him to the Place where the Treasure was, if it were true there was any there. The Mad-man staid very quietly in this Posture, waiting 'till the Clock struck, being

being already benumm'd with Cold ; for one may well imagine he could not have any great Heat there. At last the Clock struck, and the great Avidity he had to go where the Wand conducted him, made him act with so great Precipitation, that he overturn'd the Tub and two little Benches it stood upon, giving him so great a Blow on the Head, that it stunn'd him ; but this was not all, the Cover of the Tub fell upon him too, and struck his Nose on the Ground ; he was found in this Condition in the middle of the Water that ran all about the little Cellar, and as 'twas Night, had a Wound in his Head, and a Contusion in his Body, and that the Cold and Fear had seiz'd him , he cry'd out as loud as he could, that he was drowning : His Wife, who knew not that he was there, in Company of some Neighbours, run with a Light, hearing the repeated Cries of this Wretch, and found him making all the Motions of a Man that swims, blowing with his Belly on the Ground, moving gently his Feet and his Hands, and always crying out with all his Might, to come and help, for he was drowning. This Woman, who had not much more Wit than he, or that knew not what she did, the View of this Spectacle so much troubled her, that she said aloud, My dear Husband, what evil Angel has thrown you there ? What mean these Benches, and this Tub ? My God ! tell me I prithee, and whence this Water came ? Draw me out from hence, my dear Wife, (answer'd, dolefully, the poor *Triguilla*, interrupting her,) and afterwards we will talk of that ; I loose Respiration and my Strength, and 'tis Time to succour me, Then they drew him out of the Puddle, and pre-

sently his Spirits began to come to him. He related, Point by Point, the Trick had been play'd him; a strange Thing, and enough to make known the Puissance of Conjurers. All this was not sufficient to make him wise; there was no little Corner of the House that he caus'd not to be search'd, the Day following and the next Morning; and if it had not been forbid him in good and due Form, to go no further, and give off searching any more, he had overturn'd his own House, and, perhaps, those of his Neighbours: But, as I told you, they began to be sensible, they put a Stop to't. All the World laugh'd at *Triguilla*; and as the little Children pointed at him with a Finger, as he pass'd along the Streets, he is so irritated against the Men and Women *Gypsies*, that you will agree that I go not to expose myself to receive some bloody Affront, let us dismiss this young Man, and let him go to *Seville*, as well as he can. We will do nothing, our good Mother, (the *Gypsies* cry'd out;) all agreed such Bargains as this happen not every Day; we will receive him amongst us. In effect, they resolv'd to receive him, promising him to conceal him, and keep him as long as he judg'd it necessary. In the mean Time, not to expose the old *Gypsie*, and, perhaps, the whole Troop, to *Triguilla's* Revenge, 'twas order'd to turn on the left Hand, and enter the Kingdom of *Murcia*, and not go to *Seville*; the young Man was call'd at the same Time; and from the Moment they declar'd to him what had been resolv'd to do with him, he appear'd so content, and so satisfy'd, that he distributed one hundred Crowns of Gold to the *Gypsies*, which was presently divided. Never was greater Joy than what appear'd

appear'd in the *Gypsies*; there was none but *Preisosa* that seem'd discontented; and who by Report to *Andrew* she knew *Don Sancho* at *Madrid*; for so this young Man was call'd; for the Rest, as this Name seem'd a little too noble for a *Gypsie*, they thought it necessary to give him another, and they agreed to call him *Clement*, and so we shall call him for the Future. That which is particular, and which shews that Jealousy is an Evil almost incurable, *Andrew* had in his Heart a sensible Trouble; they had retain'd this young Gentleman, tho' it was, as I may to say, at his Solicitation, only; these first Suspicions reviv'd, when he came to reflect, that this young Man, who shew'd himself so earnest to go to *Seville*, thought no more on't, and had not made the least Instance to make the *Gypsies* take the Road to that Town; and, in a Word, had rejected the Offer they presently made him, to enter into another Troop, that was to march towards that Capital of *Andaluzia*; in the Time, a thousand Thoughts possess him, that troubled him and multiplied every Moment; *Clement* prevented him, but without Design; for he was far enough off from penetrating the Troubles that tormented him, and made such Disorders in his Mind. I am very easy, my dear *Andrew*, (he said to him with a gay Air,) that we are going directly to the Kingdom of *Murcia*; I shall not be far from *Carthagena*, if I come there safe and sound; I will embark there for *Italy*, and much shorten my Way. *Andrew* agreed to't; and in the mean Time, to watch him the better, and not loose him out of his Sight, he would have him for his Comrade; which *Clement* took for a great Favour; for he never thought he caus'd him

the least Jealousy: *Andrew* and *Clement*, then, were always together, and made great Expence, they spar'd for nothing, Money rain'd; for they had yet sufficient, both the one and the other; they leap'd, they dan'd, they threw the Bar, better than any of the *Gypsies*; they were respected and belov'd by all, and particularly the *She-Gypsies*. In fine, they left *Esfremadura*, and enter'd *La Mancha*, and drew near by little and little, to the Kingdom of *Murcia*; they pass'd thro' no Place where there was not Matches at Racket, wrestling, running, leaping, throwing the Bar, and such Exercises of Strength and Address; but *Andrew* and *Clement* were those that always carry'd away the Prize. During all this Time, which was more than a Month and half, *Clement* never found an Occasion to speak to *Pretiosa*; but to say the Truth, he never sought it. In fine, one Day, when she sat by *Andrew*, she call'd him: I knew thee the Moment thou camest into our Tents, (said the young *She-Gypsie*, and I presently remember'd the Verses thou gavest me at *Madrid*: In the mean Time, I seem'd to feign I knew thee not, because I knew not with what View thou wast fallen in amongst us; I understand thy Misfortunes, and was afflicted at 'em; but I am willing to make thee a sincere Vow, I had no sooner cast mine Eyes on thee but it rais'd a thousand Troubles in my Mind; for in fine, I imagin'd that the same Poissance that metamorphos'd *Don John* might well metamorphose *Don Sancho*; and thou may'st easily conclude with me, my Fear was legitimate; be not surpriz'd, my dear *Clement*, that I discover to thee *Andrew's* Passion; I know that he has made thee his Confident himself, so that 'tis no Secret; I impart

impart to thee my only Design, in confirming to thee the same Thing from my own Mouth, is to give thee a sensible Mark of my Friendship, and my Esteem, and take Occasion from thence to beseech thee to be my Friend, and never be contrary to me, and enter into all my Interests; thou ought'st to be convinc'd, and I doubt not but thou art, that the Knowledge that I have had of thee has not been prejudicial to thee; it was by my Means thou hast been so well receiv'd amongst us, and wast admitted so easily into our Troop; God grant it may serve to accomplish thy Designs; but I will tell it thee myself, that thou owest the Obligation to me only; and I pretend that thou placest it to my Account; a veritable Tenderness is rais'd everywhere, my dear *Clement*, be perswaded; I see so great a Disproportion between *Andrew's* Birth and mine; that I fear he will at last open his Eyes, and come to perceive, that the Pride he has taken be not that which he should have taken; we are not Masters of the first Motions Love gives Birth to; but I comprehend well, that with a little Reason one may triumph over the most violent Passions, especially if one hearkens to the Voice of a Friend, sincere and disinterested, *Andrew* would not be the only Man should return from wandering, whether the blindest of all Passions had led him; and from some little Attractions, which I own Heaven has given me: Thou perceivest well, *Clement*, whether I am going; while *Andrew* has been only amongst our *Gypsies* I have fear'd nothing; but To-day I fear all; for I apprehend, that, as a faithful Friend, thou may'st make him sensible; the Concern he has for a *Gypsie* does him wrong;
and

and he allowing thy Reasons, which without Doubt were just and veritable, he might abandon me, and kill me with Grief. Thou hast nothing to fear, (answer'd *Clement*,) and to assure thee Foot by Foot, be perswaded, divine *Pretiosa*, that 'tis not for Levity, nor for a vain Presumption, that *Don John* has discover'd to me, and that I am become the Confident of the purest Flame a Lover was ever burnt with; at the first Glances I made upon him, I found, nor was it hard, at the same Time, to perceive, that 'twas thy puissant Charms that had transform'd him into a *Gypsie*, as were formerly the Charms of a simple Mortal, that transform'd *Jupiter* himself into a *Bull*: I told him presently how 'twas, and that 'twas not very hard for me to penetrate that which made me encounter him in your Tents; he deny'd it not; and trusting in me from that Moment forward, he declar'd to me all his Passion, and made me all his History; he can witness for me to thee, that very far from disapproving his Resolution, I commended it; but bid him recollect, that more than once Princes have Sigh'd for Slaves: I have not so little Experience, but I know what the Puissance of Beauty is, and that thine has no Equal; the Wanderings it has brought on *Don John* may always be excus'd, if, nevertheless, one may call by that Name the Faults the most eminent of Men every Day fall into, as the Poets inform us, in describing to us the Adventures of the Father of Men and Deities: In the mean Time, I give thee a thousand Thanks, *Pretiosa*, for the tender Amity thou shewest me, that I shall never render myself unworthy of; and may Heaven Crown suddenly thy Hymen, initive
in

in thy Favour the Kindred of *Andrew*, and render thee as fortunate as thou art perfect and accomplish'd. *Clement* said all these Things with so much Ardour, that *Andrew* knew not whether he spoke like a Lover or a Friend; so hard is Jealousy to be deracinated from our Hearts: In the mean Time, he came to himself, and rendred Justice to *Pretiosa* and to *Clement*. One ceases to be jealous when one is clear'd of that which caus'd the Jealousy. *Andrew* and *Clement* were perpetually together; this last was a Poet, as we have already seen; and for *Andrew*, tho' he was not naturally so, Love made him make some Verses. They commonly shewed those they had made, and then sung em. The Troop, that always march'd on, was in four Leagues of *Murcia*, lodg'd in the Bottom of a great Valley. When these two Friends, who lov'd nothing so much as to be alone, went out of the Way one Night, to divert themselves, without Witnesses, they sat down, one at the Foot of a Willow, and the other at the Foot of an old Chestnut-Tree, and taking each of 'em his *Guittarre*, they sung this Dialogue:

A N D R E W.

See'st thou the Firmament of Starry Globes,
When the still Night puts on her pompous Robes;
If clear thy Sight, thou may'st compare,
And paint in lively Colours Beauty rare.

C L E M E N T.

The charming Beauty, thou did'st just now praise,
Is such, that Heaven no Parrallell can raise:

And

And thou and I are forced to confess,
No Voice can sing, nor Human Tongue express.

A N D R E W.

Gypsie divine, Ah ! could I have the Voice
Of *Philomel*, or *Homer's* Pen so choice,
I'd raise thy Fame up to the highest Sphere,
And place thee for a Planet fair and clear.

C L E M E N T.

Wise *Pretiosa*, Prodigy of Beauty,
No Mortal lives but pays thee Duty:
And Love, to shew his Power divine,
Implies thine Eyes, and makes thee shine.

BY the Tone these two Friends began with,
there's little Appearance they intended to stay
there ; they had a Mind to carry on their Poetick
Exaggerations ; but they were interrupted by a Voice
on a sudden ; 'twas that of *Pretiosa*, who had
hearkned to their Bargain, and who sung the Verses
you shall see : I know not if she compos'd 'em off
hand, or whether she had made 'em on another
Occasion ; but be that as it will, they were sung
much to the Purpose, and were as an Answer to
those she had heard just before : It will not be hard
to judge.

In our mutual Flame of Love,
Cupid himself lyes hid ; and *Jove*
Be chaste, however fair you are,
And of Temptations be aware.

A Mist-

A Mistress is one's Happiness, if she be
Guarded with Prudence, and with Chastity;
When with much Tenderness she can preserve
Her Modesty, and her last Reserve.

Without a Troop of Lovers at my Feet,
Lying, Groveling, and my Charms do greet;
I hope, one Day, my Virtues shall
My Fortune make, and conquer all.

Riches, Grandeur, I can grant,
To whosoever Pleasures want;
Virtue limits my Desires;
She that has it ne'er aspires.

'T W A S by this wise Reflection that *Pretiosa* ended; then *Andrew* and *Clement* rose up and went to her; they began a Conversation, where the *Gypsie* made appear so much good Sense, so much Wit, so much Solidity, and so much Wisdom, that *Clement* was convinc'd she was worthy of *Andrew's* Choice; for certain it is, altho' he had told it him, that he could not forbear believing altogether, but it was thro' an Excess of Youth that he had follow'd this young Girl, worthy of a better Destiny.

T H E Troop rose at Break of Day, and went to lodge in a Borough, that depended on the Jurisdiction of *Murcia*, and that was distant not above three Leagues; 'twas in this Borough there happen'd a Misfortune to the *Gypsies*, and had like to have cost *Andrew* his Life: The Thing pass'd in this Manner.

A F T E R the Gang, according to Custom, had given in Pawn some Plate to the Inhabitants, for Assurance they would steal nothing from 'em, *Pretiosa*, her Aunt, *Christiana*, and the two other young *Gypsies*, *Clement* and *Andrew*, went to lodge in a Widow's House, that was very rich; this Widow had a Daughter, call'd *Carducha*, 17 or 18 Years old, exceeding sprightly, that was not altogether unhandsome, and had a good Appetite; this Girl having seen the Men and Women *Gypsies* dance, and having, above all, cast her Eyes upon *Andrew*, she was so extravagantly amorous, that she took a Resolution to declare to him the Passion she had for him; this foolish Resolution was no sooner form'd than put into Execution, and without Delay or losing Time, for having seen a *Gypsie*, enter an outward Court, whither he went to search for some Goods, she followed him, and coming up to him, said, *Andrew*, (for she knew already his Name,) I am an only Daughter, I am rich, and there are those that think me not unhandsome; if thou wilt agree with me, thou may'st thy self, my Spouse, answer me promptly; and if thou art wise, loose not the Occasion; the like is not to be found every Day. *Andrew* was much surpris'd at the Boldness, and at the Compliment of this Girl. You shall be satisfy'd, (said he,) presently; and told her, My Answer will not make you languish; you come to the wrong Place, my dear *Carducha*, my Heart has already made it's Choice; I am engag'd by Word for a Marriage, that will be consummated in a few Days; and to tell you freely, we *Gypsies* seldom marry but with *Gypsies*; I will tell you, tho' I am troubled I can't enjoy so good Fortune; but
if

if you were fairer and richer than you say, you will not make me unfaithful: But a Word is worth a Contract.

CARDUCHA fell from Top to Bottom: She little expected this Answer; she was about to reply; but some *Gypsies* coming in, she brush'd out of the outward Court, with a Resolution to be reveng'd, if it were possible. *Andrew*, who knew how delicate the Sex is, in this Matter, and who, besides, had read in the Eyes of this young Girl, the Rage that transported her, sought, like a Man, sage and prudent, to prevent any sinister Accident, he besought the *Gypsies* to dislodge that very Hour; and as they delay'd in all Things, he press'd them to recover their Pawns which had been given 'em, and prepare for a Retreat. If *Andrew* had his Views, *Carducha*, whose Addresses he had undervalued, had hers; she flatter'd herself, presently, that she might, in Time, soften the Heart of her *Gypsie*; and seeing that he was going away, and that she could not detain him, thro' Amity, she believ'd she must oblige him to stay in their Borough by Force; they were busy to find Means to come to the End of this Enterprize; she had not much Time to loose; Love and Revenge furnish'd her with one at the Instant, that succeeded but too well, in the Bustle the *Gypsies* were in. By the Precipitation of their Departure, they could not mind all Things; and *Carducha* taking hold of this Disorder, took *Andrew's* Portmantua, which she knew very well, and put into it a little Gold Chain, Bracelets of Coral, some Rings, and other like Things. The Gang began at last to prepare for a March; but they had

hardly mov'd a Foot, but *Carducha* began to make a thousand tragick Lamentations, and cry out as loud as she could, that the *Gypsies* had robb'd her, and carry'd away her Jewels. The Justice run at these Cries, and all the Inhabitants of the Village. The *Gypsies* made a Halt, and there was none but made horrible Oaths that they had taken Nothing, and that they were falsely accus'd; and to convince 'em they might only open their Sacks and tumble 'em, and visit all their Baggage. This was in Effect the only Means, and the most prompt that could be taken, to justify themselves: But the old *Gypsie* was alarm'd at this; for she fear'd they might find *Andrew's* Cloaths, which she carefully kept, and a little Box full of Jewels 'twere necessary should be hid. This unfortunate Accident put her into a Consternation; but at the very Time she was meditating some politick Turn of Wit, to extricate herself out of this Bustle, *Carducha* knock'd it on the Head with one Blow. She accus'd only the great *Gypsie*, that was *Andrew*. She said she was convinc'd 'twas he had play'd her the Trick. They had no more to do but visit his Portmantua. *Andrew* began to laugh; but he had but little Cause to laugh very long; the Bracelet, the Rings, the Gold Chain, were found amongst his Baggage. How could he justify himself? Never was Man more surpriz'd, nor more confounded than was *Andrew*. The *Alcaid* began to treat him ill in Words, he and all the *Gypsies*. *Andrew* answer'd not a Word, insensible of the Injuries of a Judge, who pretended to convict him of a domestick Robbery. He was confounded, Dumb, and immoveable as a Stake. A Soldier, a Kinsman of the *Alcaid's*, was
he

he that rous'd him out of the Amazement, where-
 in the cruel Usage of the Trick *Carducha* had play'd
 him had cast him; for having belch'd a thousand
 villainous Words, which that sort of People are
 very prodigal of, he gave him such a hard Box,
 that wanted little of throwing him on the Ground:
 It was not *Andrew*, from this Time, but *Don John*,
 animtated with a noble Fury, he threw himself
 upon the brutal Soldier, wrested from him his Sword
 he wore, gave him a Wound, so to the Purpose,
 that he left him for dead upon the Place. The
 Judge cry'd out, call'd for Help, every one run to
 Arms; the People seize upon the *Gypsie*. *Pretiosa*
 fell down in a Swoon; and this unfortunate Lover
 taking more Care to succour his Mistress than to
 defend himself, suffer'd himself to be seiz'd by the
 Populace, whom he could easily have dissipated, if
 his Love and his Grief had permitted him to make
 use of that Address he had, and the Sword which
 yet he had. *Andrew* was presently loaden with
 Irons; and the Judge, who regretted much his Kins-
 man, would have hang'd him upon the Spot; but
 he had not the Power to do it; he was to be car-
 ry'd to *Murcia*, for that Borough, as we have
 before said, was of its Jurisdiction; he contented
 himself to be shut up, and suffer and pass by a
 thousand Indignities, and all the ill Treatment pos-
 sible. They seiz'd also all the Men *Gypsies*, and
 Women *Gypsies* they could catch; and *Clement* was
 of that Number; but happy for him he was not
 present at this Disaster; he was out of the Village
 with a Party of Baggage, and he no sooner knew
 the Soldier had been kill'd, but he thought of tak-
 ing his Flight. The next Day they carry'd away
Andrew,

Andrew and the rest of the Prisoners, whom the *Alcaid* accompany'd himself, at the Head of his Guard of Archers, and more Soldiers. The whole Town went out to see the Spectacle; and *Pretiosa*, who as disorder'd as she was, had never such Charms as she had that Day; she drew the Acclamations of all the People, who cry'd out with one Voice, that, they had never seen any Thing more accomplish'd, The extraordinary Beauty of this *Gypsie*, made such a Noise, that the Wife of the Steward, or Governor of the Town, had a Mind to see her, and for that Effect she besought her Husband not to put her in Prison; but for poor *Andrew*, he was thrown into a deep Dungeon, bound Hand and Foot. *Pretiosa* and her Aunt were conducted to the Governess, who was amaz'd at so many Charms, and felt her Heart touch'd; the young *Gypsie* was no sooner in the Chamber where the Lady attended for her, but she made her come near her, she embrac'd her at the same Time with a Tenderness inexpressible, and could not forbear regarding. What Age has this amiable Girl? (she began to say,) directing her Discourse to her Aunt. Madam, (answer'd the old *Gypsie*,) she is Fifteen, within two or three Months. The Stewardess then said, with a profound Sigh, 'tis the Age of my late unfortunate *Constancia*! Alas! (she added,) this young Girl makes me remember, that I am the most unfortunate Mother that there is in the World; she renews in my Mind a Griet that makes me weep, 'till Death closes my Eyes. In the mean Time, *Pretiosa*, who saw herself receiv'd with so much Tenderness, had taken the Stewardess by the Hand, she kiss'd it a Thousand Times, and in shedding a

Torrent

Torrent of Tears, she endeavour'd to perswade her, that the *Gypsie* that was a Prisoner was not culpable; she protested to her, if any Jewels were found amongst his Cloaths, 'twas a Pledge that had been restor'd; and as to what regarded the Soldier, whom he had kill'd, she told her he drew his Death upon himself, by his Brutality and his Imprudence: That in a Word, the *Gypsie* had done no more on this Occasion than follow Maxims, establish'd of the Point of Honour; which maintain, That when one has receiv'd a Box in the Ear, he ought, at that Instant, to kill him that had the Audacity to give it. I own, (she said further, melting ever into Tears,) that these Maxims are criminal; but they are authorized by Men, and 'tis even Cowardise and Shame not to follow them; but that he may be culpable, and that he may be criminal I agree. The only Favour I ask is, his Judgment may not be precipitate; and that the Chastisement the Laws threaten him with, be so also: It may be I may be so happy to have him found Innocent: If the little Beauty I have affect you, preserve it, Madam, in preserving this miserable Prisoner; my Life depends on his, he is to be my Husband; and some just and wise Impediments have been the Cause we have not yet join'd Hands: If Money be wanting to obtain his Grace, and appease the Parents of the dead, we are ready to sell all we have. Pardon, Madam, the pressing Sollicitations of a Spouse that interceeds for her Spouse.

A L L the while *Pretiosa* made this Discourse, she had her Eyes fix'd on those of the Stewards, who on her side, could not forbear contemplating this *Gypsie*,
who

who always squeez'd her Hands, and water'd 'em with her Tears. This Lady, who had hearken'd to her with great Attention, was so soften'd, that she could not hinder crying in her Turn. The Steward came in upon these Arguments, and he was no less surpris'd at the Scene than the Applause of *Pretiosa*; he had a Mind to know what it was, and the young *Gypsie* disengaging herself at the same Time from the Stewardess, went and threw herself at the Feet of her Husband. I demand Favour for my Spouse, (she burst out all in Tears, and confounded with Grief,) or rather I demand Justice; for he is innocent; his Misfortune, and the Greatness of his Soul, are all his Crimes. In the mean Time, if his malignant Star persecutes him, even to find him culpable, and that he must die, it may be permitted me to die in his Place; and if this Victim be not sufficient, at least, my Lord, deserr pronouncing Sentence for some Days; for I despair not to produce, within a little time, Proof in Hand, that will justify his Innocence. Heaven hearken at least, to the Cries of those who are not criminal, but because they have not wherewithall to defend themselves from being so.

THE Governor was so stunn'd with the Reasons and the Reflections of this young Girl, that 'twas impossible for him to say one Word, he was so ravish'd with Admiration.

IN the mean Time, *Pretiosa's* Aunt form'd a thousand different Thoughts in her Head, without determining one, so embarrass'd she found herself, and saw so many Precipices on all Sides. But in
fine,

fine, the Danger she saw *Don John* in, made her soon resolv'd; she said out aloud, addressing herself to the Steward, Permit, my Lord, I may go out; I have meditated a Plot will surprize you, and will change these Complaints into Joy, altho' I am thoroughly perswaded, (said she, in a low Tone,) that what I am about to do cannot but be fatal to me. She had Permission to go out, and *Pretiosa*, all in Tears, redoubl'd her Instances, to obtain some Delay. Her Design was to advertise *Don John's* Father of what pass, perceiving well, it was the only Expedient to deliver him; tho' by Report, to her 'twas the most violent Means that could be put in Practice; for, in fine, 'twas to renounce for ever the Hope she had flatter'd herself with, to see him one Day her Spouse. The old *Gypsie* was not long in coming back; she came in with a Cabinet under her Arm, and besought the Governor and his Wife to withdraw with her for one Moment, adding, That she had a Mystery to communicate to 'em; which she could not reveal but in Private. The Steward, who believ'd she would discover some Theft of the *Gypsies*, to the End, to render him more favourable, went with his Wife, into the Anti-Chamber, the *Gypsie* follow'd them, and falling presently upon her Knee, If the good News, (said she,) I have brought you, merit nothing, that you pardon me a Crime, I am this Day going to accuse myself of; I am ready to undergo all the Pains I am worthy of, and that you shall please to impose; but before I confess this Crime, (she added,) I beseech you to tell me if you know not these Jewels? In saying these Things, she took the Cabinet, wherein were those of *Pretiosa's*, and put them into the

M

Steward's

Steward's Hands, who knew them not ; the Stewards consider'd them also, and after having examin'd them, she said, All that I know is, that they are the Ornaments of a young Child. It is true, (reply'd the *Gypsie*,) and this Paper will shew you what Child they belong to, and presented, then, a folded Paper to the Steward, who having open'd it with great Precipitation, read these Words:

' THE little Girl was call'd *Donna Constancia d'Azevedo*, and *Meneses* her Mother, *Donna Guiomar d'Meneses*, and her Father, *Don Fernando d'Azevedo*, Knight of the Order of *Calatrava*; she disappear'd the Ascension-Day of our Lord, at 8 o'Clock in the Morning, 1585; the little Girl carried the Jewels that are kept in this Cabinet. '

THE Stewards no sooner heard the Name of *Constancia* pronounc'd, but she knew the Jewels; she took them and kiss'd them a thousand Times; but she felt such a Disorder in her Heart that she soon'd away; she recover'd her Spirits at last, and turning to the old *Gypsie*, Alas! (she said to her, with a Transport, mix'd of Fear and Joy,) where's the Owner of these Jewels? Where's the Child to whom these Braveries belong? You ask me where she is, (answer'd the old *Gypsie*,) You have her in your House. This young *Gypsie*, that forc'd the Tears, is the Owner; 'tis your Daughter; 'tis your *Constancia*: I stole her at your House at *Madrid*, the Day and Hour noted in the Paper, just now read to you. You cannot have clearer Testimonies. I can convince myself by others, (cry'd out *Donna Guiomar*,) and then running to the Chamber where

Pre-

Pretiosa was, whom she environ'd by all the Servants, who could not forbear contemplating and admiring her; she unlac'd herself in a Moment, and having open'd her Breast, she found there a Nocturnal Mark her Daughter had at her Birth; which, however, Age had much enlarg'd. This was not all; she took off her Shooes, and perceiv'd, what she further search'd for; 'twas two Toes on her Right Foot, that grew together, by Means of a little Skin, they were unwilling to cut, when she came into the World, for fear of hurting her. The Mark on her Breast, the Toes, the Jewels, the remarkable Day of the Theft, the Confession of the She-Gypsy, the great Joy she had the Moment she saw her; all these Things confirm'd her, that *Pretiosa* was her Daughter; so she redoubl'd her Embracings, and her Tendernesses, and taking her by the Hand, she led her into the Anti-Chamber, where she had left the Steward and the old Gypsy. *Pretiosa* was all confounded, she comprehending nothing of all that had been acted, with Regard to her, and much less to all the Caresses this Lady had made her; for she devour'd her with Kisses. Afterwards, when *Donna Guiomar* was with her Husband, she told it him with a great Transport of Joy: See here our Daughter *Conslancia*! 'Tis even she herself there's no Room to doubt: I have seen with my own Eyes the Mark on her Breast, and her two Toes joyn'd together: But that which confirms me most that 'tis her, are those Yernings I had at the first Instant I saw her. I make no Doubt but 'tis she, (answer'd the Steward, that held *Pretiosa* in his Arms,) I had such Yernings as yours: Heaven restor'd her by a Miracle we cannot sufficiently adore.

In the mean Time, the Steward desir'd his Wife and Daughter to keep this Adventure secret; he order'd the same to the old *Gypsie*, adding, That he pardon'd her; the Joy to have recover'd my Daughter, takes away the Displeasure I had in losing her; and I have but one Quarrel to you, (continu'd he, speaking to the *She-Gypsie*,) which is, That knowing *Pretiosa's* Birth, you have affianc'd her to a *Gypsie*, to a Thief, and to a Murderer. Ah! my Lord, (interrupted *Pretiosa*,) he deserves none of these Names; and if it be true that he has kill'd a Man, this Man gave him so bloody an Affront, that he could hope for no better a Destiny; and 'tis only following the Laws Men have establish'd, in Point of Honour, that he kill'd with his own Sword a Soldier, brutal and insolent, that had dishonour'd him, by giving him a Box on the Year, What! (said the Stewardess, all surpriz'd,) this Prisoner, is he not a *Gypsie*? Then the old Woman related, in a few Words, *Andrew's* History. She said, he was Son to *Don Francisco de Carcamo*, Knight of the Order of *St. Jago*, and that he was call'd *Don Juan de Carcamo*, Knight of the same Order. She added, that she had also the Habit he left when he took that of a *Gypsie*. And she also made a Recital of the Agreement pass'd between *Pretiosa* and *Don John*, to whom she gave all the Commendations he veritably deserv'd. This Lord, and this Lady, were no less surpriz'd at this Recital than they were at the Adventure of their Daughter. The Steward presently order'd the old Woman to go fetch *Don John's* Habits, which she did; and a Moment after she came back with the *Gypsie* that had them in keeping. Before the old *She-Gypsie*

she came back, the Steward and Stewardess ask'd *Pretiosa* a thousand Questions, which she always answer'd with so much Judgment, and with so good a Grace, that she was capable of engaging all their Affection, even altho' they had not own'd her for their Daughter. They ask'd her with a great deal of Instance, if she had not a Love for *Don John*? which put her to't a little; but in fine she said, That the Love which she had for him was no other than the Love of an Acquaintance: That *Don John* having undervalu'd himself so far as to become a *Gypsie* for her, she found herself obliged to value so extraordinary a Sacrifice: But, that, nevertheless, this Acquaintance should never pass the Limits of their Pleasure. Talk no more of these Things, (reply'd the Father,) my dear *Pretiosa*, for I reckon this Name will remain with thee in Memory of that which we had lost thee, and have recover'd thee: I am thy Father, and thou art my Daughter, and I will forget nothing, be persuaded of it, to make thee a Destiny worthy of thy Birth, and of thy Virtues. *Pretiosa* sigh'd at the hearing of these Words; and her Mother, who was very judicious, comprehended well she had a Love for *Don John*. Her Destiny is concluded, (she told him, addressing to her Husband,) *Don John* is of an illustrious House; he loves our Daughter; Heaven has made 'em one for the other; let us not oppose their Union. We have but just recover'd *Pretiosa*, (answer'd the Governor,) and you would have us loose her again; let us enjoy her some little Time; if she is once marry'd she will be her Husband's, and no longer ours. You are in the Right, (she reply'd,) and the only Thing we ought to speak of at present, or think

think of, for *Don John*, is to get him out of Prison. I will go see him, (said the Governor,) for it belongs to me to interrogate him. In the mean Time, I recommend to you, that nothing be said of this Adventure, 'till I find it proper to publish it. Having thus said, he embrac'd his Daughter, and went strait to the Prison; he enter'd alone into the Dungeon where *Don John* was, having Irons on his Feet and Hands. Because the Place was obscure, he caus'd a little Window above to be open'd, that he might see him, and having beheld him some Time, he said to him, (assuming an Air extreamly severe,) I am overjoy'd, Comrade, to see thee here; but my Joy would be much more perfect if all the *Gypsies* in *Spain* were with thee: I would extermine the whole Race in one Day, as *Nero* desir'd to exterminate all Mankind, when he wish'd that all Men together had but one Head, to have the Pleasure of cutting of it off. I doubt not but thou knowest me, or that thou presumest, at least, to know my Office: But to the End thou mayst not pretend Cause of Ignorance, know that I am the Sovereign Judge of this Town; that I come to make thee divers Interrogatories about thy Thefts, and the Murder thou hast committed; and particularly to ask thee if it be true, that a young Female *Gypsie* that is in the Troop be thy Wife, and thy legitimate Spouse? *Andrew* had no sooner heard these Words, but he believ'd the Steward was become amorous of *Pretiosa*; and this Thought was not without Foundation. This Interrogatory, which he little expected, fill'd him full of Surprize, and troubl'd him. In the mean Time, as he prepar'd to answer him categorically, he answered

swered him in these Terms. If this young *Gypsie* has told you that I am her Spouse, she has told you the Truth; and if she has told you I am not, she has for that told you a Lye; for, in a certain Sense, she is my Spouse, and in another, she is not. Here's no Contradiction in this. 'Tis true, (reply'd the Judge,) that she had said simply that she had affianc'd to thee, and I am willing to believe it; for at the Bottom, it little concerns me, whether you are marry'd or not; but it was necessary, nevertheless, that your Answer in that Regard should be found conformable. This young Girl, who, by reason of her great Beauty, deserves well that I grant her some little Request, when what she shall ask me goes not contrary to the Duty of my Place, having well seen that thou can'st not be but condemn'd to die. She has desir'd with so much Instance, that I permit that thou espoudest her before thy Sentence be executed; that I am almost resolv'd to grant thee what she desires. If it might be permitted me to mix my Requests to her's, (reply'd *Andrew*,) it would be the only Favour I would ask you; and I well perceive, if you came to grant me that, I should not be troubled to die, tho' I die innocent, and to be reveng'd of a Villain I could not let live, by Laws establish'd of the Point of Honour; for, in fine, these Laws are in all Countries, and in all Professions. Thou lovest terribly, by what I see, this little Treasure, (said the Governor,) Yes, my Lord, I love her, (answer'd *Andrew*,) I love her beyond all that I can say to you; and I should make all my Happiness consist to give her my Faith. When after that, you shall condemn me to Punishments the most rigorous that were ever used. Very good,

good, (said the Judge, with a scornful Air,) I will send for thee this Night to my House; thou shalt there espouse *Pretiosa*; and To-morrow, at Noon, thou shalt be hang'd on a Gibbet. *Andrew*, far from being troubled, thank'd him, smiling; and the Steward being gone out, went to relate to his Wife all that had past in his Interrogatory, and what he resolv'd to do.

IN the Time the Steward was gone to examine *Andrew*, *Pretiosa* had made to her the History of his whole Life; she had told her, that she veritably believ'd, him to be a *She-Gypsie*, but that she had always perceived she had Inclinations very different from those of the other *Gypsies*, and that she could not reproach him with any Action that was unworthy of his veritable Birth. Upon this, the Stewardess conjur'd her to tell her, if she had a Passion for *Don John*? Blushings then mounted up into her Face, and looking down, she own'd to her, That having consider'd herself as a *Gypsie*, and that she might change her miserable Condition, in espousing a Man that was a Gentleman, and of whom she knew his Love, and his Merit, she could not hinder herself from regarding him with Affection; but that nevertheless, as she had protested to her before, she would, in all her Life, have no other Will than hers, and that of the Steward her Father.

AS soon as Night came, about Ten o'Clock, they took *Andrew* out of the Dungeon; after they had taken off the Irons from his Hands and Feet, he had yet a great Chain that bound his whole Body;

Body; they led him in this Manner to the Steward's House, without being seen but by those that conducted him. They put him presently into a Chamber, where he was left all alone; a little Time after, a Priest came into the Chamber, and this Ecclesiastick told him, He was there to prepare him for Death, for he was to be executed the next Day, and exhorted him to make a good Confession. I am ready to do it, (*Andrew* said to him,) and Death, horrible as it is, does nothing affrighten me: But whence comes it I am not permitted to espouse, before I die, the young *Gypsie* I have affianc'd, since they flatter'd me with this sweet Hope, or rather, because this Favour was promis'd me? 'Tis on that Account, (he added,) that I own that Death appear'd frightful to me, and that I cannot see it approach without Troubling. The Stewards, (who was acquainted with these Things,) said to her Husband, There was but little Wisdom in this Manner of Proceeding; there was too much Danger to leave *Don John* in the Apprehensions they had throw'd him into; that on the contrary, some Rays of Hopes should be given him he might not fail to enjoy; that *Don John* might not be the only Man dead in Love, Grief, and Despair. The Steward was of her Mind; and upon that, going into the Chamber where *Andrew* was, he said to the Confessor, That he must before all Things, marry him to the *Gypsie* he had told him of, and that he should confess afterwards. In the mean Time, casting his Eyes on *Andrew*, he said to him, in a milder Tone, That he exhorted him to recommend himself to God in good Earnest, and not despair of his Mercy; for this Mercy, (he went on,) is so great, that

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often.

oftentimes such great Criminals as thou, have tasted of it by a Miracle; and who knows but Heaven has reserv'd for thee a parallel Destiny?

THIS little Exhortation being ended, they made *Andrew* come into the Hall, where were *Donna Giomar*, *Pretiosa*, and two Domesticks. As *Pretiosa* knew nothing of what they treated of, she was troubled to see *Don John*; when she saw him in Chains she turn'd pale and trembling, and faid but little of falling into a Swoon. The Stewardess, who perceiv'd it, embracing her, said, She had nothing to fear for *Don John*; and that she would see in a Moment how great the Concern for her was. These Words gave *Pretiosa* but little Comfort, because she knew not what the Stewardess would say. The old She-Gypsie was under mortal Alarms. All the Standers-by being amaz'd; then the Steward, (who had been some Time without speaking,) breaking Silence, began to say to the Ecclesiastick, That he should make ready to espouse the Man and She-Gypsie. I know not how to do it, (answer'd the Ecclesiastick,) there are Formalities requisite that ought to precede this Ceremony, and I see they have not been observ'd. Where's the Publication of *Banns*? (said he farther.) Where's at all Events the Permission of my Superiours? I see nothing of all that. Let us remit, my Lord, the Business to another Time. After these Words he went out. The good Father is in the Right, (said the Steward, thereupon,) and, perhaps, this Inconvenience is no other than an Effect of Providence, to the End the Criminal's Punishment might be defer'd; for, as I am engag'd by my Word, he shall

shall espouse the young *Gypsie*; and that all might be done in Form, their *Banns* ought to have been first publish'd. I confess, I draw from this Delay, a good Augure for thee, (said the Officer, further, turning to the *Gypsie*;) and thou would'st not be the First that prov'd the Truth of this common Saying. He that has Time has Life. In the mean Time, (said he further,) if Fortune was favourable to thee 'till then, that at the same Time that thou espoudest the *Gypsie* thy Grace be announc'd in what Quality would'st thou esteem thyself happy? Were it as the *Chevalier Andrew*, or as *Don Juan de Carcamo*? *Don John* was surpriz'd to hear himself call'd by his own Name; but this Surprize did not hinder him from answering; and he answer'd what he thought veritable. I well perceive, (he went on to say,) *Pretiosa* could not keep Silence, and that she has discover'd to you who I was: It matters not; I shall not betray my Heart: If I were possess'd of the Happiness you tell me of, I should esteem myself a thousand Times happier than if I were Master of the whole Universe, and would terminate there all my Vows, and all my Desires. Since thou makest me such a Prospect, *Don John*, (said the Steward,) I shall regard thee no longer as a Criminal, *Pretiosa* is thine: I promise her to thee this Day: Thou shalt possess her one Day; and in possessing her, thou possessest all that I hold dear to me in the World; for in fine, I giving thee *Pretiosa*, I give her *Donna Constancia d'Meneses*, my only Daughter. If she equals thee in Love, she is not beneath thee on the Side of Nobility of Blood.

A N Y one might conceive what this new Surprise was to young *Don John de Carcamo*; he expected not so agreeable a Condescension. The Stewardess then related, in few Words, in what Manner *Pretiosa* had been Kid-nap'd, and what Marks on her Recovery she had to convince her, that she was veritably her Daughter. *Don John*, who was very attentive to this Recital, knew not whether he was awake or sleep'd; he believ'd his Senses suffer'd an Illusion, that 'twas an Enchantment, and that he was in a sort of Extasie; from whence he recover'd not 'till some Time afterwards. Return'd from his Amazement, and convinc'd by his own Eyes, and by what he came to understand, that his good Fortune was real, that it was not one of those agreeable Dreams, falling some Times on the Unfortunate, he threw himself at the Feet of the Steward and the Stewardess, who reliev'd him, melting into Tears, and the same Moment approaching *Pretiosa*, they express'd her a thousand sweet and innocent Tender-
nesses.

T H E News of this Adventure was presently made publick; the Domesticks divulg'd it; and the Town was full a Moment after. *Don John* took his former Habit, that the old *Gypsie* had brought. The *Gypsies* were dismiss'd, who were loaden with Presents; and nothing but Joy was talk'd of. Two Thousand Ducats was promis'd the Officer, the dead Man's Uncle, that he might not prosecute *Don John*. And to compleat the Satisfaction, 'twas known, that *Clement*, (whom *Don John* was extreemly in Pain for,) was embark'd in one of the two Gallies that were at *Carthagena*. It all concurr'd to
make

make *Don John* happy. The Steward let him know that he had certain News, that *Don Francisco de Carcamo*, his Father, was provided of the Place of the Government of *Murcia*; and that it would not be long before he came to take Possession; and that never any Circumstance could be more favourable, since I might be present at the Wedding. Let us celebrate 'em before that Time, my Lord, (answer'd *Don John*,) let us not defer my Happiness: I'll pass my Word for my Father's Approbation. They joyn'd Hands, as this impatient Lover desir'd. The Archbishop was contented with some little Formalities, and granted a Dispense, such as could be desir'd.

THE Wedding was celebrated, and nothing seen that Day but Balls, Fireworks, running all the Ring Journeys, and other-like Divertisements. All the Town held Feast; for *Don Fernando de Azevedo* was extreamly belov'd. This Adventure soon reach'd the Court; and the Marriage of the fair *Gypsie*, for under that Name she went, was known throughout all *Spain*. *Don Francisco de Carcamo* was felicitated, and could not contain his Joy. *Pretiosa's* Beauty made him excuse his Son's Irregularities, whom he thought lost; and that which finish'd his Joy, and made it compleat was, the Alliance he had made in espousing young *Constanca*, who was not only of Birth noble and illustrious, but possess a very great Estate. This Lord hasten'd his Departure to embrace his Children the sooner, and came to *Murcia* within twenty Days. The Wedding was celebrated again, with the same Magnificence it had been before. The Poets sung this happy

happy Hymeneal ; and a famous Historian describes so well this Adventure, that *Pretiosa's* Renown will endure to all Ages. I forgot to say, that the old She-Gypsie would not quit *Pretiosa*. And that *Carduchia* discover'd, that the Thefts she had accus'd the Gypsie of was only suppos'd: She confess'd her Love, and her Crime. And as the End of this Scene might have nothing disagreeable, no Punishment was inflict'd on her.



NOVEL



NOVEL II.

T H E

Dogs of *Mahudez*,

Discourses of **SCIPIO** and **BERGANÇA**,
Dogs of the Hospital of the Resurrection
at *Valledolid*; commonly call'd the Dogs
of **MAHUDEZ**.

S **CIPIO**. *Bergança*, my Friend, we
have left the Guard of the House to-
Night; we are in Solitude, where we
may speak without Witnesses; since we
have the Use of Speech let us improve
this Favour, that Heaven has bestowed upon us.

Bergança. I hear thee speak *Scipio*, and I am
convinc'd that I speak too; in the mean Time, I
Scipio.

have all the Pains in the World to believe it ; so much the Thing seems to me extraordinary.

Scipio. 'Tis extraordinary, without Doubt ; and 'tis the more that we not only speak, but that we argue at the same Time ; there is none, nevertheless, but Man that is a reasonable Creature.

Ber. I understand, my dear *Scipio*, all that thou say'st ; and when I consider that I understand thee, I cannot sufficiently admire all thy Metamorphosis, and mine ; I own, that we have an admirable Instinct ; but the Instinct is not the Reason.

Scip. Yes, *Bergan.ca*, our Instinct is somewhat that surprizes, and gives Occupation to the wisest of Men ; we have Memory Men cannot deny ; we have Knowledge and Amity so tender, a Fidelity so approv'd, that they use to paint us for Symbols of Amity and Fidelity. Did'st thee never go into a Church ? Did'st thou never cast thy Eyes on the *Superbe Mausoleums* of Porphyry and Marble, where Men are entomb'd ? Thou might'st perceive that the Husband and Wife are laid in the same Grave, where there always is the Figure of a Dog at their Feet, to shew that this Husband, and this Wife, were one, whereof one sees the Representations observ'd, while they liv'd in Amity, faithful and inviolable.

Ber. I have observ'd it very often ; I know besides, there have been Dogs so faithful, that they threw themselves into the same Grave, while their Masters were interr'd. I know there have been found others that died with Sadness on the same Graves, without any Possibility of drawing them away, or oblige them to take any Food. I know,

Scip.

in fine, that next to Elephants we are the most knowing Animals: But this Knowledge is nothing, in Comparison of that of Men.

Scip. I agree to't; but be that as it will, we discourse to-Day, as thou see'st; and since we cannot but agree, that 'tis not a natural Thing, let us take it for a Prodigy. Now, if it be a Prodigy, the World is menac'd with some extraordinary Calamity; for never was any Prodigy greater.

Ber. I know what is said of Prodigies, that one never sees them unpunish'd; and that which confirms me, that this presages no good to Mankind, is a Word I have heard said, some Time since, by a Schollar, as I went to *Alcola de Henares*.

Scip. And what Word is that?

Ber. Here 'tis; that of Five Thousand Scholars, that keep their Terms in this University this Year; there are a Thousand that study Physick.

Scip. What do you mean by that?

Ber. I mean, that if of Necessity, one of these two Things happen, either that these One Thousand Physicians have Patients in Proportion (which would be a great Misfortune to Mankind) or that they themselves die of Hunger. But, it seems, we are too ingenious to torment ourselves for what is to come, tho' it's out of our Power to divert; let it come, for what the Destinies have resolv'd is irrevocable.

Scip. Thou art in the Right, *Bergan.ca*, if what happens to us to-Day presage some great Misfortunes to Men; they are Misfortunes we cannot prevent. 'Tis better, then, that laying aside Futurities in the Hands of him who is Master, and with-

out penetrating the secret Views of Providence. We enjoy the Use of Speech; let us improve this sweet Priviledge to-Night; for we know not how long we shall enjoy it.

Ber. I am willing, my dear *Scipio*, and I take an inexpressible Pleasure in it; I never had the Strength to scratch a Bone, but I had always a Desire to speak to discharge me of an Infinity of Things, that I have seen and heard, and that deserves to be related. I believe as well as thou, that this Priviledge we have this Moment, to communicate to one another what we know, is a transient, Priviledge; otherwise it would be no Prodigy. Let us not imagine, that he that made us this rich Present will take it away. Let us talk, *Scipio*, since we have now the Faculty.

Scip. I am transported, *Bergançã*, to see thee have the same Sentiment with myself, very well; and since thou hast so much to say to me, speak, I will hear thee, relate thy Adventures to me, and to-Morrow Night, if we are permitted to speak, still I will relate mine to thee.

Ber. Agreed: But first let us see if there be any one can understand us.

Scip. There's no Body, they are all asleep: 'Tis true, there's a Soldier in the Bed, that has been in a Sweat; but is so fatigu'd with his sweating, that I doubt not but he is reposing; certainly he is, for I heard him snore.

Ber. Since I can speak boldly, hearken; and if what I have to say to thee tires thee, thou may'st impose my Silence.

Scip. Speak my dear Friend, I will be all Ears if thou talkest till to Morrow.

Ber:

Ber. To begin my Original ; I shall tell thee, that the first Time I saw the Sun 'twas at *Seville*, in the Shambles, that is without the Gate, which makes me believe, that I am descended from those great Mastiffs that Butchers Servants breed up ; tho' I have another Thought, thou shalt know another Time. The first Master I had was a Butcher, call'd Master *Nicholas* ; 'twas a young Man, strong and lusty, with a bad Face, very apt to be cholerick and vindictive, as those of his Trade commonly are. The first Thing Master *Nicholas* taught me, and other little Dogs that he had, was to bark at those that went by, particularly at the Poor, and pursue 'em without Pity. When there was any Bull-baiting he threw us among the other Mastiffs, that we might do as they did, as near as we could ; he set us on with his Voice, and his Hand, adorn'd with a great Club ; and I own, that tho' I had often the worst on't in these Skirmishes, I became in a little Time so able, that I was not afraid of the greatest Bull ; and as for the Passengers, and the Poor, they were afraid of me. 'Tis surprizing how hardy and surly I grew in so short a Time.

Scip. Thou think'st it surprizing, *Berganica* ; for my Part, I am not at all surpriz'd. Nothing could be worse, without Doubt, than what thy Master taught thee then ; but know, nothing is easier learn'd than what is bad ; we are inclin'd to it by Nature ; we are born with these unhappy Desires.

Ber. I own, that what thou tellest me upon that is most veritable : But what good could the worst of Men teach me ? I speak of those in the Shambles, where I told thee, I believ'd I was whelp'd.

They are People without Education, without Religion, and without Conscience, from the Least to the Greatest; People given to the foulest Debauches, and veritable Miscreants; who, to supply their sensual Pleasures, steal on all Hands, without Mercy. Every Morning, on Flesh Days, one may see come, before the Sun is up, many Women with Panniers, which they bring empty, but carry away well fill'd. I assure thee, there is no Beast kill'd in that Shambles, but this sort of People have the first Fruits, before they are expos'd to Sale; their Masters, nevertheless, care for them, not that they are afraid they will steal; for they know well enough 'tis a Thing inevitable; but for fear they carry not away all the Best, they put their Hands before their Eyes; 'tis the best Side they can take: But 'tis not that, my dear *Scipio*, is the most odious in this sort of People; they are cruel, and pity-less; they will swallow a Man as easily as they will knock down a Bullock; a Stroke of the Knife costs them nothing. There is hardly a Day passes but they will spill human Blood, with the same Inhumanity as they shed that of Beasts; which they think they may shed without a Crime. In the mean Time, be that as it will, altho' they are a Company of Wretches, sold and abandon'd to Vices the most infamous, there is hardly one but recommends himself every Moment to his Guardian Angel, or some Saint, or that do not consecrate Offerings on certain Days of Devotion, part of what they steal. 'Tis thus they abuse what their Religion holds the most sacred, and wherein they imagine it consists.

Scip. By my Faith, *Berganica*, if thou art as long in drawing the Pictures of all the Masters
 thou

thou hast serv'd as thou art in making those of the Servants of the Shambles of *Seville*, we have nothing but to pray Heaven to keep its Word, during one Year at least; I should apprehend very much, that thou hast not come half way of thy History: Dost see, *Berganza*, there is nothing so good in an Orator as to be short; long Discourfers tire one at last; they sleep at a Sermon, who would not sleep at all if the Preacher would come presently to the Point, and not amuse himself to say Things out of the Way; 'tis that which seems long and makes 'm sleep. Take here an Advertisement I advise thee to make use of.

Ber. I will make use of it if I can; but to tell thee the Truth, since I have had the Use of Speech, I have had a great Itch to talk.

To continue my Story: My Master taught me when I follow'd him, to carry a Basket, and to defend myself against those that went about to take it away. He shewed me the House of a pretty Woman that he kept, and by this Means sav'd the Woman's Maid the Pains to go to the Shambles; for I carry'd her very early what was reserv'd for her over-Night; and tho' I was skill'd in this Business, in the mean Time, I suffer'd myself to be surpriz'd at last; as one is not always prudent, and as I distrust'd nothing, passing one Morning in the Street I us'd to go often, I heard one from a Window call me by my own Name; I rais'd my Head as much as I could, for I was that Morning hard loaden, I perceived a young Woman very handsome, who made a Sign to me to stop; I was so good to obey her; she came down to the Door and call'd me again; I run to her to see what she would have;
and

and all of a suddain she took away what I carry'd, and put an old Platter into my Pannier ; after that, she said to me, Go back again, and tell Master *Nicholas* your Master, he should trust Beasts no more. I could very easily have retaken what this Woman took from me ; I could have tore her in Pieces with my Teeth if I would, and thereby oblige her to leave her Prey ; but I found she was so very handsome, and those Hands she had stolen it from me so white, and that she had made her Thievery with so good a Grace, that I had not the Courage to do her the least Violence.

Scip. Thou did'st very well, *Bergança*, and I commend thee for it ; Beauty ought always to be respected.

Ber. I respected her so as thou hast heard ; but Evil took me ; 'twas that which caus'd my Misfortune. I return'd with my Platter in my Pannier ; my Master, who saw me come back, found I had been very diligent ; I found that by his Face ; but perceiving some Body had taken away what I carry'd to his Mistress, and that they laugh'd at him ; this Man, sanguinary and fierce, made presently horrible Oaths, and taking one of his Knives, he threw it at me with so much Force, and so much Fury, that if I had not step'd out of the Way we had not now talk'd together. As I saw the Danger I had run, I did not stay for a second Charge ; which, without Doubt, he would not fail to have done, in the Rage the Sight of the Platter had put him into. I fled quicker than a good Pace, and taking my Way behind *St. Bernard*, I run cross the Fields, without knowing whither I went ; Fear gives Wings, as they say ; I made the best of my

The Dogs of Mabudez. III

my Way; and, I assure thee, in a very little Time; at last, Night surpriz'd me; I lodg'd with a Starry Canopy, and in the Morning I met, by Chance, a Flock of Sheep, where I thought to have found what I look'd for; for in short, 'tis the Property of those Animals of our Sort, to defend these that are born weak and without Arms; this Flock was kept by three Shepherds, who no sooner saw me but they call'd me; I went presently to them, crouching down my Head, and wagging my Tail; one of these Sheperds, at the same Time, laid his Hand upon my Back, look'd on my Teeth, and made much of me. He knew by certain Marks how old I was; and said to the others, I was a Dog of a good Kind. Whilst these Things pass'd, the Master of the Flock came up, he was mounted on a grey Steer, with his Leggs tuck'd up, so that he resembl'd more one of the Watchmen on the Coasts than the Owner of so great a Flock. He presently ask'd what Dog I was, saying, by my Looks he thought me a good one. You are not mistaken, said the Shepherd to him, I have examin'd him exactly; and I warrant you, he is such a-one as we could wish for; he will grow big and fair I am sure; we just now met him, not half an Hour ago; I know not who he belongs to; but I know very well, that he belongs to no Body of our Neighbours. Since 'tis so (said the Master) put him on *Leoncillio's* Collar ('twas a Dog that died a few Days before) and give him the same Portion with the rest; above all make much of him that he may not leave us. As soon as he had given this Order he went away; and a Moment after they put on my Neck a Collar full of Steel Stirts, fed me

me very well, and call'd me *Barfin*. I found myself very well with this second Master, and this new Office ; I was diligent and careful, and never was far from the Flock but very rarely ; the Time when I knew very well my Presence was not necessary, I went some Times to lie down under the Shade of some Tree, some Times at the Foot of a Rock, some Times in a shady Valley, or upon the Bank of some Brook ; and at Times when I slept not, I recollected in my Memoty somewhat of what I had seen, when I was with my first Master, what Things I might tell thee, and of this Man, and of this Woman that I saw ; but I will not be tedious ; and besides, 'tis not fair always to rip up the Faults of others. I reassume, then, the Thread of my Discourse, one of the Reflections that I made at Times when I was alone, my dear *Scipio*, That what was said of Shepherds could not be true ; I had heard say, that they pass'd their Days in singing, and playing on the Flagellet, or their Bagpipes. The Mistress that I heard some Times read certain Books, there I saw the Character, of a Shepherd, very different from those that I serv'd. I remember'd me of Shepherd *Anfrise*, that lov'd the incomparable *Belisarda*, and that sung after the Sun came out of the Arms of *Aurora*, till he was thrown into those of *Thetis* ; even to the Time that obscure Night stretch'd her black Wings over the Face of the whole Earth, there was no Tree upon the Mountains of *Arcadia*, upon whose Trunk he had not fate to chant the Beauty of his Shepherdess, and to complain of her Insensibilty, and her Rigour. I remember the Shepherd *Elicio*, who was more amorous than hardy. The great Pastor *Felix*, only
Painter

Painter of one Picture only, that was more faithful than happy; the Swoonings of *Sirena*; *Diana's* Repentance; and *Felicia* the Wise, that with her enchanted Water surmounted so many Difficulties. I remember a great many other Histories of Shepherds and Sheperdesses, whose Life was very different from that our Masters lead, and the other Shepherds hereabout. They sung 'tis true; but they were none but trivial Songs, wherein was neither Delicacy nor Wit; they sung 'em with a Voice rude and hoarse, on vulgar Airs, and without Art, to the Sound of Oaten Pipes, or of Wood, or two little Stones put between their Fingers; those were their Instruments; the rest of the Day they employ'd in mean Exercises. There was no Sheperdesses amongst them that was call'd *Phillis*, *Amarillis*, *Diana*, or *Galatea*; and what regarded them, they were all call'd *John* or *Peter*, or some such Name. No *Amintas* amongst the Shepherds; no *Thirsis* or *Coridons*; no *Jacintas* nor *Ricolets*: That which let me know that all these Books, where we find so high an Idea of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, are only pleasant Tales or Lyes, well written, to divert those that live in Idleness; for if the Thing were otherwise, it would be found without Doubt, among the Shepherds I serv'd, by some Traces of the happy Life they led, in Times past. There was not in these old Times but vast Meadows, enamell'd with a thousand and a thousand sorts of Flowers, whereof they made Garlands for their Shepherdesses; there were nothing but consecrated Forrests, and Mountains of Pines and Oaks, upon whose Bark were carv'd the Names of these same Shepherdesses, they had taken care to write there; there was nothing but Gardens

enchanted; Brooks, whereof the sweet Murmur, mixt with the agreeable Voice of Hautboys; nothing but Christal Fountains one could hear; nothing amongst those ancient Shepherds Discourses that ravish'd with Admiration those that heard them, and would have softned Trees, and even Rocks, to whom they sometimes related the Cruelty of their Mistresses, or some tragical Adventure. There was a Shepherd in a Swoon; there a Shepherdess carelessly laid in the Grass, who not daring to declare her Love-sighs, or shed Tears, the Ecchoes were employ'd in nothing but to sound back the amorous Airs that were sung to divers musical Instruments.

Scip. 'Tis enough, *Berganica*, pursue thy Discourse; look to thy Feet and thou wilt not stumble; thou wilt never more look to thy Tail: I mean, remember what thou art, and that thou art but an Animal, destitute of Reason, and that thou ought'st not to affect as thou dost to shine.

Ber. I know, *Scipio*, what I am; perhaps I am even much more than I think I am; I will make thee upon that, the History of a Witch, that had learn'd her Malefices under the *Camacha* of *Montillia*.

Scip. I desire thee above all Things to give me that History.

Ber. I will not do it yet; have a little Patience; hearken to my Adventures in order; they will give thee much more Pleasure that way than if I were to relate them otherwise; thou wilt agree.

Scip. Agreed; but be short, I conjure thee.

Ber.

Ber. I was well content with my Condition, as I have told thee, because the Employment that I had agreed with me, and that I did my Duty; I earn'd my Bread by the Sweat of my Body; and that was it that gave me Satisfaction; for after all, one should not live at ones Master's Charge, when one never intended to serve him well and faithfully. If I lay down sometimes in the Day-time, I sleep'd but little by Night, because as soon as the Sun had carry'd her Rays into another Hemisphere, the Wolves found us Work, and then there was no shutting ones Eyes. The Shepherd no sooner cry'd out a Wolf, but I run over Hill and Dale; but these Courses were always inutil; I came back the next Morning to the Flock, without having found any Trace or Sign, weary, harrafs'd, and all in a Sweat, Feet cloven with Stones and Thorns, the Body hurt in a thousand Places, and at my Return I found a Sheep dead, a Wether strangled, and half eaten by the Wolf; I was in Despair to see how little serv'd my good Will, and my Fatigues. The Master of the Flock came upon us, they shew'd him the Skin of a dead Beast; he accus'd me of Negligence, and commanded them to chastise the Dogs very well, so the Stroaks rain'd upon us, and the Shepherds were reprimanded only. One Day that I had been chastised very unjustly, seeing that my Care, my Agility, my Courage, all my Efforts, in a Word, inutil, I thought it Time to change the Battery; I resolv'd then not to ramble too far from the Flock, as I us'd to do, but to stay at the Avenues of the Fold. We were alarm'd every Week; a very dark Night made me see what I little look'd for; I let the other Dogs run, and

hid myself behind a Bush, and from thence I saw two Shepherds that had taken the best and fattest of all the Sheep, cut their Throats, and cut 'em up afterwards in such a Manner, that one would have said 'twas a Wolf that had done it. I was frighten'd I own to thee. As soon as the Day appear'd, they sent to their Master the Skin of a Sheep, and part of the Flesh; but it was not the biggest nor the best; the Master was presently angry; we were presently chastis'd. I was desolated to see my Impuissance, to discover this horrible Roguery. Alas! said I to myself, In what Age do Men live, and who can one trust, if the Pastors are the Wolves.

Scip. Thy Reflection was good, *Berganca*; but this Evil is an Evil without Remedy; the best Shepherd a Master could have, would be to look to the Flock himself. Let us stop there, my dear *Berganca*, and without amusing ourselves as we do, to moralize the Field at every Turn; continue thy History, I will hearken.

Ber. I agree; I will tell thee, then, that seeing myself ill us'd at every Turn, without deserving it, I made a Design to leave my Shepherds, and seek my Fortune somewhere else; I return'd to *Seville*, and enter'd into the Service of a rich Merchant.

Scip. What Way did'st thou take to find a Master? for sometimes 'tis a Thing difficult enough.

Ber. Thou knowest, *Scipio*, that Humility, which is the Basis and Foundation of all other Virtues, surmounts the greatest Difficulties; I practis'd this Virtue when I had a Mind to take Service in some House, having first consider'd it was an House that could entertain a great Dog. I went presently to the Door, at the Time when any that seem'd

seem'd a Stranger went in, I bark'd after him, but when the Master came, I hung down my Head, I lick'd his Shooes with my Tongue, I made a thousand little Postures, to shew that I had a Mind to give my-self to him; if he gave me any Blows, I suffer'd them; I caress'd him even after that, so that in a little Time, I was accepted; I serv'd faithfully; I never had a Master, who, but for that Reason, did love me; and, I can say, that none ever cashier'd me; 'twas always I that-left them.

To return to my History: I return'd to *Seville* as I told thee, I went to stay at the Gate of a great Merchant's House, I made my accustom'd Diligencies, and in two Days I was introduc'd. They receiv'd me to be behind the Door, and to be loose at Night. I serv'd in that Manner very carefully, and in a Way that gave my Master so much Pleasure, that he order'd me at last to be unt'y'd, and should be loose by Day as I was by Night. As I knew very well that my Master lov'd me, I no sooner saw myself at Liberty but I run unto him, with Intention to make my Court to him; I was just upon the Point of putting my Foot amorously to his Chin; but I forbore, remembering the Ass in the Fable, who would do the same Thing, in Imitation of a little Dog, that caress'd his Master in the same Manner, drew upon himself a Shower of Bustinadoes. This Apology shews us, without Doubt, that there are Favours that suit not with every Body: But, besides that, every one should live and act according to his Profession and his Quality; that a Buffoon give good Words; that a *Gypsie* make Turns of Slight off Hand; a Dancer on the Ropes leap and swing; a Lackey imitate Birds

Birds in their Notes to good Fortune; this suits 'em; but that a Man of Quality is offended to know these Things, nothing can be conceiv'd more absurd.

Scip. 'Tis enough, *Berganca*, return to thy Adventures.

Ber. I could wish with all my Soul, that those of whom I speak, did understand me the very same that thou understandest, perhaps they might stand corrected. Be it as it will, there is nothing more ridiculous than to see a Gentleman act the Juggler; to see him value himself in knowing how to play the Cups, or to dance a Minuet as well as the best Dancing Master. I knew one that vaunted, at the Request of a Sexton, to have cut two and thirty Reams of Paper, to be put upon black Cloth, the Day a Townsman was bury'd, and he was so pleas'd with his Work, that he shew'd it to his Friends, with as much Heat, as if he had shewn 'em the Standards and Trophies painted on the Tombs of his Ancestors. I return to my Merchant: This Merchant had two Sons, one of twelve Years old, and the other of fourteen, that studied both of 'em, at the *Jesuits* College; they went in Pomp to the College, that is, on Horse-back when the Weather was fair, in Coach when it rain'd; a Governor went always with 'em, and two or three Lackeys follow'd, who carry'd their Books; that which I admir'd most was, that the Father gave to himself the same Airs he made his Children take; when he went out to the Exchange, he mounted a little ugly Mule, and made a *Moor* follow him.

Scip. Thou ought'st not to be surpris'd at that; 'tis the Custom of the Merchants of *Seville*, and even

even in all the Towns of *Spain*, to shew their Riches in the Magnificence of their Children; they will continue such as they are, however rich they may be, to be richer yet; and 'twere absurd, if exercising Commerce, they were offended with Pains, and go to the Exchange with Equipages of great Lords: But what respects their Children, as they are willing they should fly higher than themselves, and buy them commonly Lands and Titles; they affect to bring 'em up as the great Ones do theirs; and even, for the most Part, with much more Splendor.

Ber. I find no Fault with that; for in short, tis natural to a Father to see his Children mend their Condition, when it does no body wrong.

Scip. 'Tis well said; but be convinc'd, *Berganca*, 'tis a Thing very rare a Merchant has not cheated some body or other, he trafficks with them when it comes to that Point, to be able to make his Children Gentlemen, or buy 'em Dignities to enoble them.

Ber. That is what is call'd pure back-biting.

Scip. Not so much back-biting as thou think'st; but let us leave this Matter; for I know very well, that it pleases thee not, and talk.

Ber. One Day as the Merchant's Sons went to the College, I perceiv'd in a Place they went over, one of their Books, one had carelessly let fall; as I had learn'd to carry, I took up the Book presently, and I follow'd my young Masters; the Lackey that had let it fall, no sooner saw me but he was going to take it from me, for fear I should tear it. I was not in the mind to loose my Prey; I run to the School, I went in, and I went honestly
to

to present it to those to whom it belong'd, which set all the Scholars, a laughing; the Schoolmaster himself, who read in a Chair, could not on this Rencontre, forbear to loose a little of his Gravity. This pleas'd my young Masters so well, that they would have me carry the same Book the next Morning when they took Coach, to return to the Jesuits; they made me do the same Trick, and I found it not amiss. The Scholars, who love nothing like the amusing themselves, and saw very well, that I was made a Jest of, began to play with me; they threw their Hats and their Caps; I went to fetch 'em, and brought 'em to 'em, presently; they made me leap, stand upright upon my hinder Feet; the youngest sate upon my Back; I made, in short, well or ill, a thousand little Apish Tricks to divert 'em; and I was so familiar with 'em, that they gave me to eat of whatsoever they had; I pass'd my Time well, and made good Cheer; but this Life did not last long; the Schoolmasters perceiv'd that their Scholars lost a little too much Time with me; in effect, they were much more diligent in seeing me play the Fool than in learning their Lessons; so that my young Masters were desir'd to bring me no more with them. This was punctually executed; I was condemn'd to guard the House, and which is more, to stay by Day behind the Door, as the first Time I came in. Ah! *Scipio*, my Friend, 'tis hard to pass from an happy Estate, to an Estate miserable; I was never more mortify'd than I was then; 'tis nothing to be unhappy when one has been so all ones Life. Those that are born poor, or Slaves, suffer their Poverty without complaining; wear their Irons without murmuring; they

they nevers knew what Riches were, and Liberty; one makes an Habitude of all; Custom is a second Nature: From thence it comes, that those that beg, and so many *Moors* thou see'st, are fat and contented; but then, when Adversity and ill Fortune succeed to Prosperity, 'tis of all Calamities one can be expos'd to, the most sad, and the most insupportable. 'Twas by such another Proof, as thou see'st, I was obliged to pass. I return'd to my first Condition, instead of those Delicacies I was bred up in; I was forc'd to content myself with some Bones, a Female *Moor* that serv'd in the House threw me; and even some of that was carry'd away by two great Cats; who besides that, they were active, were not ty'd down as I was; I could run no further than my Chain would give me leave. Be not uneasy, *Scipio*, but suffer me to philosophize a little upon this Matter.

Scip. Philosophize as much as thou wilt; but have a Care thou fallest not into the same Fault thou lately reproachest me with, but a Moment since; have a Care this Desire of philosophizing be not some Temptation of the Evil Spirit; for, 'tis certain, that the Philosophers, under Pretence of decrying, use evil-speaking in a terrible Manner.

Ber. I own one has a great Itch to speak Evil of others, whether one be a Philosopher or no; 'tis an evil Inclination that is born with us; in the mean Time, I am willing to try to obtain from it, and if unhappily any Thing escapes in my Recitals, to bite any one, I myself will bite my Tongue, so hard, that I shall remember it a long Time after.

Scip. I admire thee, *Bergançca*, with thy pleasant Resolution; believe me; but continue thy Recital.

Ber. I will do it, my dear *Scipio*. As I was idle the whole Day, and all that I knew came into my Thought, I remember'd some Latin Sentences I had heard pronounc'd, at the Time I accompany'd the Sons of my Merchant to the College; methought, when I ruminated them by myself, they comforted me a little after my Misfortune; I even thought to use them on certain Occasions, just as I myself had spoke them, and that I us'd them with Knowledge, not as certain People that spit out Latin at every Turn, to appear able, and who nevertheless, cannot decline a Noun.

Scip. There are, certainly, People of this Character; but, I find, they are less bad than some others, who really understand the Latin Tongue very well, but profane it so much, if I may so say, that they cannot forbear mixing it in their Discourse, and the familiar Chatts they hold with the most vile Workmen, even sometimes with their own Domesticks.

Ber. From what thou say'st, one may conclude, that these here are no less ridiculous, that speak Latin without Understanding it, than those that speak it before Persons that understand it not.

Scip. They are equally ridiculous, without Doubt; but I must advertise thee of another Thing. 'Tis that, there are People that are great Latinists, who are, for all that, great Asses.

Ber. Thou hast nothing to do but to advertise me; I am as much perswaded of it as thou art; tis not the Latin Tongue that makes able Men otherwise;

therwise; you might say, all the ancient *Romans* were so, since this Tongue was their natural Tongue; in the mean Time, there were Sots amongst them, be convinc'd.

Scip. I find, *Berganaa*, we travel about the Country; begin then, to philosophize, since thou hast so great a Mind to'r.

Ber. To have me begin to philosophize, I have done it already.

Scip. But, in what?

Ber. In giving a Bite at Pedants, who of all Animals with two Feet, are the most offensive, and the most despicable.

Scip. Thou call'st then evil-speaking to philosophize? By my Faith, give to evil speaking all the fine Names thou wilt, if we continue that Tone we shall be true *Cynicks*. That Name suits us in all Points. Hold thy Peace, *Berganza*, I advise thee, and pursue thy Story.

Ber. How would'st have me pursue it and hold my Peace?

Scip. I mean, thou should'st pursue it without amusing thyself, in making inutil Digressions.

Ber. Thou shalt have thy Content: The *Moorish* Woman I told thee of compleated my Unhappiness as much as she could, altho' I thought myself sufficiently so before, in finding myself ty'd behind the Door. This Woman fell in Love with a *Moor*, that was a Slave as well as she, with this great Merchant; this *Moor* lay in a little Chamber between the Street-door and that behind which I was ty'd; as they could not come together by Day, they did it by Night; the *Moorefs* came down every Night; she gave me, in passing by, great Pie-

ces of Meat, that I might not bark, and afterwards she went to her *Blackmoor*, with whom she enjoy'd herself; this Commerce held a long Time; I troubled them not; for, I found my Account in the Business; but at last, making Reflection that I eat the Bread of a Master, whom I betray'd by my Silence, I thought, I ought to preserve his Interest before mine, in interrupting this Practice, and that in acting after this Manner, I should do the Duty of a good Domestick.

Scip. 'Tis this, my dear *Berganca*, that may pass for Philosophy, and which is really so.

Ber. I am overjoy'd; but as to the rest, I would willingly learn of thee, if thou knowest it. What signifies the Terms of Philosophy? For to tell thee the Truth, as much as concerns me, I own to thee, I know not what it is; it seems only to me, that it ought to signify something that is good.

Scip. I will shew it thee; it is a Term compos'd of two Greek Words, which put together, signify, *the Love of Wisdom*.

Ber. Thou knowest more than I thought of.

Scipio. Who taught thee these Greek Words?

Scip. Thou art a Fool, *Berganca*, to think me able, because I know the Signification of two Greek Words; there is not the least Scholar but knows 'em; they learn that in the lower Forms; and, from thence it comes there are so many Blockheads, that think themselves great Græcians, because they know the Etimology of some Greek Terms, us'd in Schools.

Ber. I believe it, *Scipio*, and I know what is said of the *Portugueze*, that traffick on the Coast of *Guiney*, alho' they understand, besides, as little

tle of the Greek Tongue as of that of *Japan*; they throw out, at any Rate, Greek Words, that stun the Negroes so much, that they do all the *Portuguese* Merchants would have 'em; that is to say, they suffer themselves to be cheated.

Scip. 'Tis now, *Bergançá*, thou should'st bite thy Tongue; for Reproaching is terrible; thou can'st not excuse it.

Ber. However, I shall not do it; I remember to this Purpose what was said of an ancient Legislator. He had forbid any, on Pain of Death, to enter into an Assembly arm'd; however, he enter'd into the Senate one Day, without thinking of it, with his Sword by his Side; as soon as he perceiv'd it, and at that very Instant, taking his Sword, run it thro' his Body, saying, I am the First that violated the Law that I made; 'tis just I should suffer the Penalty. I annex to it, that 'tis grand, without Doubt, and worthy of the former Ages; but there is no such Thing now-a-day; they make Laws to-Day, and break 'em to-Morrow; and, perhaps, 'tis necessary Things should go so; to-Day a Penitent abandons one Vice, and falls into another a Moment after. 'Tis one Thing to make the Elogy of Discipline, and another to give it. In a Word, as 'tis commonly said, from the Saying to the Deed, there's a great Space; let him bite his Tongue that will, for my Part, I will do nothing; for what good would so commendable an Action as that do me? there being no Witnesses, no body would commend it.

Scip. Upon that Foot, *Bergançá*, if thou wert a Man thou would'st be a great Hypocrite, since thou

thou would'st never do a commendable Action but on View of Commendation.

Ber. I know not what I should do then; but I know very well, that now I shall spare my Tongue, whereof I have Need enough, having many Things to tell thee yet.

Scip. Go on then.

Ber. I will go on then: I shall tell thee, then, in short, that leaving the shameful Commerce of the *Moor* and *Moorefs*, and the Wrong they did our common Master, I resolv'd to break it, as a good and faithful Domestick; the *Moorefs* came down every Night, as I have told thee, to go find out her Lover, and she came down fearing nothing, imagining that what she stole to feed me with would make me dumb all my Life; in effect, she made me dumb a long Time; I may say, I had Beef upon my Tongue.

Scip. What Language dost thou speak in there?

Ber. I speak a Proverb to thee, my dear Friend; for thou must know, that the *Athenians* had the Figure of an Ox upon their Money, and when a Judge suffer'd himself to be corrupted with Presents, they said, he had an Ox upon his Tongue.

Scip. Upon what Design dost thou come out here with this Proverb.

Ber. 'Tis to tell thee, that Presents are capable of corrupting the honest Men; for, in fine, because this Woman sed me more than ordinary, and sometimes with very great Bits, I never bark'd, and so favour'd the Crime by my Silence.

Scip. What thou say'st of the Power of Presents is veritable; but if I were not afraid of making too long a Digression, I could confirm it by a thou-

thou-

thousand Examples ; perhaps, I may do it, if Heaven permits me to make the History of my Life,

Ber. I hope thou wilt hearken, in the mean Time, to the rest of that of mine. One Night, when the *Moorefs* came down, as she us'd to do, I threw myself of a suddain upon her, without barking, that I might not alarm the House, and I not only rent her Smock, but I bit her so hard, that she was oblig'd to keep her Bed above eight Days, without daring, however, to crack of her nocturnal Adventure ; she was cur'd at last, and came back another Night, I treated her very near in the same Manner ; our Skirmishes were without Noise, and I had always the best on't ; at last, however, I suffer'd by this Means ; the *Moorefs*, who had Orders to feed me, retrench'd, at once, my whole Portion, fully resolv'd to revenge herself, by starving me ; I was already so lean and broken, that every body pity'd me ; in depriving me of my Food, she made me die by Degrees ; however, I dy'd not so soon as my implacable Enemy would have me ; she had a Design to advance my Death, and for that Effect, she brought me a Sponge, anointed with Butter ; as I very well saw the Trap that was laid for me, I suck'd the Sponge without swallowing it ; I was under terrible Perplexities ; for, in fine, one has enough to fear, when one has provok'd a Woman. I was considering what to do, when one Day I found my-self unty'd I took hold of the Occasion ; I went to the Door, and had not gone an hundred Steps but I found a Master, 'twas a Serjeant, who was a great Friend of Master *Nicholas* ; he knew me, tho' I was only Skin and Bones, and was as dry as a Kex ; he call'd me by my Name,

I run

I run to him with my ordinary Careſſes, and follow'd him with a great deal of Pleaſure. Conſider, *Scipio*, the Extravagance of my Fortune; I was in a rich Merchant's Service; I ſaw myſelf a ſhort Time a Scholar; but, at laſt, became a Maſter.

Scip. Thus goes the World, my dear *Bergan.ca*; but thou ought'ſt not to imagine it a great Miſfortune to ſerve one Maſter more than another. In reſpect to him that is obliged to go to Service, that is equal enough; there is ſomewhat to be done every where. I cannot ſupport ſome People that never aſpire to a greater Fortune than to be a Squire, who complain, however, of their Lot.

Ber. I underſtand thee, *Scipio*; that's all but a Comedy; let us leave theſe People: I will continue my Recital. The Serjeant, I told thee of, was a great Friend of a Proctor, and this Proctor and he, kept two little Women, that were handſome, but very crafty, and of Impudence not to be conceiv'd; theſe two Women ſerv'd them for Hooks to fiſh on Land, as they ſay; 'twas known by their Air, their Head-dreſs, and all their Cloathing, what they were; they were ſeen every Day hunting of Strangers, and the Moment that any one fell into their Hands, they gave Notice, either to the Proctor, or the Serjeant, who never fail'd to come and ſurpriſe them, and pull the Bird that was in the Cage. *Colindra* (that was the Name of the Serjeant's Miſtreſs) one Day, carry'd a *Britton* to a Woman, whoſe Houſe was a ſort of an Inn. My Maſter had preſently Notice given him; and *Colindra* and the *Britton*, were by this Time undreſs'd, to go to Bed, juſt when the Serjeant, the Proctor, two Notaries, and I, went into the Houſe.

The

The *Britton* was much troubled, *Colindra* affected to seem so. The Serjeant, after having extreamly exaggerated the Crime, he surpris'd 'em, in telling 'em, they should immediately dress, unless they intended to go naked to Prison. The *Britton* was much confounded, and very sad; the Proctor feign'd to be concern'd and sorry; he interceded for him; and play'd his Game so well, that at his Solicitation, the Serjeant, as inflexible as he had seem'd to be, consented the *Britton* should be releas'd for a hundred Rials. The *Britton* overjoy'd he was not to go to Prison; and clear himself of a Business so cheap, ask'd for his Coat he had laid upon a Chair at the Bed's Feet, where his Money was; the Coat was not to be found; and see by what Accident; as soon as I came into the Chamber, I smelt a Smell that refresh'd me, that came out of his Breeches, 'twas a good Piece of a Gammon the *Britton* had left in one of his Pockets; as I could not take it out without being perceiv'd, I took the Coat and carry'd it into the Street; I was there at Liberty to do with my Prey as I pleas'd; that is to say, I made a very good Meal; when I went back, to the Chamber I found the *Britton*, who, in his Gibberish, cry'd out to have his Coat brought to him, where he had fifty Crowns in Gold. The Proctor imagin'd that *Colindra*, or the Notaries had seiz'd it; the Serjeant had the same Thought, he took 'em aside, and charg'd 'em to tell the Truth; they swore a thousand Times over they had it not; they had done nothing but what they might well do. I went back again to the Street, to go look for the Coat I had no more to do with, but the Coat was carry'd away. The Serjeant seeing the *Britton* had

no more Money was in Despair; and thinking to get from the Mistress of the House something to satisfy him for his Pains, he sent to call her; she came a Moment after, half naked, much discontented, to see Faces she little thought to see, at such unreasonable Hours, and, who already began to lay Hands on the best that was in the Chamber. The Serjeant, without any Compliment, told her, she must put on her Cloaths and follow him to Prison, since she made a bad Place of her House, and that she consented to the bad Life was led there. The Hostess look'd fierce on him, and told him very boldly, She thought him imprudent to use such Language to her. Go (said she) my Friend, and begone without a Word speaking, unless you are willing I should discover what is your Interest I should conceal: I know you; I know *Colindra*; I know very well you are very good Friends together. Do not make me say more. Return the Money you have stole from this honest Man, in a Manner very dishonest. As for me, I would have you to know, that I am a Woman of Honour, and I have a Husband, that has his Letters of good Nobility, with Seals of Lead, God be thanked. I get my Living as I can; but I get it like an honest Woman; nor do I think myself oblig'd to see what my Guests do in their Chambers. My Master and the Proctor were much astonish'd to see this Hostess knew their Way of Living so well. In the mean Time, as 'twas only she they could draw any thing from, they went about to intimidate her, and made Shew they would carry her to Prison. We must see what Oaths my Master us'd; this Woman cry'd out then like one enrag'd. The

Britton

Britton cry'd out on his Side, they should bring him his Breeches. The Proctor, who was warm'd, maintain'd with high Words to *Colindra*, That Persons of her Sort, being accustom'd to dive into the Pockets of those they sold their Favours to, she had taken the fifty Crowns. *Colindra* cry'd out again and again, and protested, weeping, she was innocent. The Notaries swore, that if the Money was not found, they would fire the House. I bark'd, because I would not be only him that said not a Word. Such a Confusion was never seen; in effect, the Noise was so great, that the Commissary of the Quarter, who walk'd the Round, hearing this Bustle, would know what it was; the Moment he went in, the Hostess made him a Relation of all; she discover'd to him the Intrigues of *Colindra* with the Serjeant, and the Trap they laid every Day to rob Strangers; she protested, at the same Time, her Innocence in this Rencontre, and setting forth her Husband's Quality; she commanded a Maid that follow'd her, to go fetch the Letters of his Nobility. You may judge by that she told him, if a Woman that has such a Husband, is capable of keeping a Bawdy House; if my Trade is to lodge Strangers in my House, 'tis because I have nothing else to do; every one has Business enough to live in this World; after all, you know, all Professions are honest, when they are exercis'd honestly. The Commissary, tir'd with this Woman's Discourse, and, especially, of the Gentility of her Husband, began to tell her, I am willing to believe your Husband is a Gentleman; but, then, you must agree, that he is but a Gentleman Taverner. I agree to't, she reply'd. But what will you infer from

thence? there is no Gentility in the World, where there is not some little Thing to allow. I know not if the Commissary, who would have been thought noble, was in a Condition to make out all his Proofs. Be that as it will, this Discourse put him into a very ill Humour. We have talk'd enough (said he, with an Air severe and angry) I command you, immediately, to put on your Cloaths; you must go and talk between Four Walls. The Hostess, at these Words, redoubled her Cries and her Tears; she fell at the Commissary's Feet; but as he was a Man of an extraordinary roughness, there was no Quarter; *Colindra*, the *Britton*, and she, were had to Prison, without Mercy. I knew, a little after that, the *Britton* had not found his fifty Crowns; that it cost him ten more to come out of the Round House; and so much to the Hostess; but for *Colindra*, as she had Friends in Court, it cost her not a Penny. She catch'd, the same Day she was enlarg'd, a Seaman, that made good the Loss she suffer'd by the *Britton*. I own, *Scipio*, to speak freely of me, that my Gluttony caus'd a great deal of Mischief.

Scip. Say too, the Roguery of thy Master.

Ber. Since thou talk'st of Roguery, this Serjeant did many others; I am troubled to speak ill of Serjeants and Proctors, but that makes to my History.

Scip. Thou may'st do it without Fear; in speaking ill of one Serjeant, or of one Proctor, one does not speak ill of all; there are some one may except from the general Rule.

Ber. There are very few; but not to speak but of my Master; he was a Serjeant of a very singular Character; Bravery attended him.

Scip.

Scip. 'Tis seldom the Fault of those People.

Ber. He was willing to have it thought 'twas his; and he had found the surest Way to impose it on all the World. One Day, I saw with my own Eyes, that he attack'd six famous Out-laws; I never saw so much Intrepidity and Courage; I never saw any one face Dangers with so much Resolution and Boldness; he pass'd thro' six naked Swords with as little Emotion, as if they had been Faggots; thou would'st have been surpriz'd to see the Dexterity with which he lengthen'd and pass'd his Stroaks; with what Address he parry'd those who aim'd at him; with what Judgment he prevented his being enclos'd and taken behind; he was a new *Rodomont*, who, without discomposing himself at all, made these six Champions retreat above a hundred Steps, who saw themselves, at last, constrain'd to yield him the Field of Battle, and to leave him for a Trophy, three Scabbards of their Swords, which he carry'd afterwards in Triumph to the Assessor, who could not chuse but admire him. This Action made a Noise, because it pass'd near one of the Town-Gates, whither all the People were run. That Day, as we pass'd thro' the Streets, there was nothing but Acclamations and Praise; and the least Elogy that was given to *Alvaril*, was to say, That he alone had beaten the Flower of the Bullies of *Andaluzia*. He spent the whole Day in walking about the Town, and I by his Side, with Design to be seen; and when the Night came, he went by a By-way to an House, where were the six Out-laws he had fought with; we found 'em all disrob'd, and without Swords, and wonderfully diverting themselves. A great and big Man, who

was

was the Landlord of the House, had a great Bottle in one Hand, and a Glass in the other, and encourag'd 'em to diink hard; they no sooner perceiv'd my Master, but they went and embrac'd him, with Transports and Cries of Joy I cannot express; six or seven Healths following, were drank presently, which my Master did very joyfully. If I should relate to thee all the Discourse they had, during Supper-time, which was magnificent; the good Fortune they boasted of Legerdemains every one had; if I should give thee a List of their absent Comrades, whom they call'd by their Names; and recite thee all the Stories they made of an infinite Company of good People they had robb'd or cheated; it would be to throw myself into a Labrinth, I should have trouble enough to come out of: It was not difficult to me to discover, that the Landlord of the House, who caus'd himself to be call'd *Monipody*, was a receiver of Thieves, and that the Skirmish, I describ'd to thee, was an Affair concerted. In Effect, the Serjeant pay'd not only for the Scabbards he had gain'd, but all that was spent. The Supper lasted almost till Day-light, when my Master withdrew; never were so many Embracements seen; and to recompence him for treating 'em so well, they told him, there was one Capture to make, in a certain Place, that they shew'd him at the same Time. There was another Out-law, newly arriv'd from *Flanders*, whom they discover'd for Envy, because he was flouter than they; or to say better, more determin'd. My *Alguazil* took him, all naked in his Bed, the Night following; and he did well to take his Opportunity; for, if he had been up and arm'd, I saw by his Mien, he would

would not have let him take him. This new Action augmented his Reputation he had to be brave ; tho', to say the Truth, he was extreamly a Coward ; but he sustain'd his Renown by Virtue of giving Treats and Collations, wherein he spent all his Gains in the Exercise of his Office ; or by the illest Ways I have told thee of. I am somewhat long, but have Patience ; I have another Thing to relate to thee that happen'd. Two Thieves stole at *Antequera*, a very fine Horse, which they led to *Seville* ; they had a Mind to sell him without Danger, and to compass their Ends, they thought of a pleasant Stratagem ; they went to lodge in two different Inns, and the same Day, one of these Thieves presented a Request to the Justice, wherein he set forth, That *Peter* of *Lobada* owed him four hundred Rials he had lent him, as appear'd by a Promise, sign'd by his own Hand, which he produc'd ; the Judge order'd the Promise to be examin'd, to see if it was veritable ; and supposing that it was, that the Debtor, who was the Thief, and had the Horse with him, should be executed in his Goods, or in his Person. My Master, and the Proctor his Friend, were employ'd in this Affair, and very diligent they were ; they were brought to the Sham *Lobada*, who own'd, presently, the Sum he had sign'd in the Writing, and he setting forth, that he was not in a Condition to satisfy it yet, they seiz'd upon the Horse. Some Days after, certain Formalities being over, the Horse was expos'd to Sale, and my Master, who fell in Love with him as soon as he saw him, and who, by his Artifices, was the only Chapman, he had him for five hundred Rials, that was well worth fifteen Hundred ; the Thieves said
nothing,

nothing, one or the other, because it concern'd them very much to have the Horse sold at any Rate; so one of them receiv'd the Money that was not due to him, the other, an Acquittance he little car'd for; and my *Alquazil* had the Horse, that was as unlucky to him as the Horse *Sajan* was to his Masters.

Scip. What, is this Horse *Sejan*, thou talk'st of?

Ber. I will teach thee, in two Words, the Story, which I see thou knowest nothing of: It was an Horse that belong'd to a *Roman* Captain, call'd, *Sejas*; he was, as 'tis said, of the Race of those Horses that *Hercules* brought to *Argos*, after he had slain *Diomedes*, King of *Thrace*, by a certain Fatality, not to be attributed but to this Horse; all those that possess'd him had an unhappy Death; *Sejas* was condemn'd to the cruel'st Punishment; and the Consul, *Delobella*, who had bought him for two thousand three hundred and thirty Crowns, kill'd himself, being besieg'd in *Laodicea*; *Cassius*, who had besieg'd this Town, and after him *Anthony*, possess'd him, and both kill'd themselves. To reassume the Thread of my Discourse, the Thieves quitted the Town; and a few Days after, my Master going to take the Air upon his Horse, with all new Furniture, and stopping at the Market Place of *St. Francis*, he made him make a thousand Curvets, before a World of People that stood about him; no Man was ever better pleas'd; but in the Time that every one applauded him, and he applauding himself; in the Time, they told him, that his Horse was as well worth an hundred and fifty Ducats, as an Egg half a Farthing, there appear'd two Gentlemen, whereof one began to say, coming near him, As I am a living Man,
here's

Here's my Horse *Iron-Foot*; four Servants on Foot, that followed them said the same Thing, with a thousand Cries of Joy they gave. Our Gentleman was much discontented at those Shouts, he went about to reason the Case; but they were lowder than he; in a Word, the Gentleman prov'd it so well, that the Horse was his, that he had a Sentence in Form, and his *Iron-Foot* was restor'd him. The Roguery was then discover'd, and every body was overjoy'd at the Mortification of the Serjeant. His Misfortune did not stop there; the same Assessor, from whom he had taken the Sword-Scabbards, going out that Night with the Watch, upon Notice there were Thieves in one of the Suburbs, in crossing the Street, perceiv'd a Man that fled; they went to him, and 'twas my Master. The Assessor, who saw and knew me, taking me presently by the Collar, bid me run after the Thief. As I was provok'd at my Master's Wickedness, I did not stay to be bid twice; I leap'd upon him with such a Force that I threw him upon the Ground, and if they had not taken me off I had tore him to Pieces without Mercy; the Notaries made me let go my Prize, and had crippled me with Blows of Sticks if the Assessor had not prevented 'em; crying out, that no body should touch me; that what I had done was to obey him. I know not what happen'd in this Affair, for, I got out at a Hole of the Town-Wall the same Night, for fear of some bad Accident, and before Day, I was got as far as *Mayrenez*; that's a Place four Leagues from *Seville*; as my good Fortune would have it, I found there a Company of Soldiers, wherein were four Out-laws, Friends of my Master, whereof the Drum-

mer was one ; all four knew me, and made much of me ; but he that caress'd me most was the Drummer, who had been a Notary, and who knew me for this Reason, a little more familiarly than the rest ; and 'twas to him too that I went to the most, and not knowing where to hide my Head, I resolv'd to follow him, whether he went into *Italy* or *Flanders* ; for, after all, what the Proverb says, He that goes a Fool to *Rome*, returns a Fool, I comprehend very well ; and 'tis nothing so to travel one improves, one becomes hardy, and one learns abundance of Things one should have been ignorant of all one's Life, if all ones Life one had kept in the Chimney Corner.

Scip. What thou say'st is so veritable, that I remember to have heard a Master that I had say, and who was a witty Man, and very able, That the Name of Prudent was given to the famous *Ulysses*, because he had travel'd many Countries, and convers'd with many different Nations ; even so I commend the Resolution thou hast taken, to follow this Drummer, if it were to the End of the World.

Ber. This Drummer was a great Juggler, and as he knew a little what I could do, he thought he could make something of me, to cheat People in the Way we were going to take ; he taught me to Dance, and to do a thousand Apish Tricks, that, perhaps, another could never have learn'd ; we made very short Journeys, there was no Commissary to hasten us ; the Officers were young Men ; the Sergeants were brave Fellows ; and as the Company was full of Vagabonds, they committed a thousand Insolencies in the Villages thro' which we pass'd.

'Twas

'Twas then that I knew that War is a veritable Scourge; and I deplore the Unhappiness of good Princes, that are obliged to keep an Army on Foot to defend their Countries against the Invasion of a powerful Neighbour, or an ambitious one; for this Army, for the most part of the Time, do a great deal more Mischief to their Subjects than their Armies. To return to my Subject; I knew in less than fifteen Days how to make a thousand little Leaps that surpriz'd; I made so well, and to the Purpose, that I jump'd up in the Air with so much Agility, they would have taken me for a Courser of *Naples*; I made the Manage as a *Jenet* of *Spain*; I did, in a Word, all that they shew'd me. My Master, who call'd me the wise Dog, was no sooner come into the Quarter where we were to pass the Night, but he walk'd out, beating his Drum in all the Streets, to advertise, that at a certain Hour, in such a House, and for so many Half-pence, according as the Place was, small or great, might be seen Tricks I could do, which he gave an Account of; they all run in Crowds thither, and every one return'd pleas'd, and admiring; my Master Triumph'd upon that, and maintain'd, with his Gains, six of his Comrades like Kings. As 'tis easy to add to Things that are invented; my Master seeing how perfectly well I imitated the Courser of *Naples*, had a little Saddle and Bridle made for me; he caus'd to be made at the same Time, the Figure of a Man, that had a Lance in his Hand; he mounted the little Gentleman upon me, as if I had been a little Horse, and having us'd me to run strait at a Ring, that he put between two Sticks, it happen'd, that in a little Time I could

run very prettily at the Ring; I learn'd this new Horsemanship when we came to *Montilla*, a Town that belong'd to the famous Marquis of *Priego*, chief of the House of *Aguilar*; my Master was lodg'd in the Hospital, because he was willing to have it so, and having made his ordinary Proclamations, as they had heard talk of me in this Town, all the Court of the Hospital was fill'd with People in less than an Hour; my Master was never more pleas'd, and he had Reason so to be, the Profit of that Evening must needs be very considerable; the Beginning of the Play was commonly made by some Leaps, very different, that he made me make in a Circle; he had a Wand in his Hand, when he lower'd his Stick I leap'd; 'twas our Signal; when he held it up I stir'd not at all; the first Words that he said to me that Day (a memorable Day for me, if ever I had any) were these; Now my Friend, *Gavillan*, leap for this old Man, that thou knowest very well, that blackens his Beard every Morning to seem young; or if thou lovest it better, for this Marchioness, newly marry'd, who talks of nothing but her Quality, and that have been a Chamber-maid all her Life, when her Husband espous'd her. I remain'd as immoveable as a Stone. I see clearly (said he further) that these Persons please thee not; leap then for the Batchelor *Passillas*, who says he is a Liceniat, without having taken any Degree. I was then yet more immoveable. What's the Matter then? (said he, again) How is it thou dost leap at all? I understand thee, Leap then for the Wine of *Esquivias* as famous as that of *St. Martin*, and of *Rivadavia*. Then he lower'd his Stick, and I leap'd. Well then (he said presently, turning

ing to the Assembly) is this Mockery to your Mind, that this Dog has done? I have taught him a-bundance of Tricks, whereof the least would deserve a Journey of thirty Leagues to see it; he can dance the *Saraband*, and the *Chacona*, better than those that invented them; he can vault, run the Ring, and tune a Note like a Sexton; he can do a thousand other Things, no less surprising than those you see; you shall see, during the Stay our Company makes here, and you shall even see it presently. After this Discourse, he said to me, stroaking me; *Gavillan*, my Son, do again the same Leaps thou hast made already, and which have been admir'd by this venerable Company; but upon Condition it shall be for the Love of an old Witch, they say, that is in this Hospital. My Master had hardly made an End of pronouncing these Words, but the Hospitalier, who was an old Woman, of above seventy five Years old, rais'd her Voice at him, saying; Unhappy Juggler, and Enchanter, there's no Witch in this House; if thou say'st it for *Camazha*, she has already expiated her Sin; she is where it pleases God she shall be; if thou say'st it of me I am none, nor never was, in all my Life; and if I have had the Misfortune to be suspected, I may owe it to false Witnesses and Judges, too credulous, all the World knows; the Life that I now lead, and the Pennance I make, not for my Sorceries, for I never did any, but of many other Sins, that I have committed; for I am willing to confess plainly, that I am a poor Sinner; so miserable Juggler (she said further) get out of this Hospital, where thou art not worthy to come in. At the same Time, she set up such Cries, and
said

said so many injurious Things to my Master; the Bustle was so great, that he was not suffer'd to finish the Sport. My Master was the less troubled, because he had already received the Money; he left the rest to the next Day, having assign'd the Place to another Hospital. The People went away very angry with the old Woman; but there was no other Remedy; we lay, however, that Night, in the House; and the old Woman, who was not disturb'd, (as thou wilt see, by the Consequence) meeting me alone in an Alley, said to me, smiling; Art thou, *Montiel*, my Son? Art thou, peradventure, *Montiel*? I held up my Head at these Words, and look'd stedily on her; which she no sooner perceiv'd, but she came to me with Tears in her Eyes, leap'd on my Neck, and embrac'd me in the most loving Manner in the World. I comprehended nothing by all this; that which I have to tell thee further, my dear *Scipio*, I should have told thee presently; thou should'st not be surpriz'd, tho' to see that we have the Use of Speech. Harken, *Montiel*, my Child (said the old Woman to me) follow me, I may shew thee my Chamber, and come to me to-Night, all alone, I will leave the Door open, and I will teach thee Things it concerns thee to know. I bow'd my Head, in Sign of Obedience; which confirm'd her I was the *Montiel* she look'd for, as she told me afterwards. I waited for Night very impatiently, to know what she had to say to me; and as I suspected her to be a Witch, I expected great Things; Night came, and I found I was all alone with her in the Chamber, that was very narrow, and very low, and lightn'd with a little Lamp; the old Woman put it out as soon

as I appear'd, and sate upon a little Coffer; after that, taking me nearer, she began, to embrace me again, without saying one Word; I hop'd for this Favour from Heaven (she said again) before the first Sleep had clos'd my Eyes, I should see thee again, my Son; and since I have had this Joy, let Death come when it will, 'twill not trouble me to die; thou must know my Son (she said again) there liv'd in this Town, not long ago, the most famous Sorceress that was in the World, they call'd her *Camacha*, of *Montilla*; she was so able in her Art, that the *Circes*, and the *Medeas* Histories speak so much of, could never come near her; she congeal'd Clouds when she pleas'd; she darken'd the Sun; and, when the Fancy took her, she made the Sky serene, when it was most obscure, and cover'd with the blackest Clouds; she transported Men in an Instant, into the farthest Countries; she had a thousand little good Remedies for Maids and young Widows, who had Gallantries, made to be seen in a Bason full of Water, or in a Looking-Glass, the Persons they desir'd to see, tho' they were dead or living, 'twas one of the least Things she could do; she had the Name of converting Men into Beasts, and be serv'd six Years by a Sexton, in Form of an Ass: I own that is difficult to comprehend; and 'tis for this Reason that many People believe, that what is said of ancient Magicians, that made such Metamorphoses, ought not to be taken for granted. They say, that as these famous Witches were very handsome, but not very chaste, they had the Force to make Men loose their Wit, and make Bruits of themselves, in some Sort, in making themselves Slaves to Pleasure. All this is fair

fair and good, I agree; but Experience makes the Contrary appear in thee; for, certain it is, that thou art a Man, tho' thou appearest now under the Form of a Dog. All that can be said is, that perhaps, these Transformations are only Appearances. Be it as it will, as they cannot be but the Effect of the most subtle Magic, I will tell thee to my great Regret, 'tis an Art that we never knew; thy Mother and I, altho' the celebrated *Camacha* bred us up, not for want of Wit, I assure thee; for we want it not; but because she would never suffer us to be as long as she, to have always some Advantage, and some Superiority over us. Thy Mother, my Child, was call'd, the *Montielle*, and she was the most famous, next to *Camacha*. I dare even to say, that by Report, of the Courage she had, to make a Legion of Spirits enter into a Circle, and enclose herself with them, she carry'd it, perhaps above her Mistress. For me, I call myself the *Cagnicarez*; I was always less hardy than she; I contented myself to conjure the middle Region of the Air; the only Thing that I outdid my Mother and *Camacha* was, in the Preparation of Unguents, wherewith we anoint ourselves; but they are Things it signifies little to know. I will tell thee then, my Child, to come by little and little, to what thou must know; I will tell thee, that as I see, a long Time since, my Life flies away, I have entirely abandon'd the Trade of a Witchgician; but I could not abandon the Trade of a Sorceress, that has Charms much more puissant; thy Mother did the same; she retir'd from many Vices; she did a great many good Deeds; in the mean Time; she died a Sorceress, the poor Woman died with Grief; and in

relating

relating to thee her Adventure, I shall teach thee, at the same Time, a History, that will let thee see how little Account may be made of the Amities of this World; thy Mother was with Child, she nam'd *Camacha* for her Gossip; *Camacha* also serv'd her for a Midwife; thy Mother, in fine, lay in of two Boys, and this unhappy Woman that receiv'd 'em, let her see, shewing them to her, that she lay in of two little Dogs: I was present at this unhappy and sad Spectacle. 'Tis a Misfortune, and a Misfortune of the greatest that can happen to a Woman (*Camacha* began to say) but Sister *Montielle* (she said further, at the same Time) I am thy Friend, we will hide the Labour. I was no less surpriz'd than thy Mother; I endeavour'd to comfort her the best that was possible, without knowing, however, the one or the other: If we may believe our own Eyes, *Camacha* withdrew, and carry'd away the little Dogs, without informing us what became of 'em; for who could imagine she could have any Interest in it; *Camacha* dy'd at last; but before she died, she sent to call thy Mother, and then own'd to her she had metamorphos'd these Children into Dogs, for a certain Prejudice she had conceiv'd against her. I do not discover this (said *Camacha*) to redouble thy Grief; 'tis my Mother; *Montielle*, to shew thee Enchantments last not for ever, thy two Sons, in fine, shall reassume their first Form; but it shall not be till then, that by a puissant Hand, the Proud shall be abas'd, and the Humble shall be rais'd. Thy Mother writ this Prophecy; and for me, I engrav'd it in my Memory, to impart it to you, when Occasion serv'd; the Thing was very difficult; but I know now, all comes in the Time 'tis

T

waited

waited for; the only Thing I could do, was to call by thy Mother's Name, all the Dogs that I saw; this Expedient succeeded; and, I comprehended, as soon as I saw thee, when thou held'st up thy Head to behold me, that thou wert one of the unhappy Children of *Montiello*: I take great Pleasure, my Child, to teach thee the History of thy Birth, since, at the same Time, I give thee Hopes of reassuming thy veritable Form: I should be glad it were as easy to reassume it, as it was to the Ass of *Apuleius*, who eat nothing but Roses; but thou wilt have more Difficulty to surmount, if thou givest Attention to the Prophecy; for, in fine, that depends on the Actions of another, and in no wise on thy own Diligence; that which thou hast to do in this Rencontre, is to recommend thyself to God in thine Heart, and hope this Prediction will be accomplish'd; Yes; it will, I am certain of it; and that which moderates the Joy, I take in it is, that I am too near my End to see it; I would, as to the rest, I would (said she further) ask more than once, of our Master, in what Time, precisely, I should be a Prey to Death; for, perhaps, I may not die so soon as I imagine; but after I had consider'd it well, I thought it a Thing very inutil. These Answers are always ambiguous; and if they say one Truth, 'tis envelop'd in a thousand Lies. To tell thee what I believe, the Devil, as able as they make him, knows nothing of what is to come, but by Conjecture; in the mean Time, he enchants so strongly, those that give themselves to him, that whatsoever Trumperies he makes, they cannot abandon him; we even go sometimes very far to seek him; we assemble about him in great Numbers,

bers in the open Country, and there he shews us such horrible Things, that I am asham'd to relate 'em; some believe 'tis only in a Dream that we are present at these Nocturnal Assemblies, that are commonly call'd the *Sabat*; others maintain, that we are really there in Person; and I believe these two Opinions are certain; the Devil transports us sometimes; and very often he does nothing but fill our Imaginations with a thousand Fantoms, which we take for Realities. The Inquisitor, who have often in their Hands Sorcerers or Sorceresses, and therefore have great Experiences, are almost all of this Opinion; but that which I could never discern, the Thing itself so difficil; be that as it will, I confess, that we commit abominable Sins; for, I know very well, that God is offended, as well by evil Thoughts, as by evil Actions; I have Horror of the Condition I am in, and I should be glad to come out of it; 'tis for that Reason that I am in this Hospital, where I serve the Poor and Sick; but my Endeavours hitherto have been impuissant; I pray to God 'tis true, but 'tis always in Publick, and to be seen; I never pray in Private; and by the Motions that proceed from my Heart, however, 'tis better I were an Hypocrite than an open Sinner; for I hurt only myself. To talk again of thy Mother; three Days before she died, we were together in a great Valley of the *Pyrenean Mountains*; she declared to me, she would never forgive *Camacha*; and she died in that Condition, whatsoever I could represent to her thereupon.

I can well comprehend, my poor *Scipio*, thou art amaz'd, to hear all these Things; so many Words this unhappy Woman pronounc'd, speaking of this

Montiello, that she would persuade me she was my Mother; so many Words that came out of her Mouth were so many bloody Stroaks that pierc'd thro' my Heart; it wanted but little I had tore her to Pieces; and if I did it not, 'twas because that effectively I perceiv'd, she had a Kindness for me; and that I made Reflection, that God might, in Time, give her the Grace to repent; it was not to be at that Moment that God would do this great Miracle. She told me, she was resolv'd to go the same Night to *Sabat*; that she would inform herself of her Master what my Destiny would be; and that she went to join them for this Effect. If I could have spoke, I would have ask'd her, I assure thee, what were these Ointments she made use of; for I had a great desire to know; it seems, she had some Presentiment of what I desir'd. These Ointments (she began to say) are compounded of the Juice of many Plants, extreamly cold; 'tis not the Blood of Children that we stifle, as the Vulgar believes. Would'st thou know, perhaps, what Pleasure, or what Profit, the Devil can have to oblige us to kill Innocents, who being baptis'd, and never having done yet Good or Evil, go strait to Heaven? For, in short, 'tis a Punishment to him, when he is convinc'd, a Soul goes to Paradise: I have nothing to answer thee, but only, that he does it under two Views; the first, to do it to those that gave 'em Birth, and make 'em murmur against God; the second, to accustom ourselves to Cruelty and Barbarity. I will tell thee, in the mean Time, *Montiel*, that God permits these horrible Murders to be committed by us for the Sins of Men; for, without his Permission, the Devil

vil cannot crush a Worm, or an Ant. This is so veritable, that, one Day, desiring him myself, to destroy a Vineyard of one of my Enemies, he told me, very well, he could not touch so much as one Leaf, because God would not have it so. By which, thou may'st know, when thou art a Man, that all the Misfortunes that happen to Men, suddain Death, Shipwrecks, Contagions, Evils, the Fall of Empires, all caus'd by the Permission of God, all-puissant. The only Thing that comes from Man, is Sin; far from God his being the Author; he Sovereignly detests it. Thou wilt be surpriz'd (continued the old Woman) that knowing, all these Things I repent not. I own, thou ought'st to be; and that which redoubles thy Surprise is, that I am perswaded, moreover, that God is more ready to pardon Sins, than to permit 'em; but know, my dear *Montiel*, that 'tis very difficil to repent, after one is in an Habitude of Evil; more especially, when the Evil, whereof one is become a Slave, consists in Pleasures, sensual and carnal; the Soul is no longer Mistress of the Body, from the Time this Habitude is form'd; the Flesh entices as it pleases; and 'tis for this Reason, that of all Sins, Voluptuousness is the most fatal; 'tis for this Reason the Devil chuses it, to attract us to himself, and divert us in it, that we may not escape him. After these Words (and many others I will pass in Silence) *Cagnicarez* arose, took her Lamp, and went into another Chamber, much less than that where we were; I follow'd her, combated with a thousand Thoughts, very different, and all full of what I had heard, and that I hop'd to see; she fasten'd the Lamp to the Wall, threw off her Coif, strip'd

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strip'd to her Smock, and taking a Glass, that was in a Corner, she put her Hand in and anointed her Feet, and thence up to her Head, muttering between her Teeth certain Words, I understand not; but which seem'd horrible. During the Time she anointed herself, she said to me, That whether her Body remain'd senseless in the Chamber, or if she disappear'd, I should not be afraid, and that I should wait till the Morning, because I should learn News, what would happen to me, before I should become a Man; I promis'd her to do it, bowing my Head; she made an End of anointing, and stretching herself, at the same Time, upon the Ground, she was immoveable, and, as it were, dead.

I must own to thee, *Scipio*, I was in great Fear, to see myself shut up in this little Chamber with this Figure, that was something frightful; she was a long Woman, above seven Foot, all her Body was but a Skeleton, cover'd with a Skin black and yellow; her Eyes started out of her Head; she had her Teeth close; I never in my Life ever saw any Thing more deform'd, nor more hideous; I would have bit her, presently, to know if she had any Sense; but I saw nothing of her Body but what gave me Horror, so that I durst not touch her; but taking Courage, a little, I took her by one Side, and dragg'd her by little and little, to the Court; she was entirely insensible; seeing myself abroad, and looking up to the Sky, I was less frighten'd than I was before; I had, in a Word, the Courage to wait for Day, to see where this terrible Scene would terminate; I made, in the mean Time, a thousand Reflections, and upon the deplorable

plorable Condition of this miserable Woman, and upon so many Things, good and bad, she had said. Day broke at last, that found us both in the Middle of the Court, she stretch'd upon the Ground, and without Motion, and I near to her, looking at her without loosing Sight of her one Moment; the People of the Hospital run to this Spectacle, some began to say, Alas! the blessed *Cagnicarez* is dead then; see how Penitence has disfigur'd her; others felt her Pulse, and seeing that she breath'd, thought she was wrapt up in an Extasy; there were those who came to the Point, and cry'd out, she was a Sorceress, that she was anointed to go to *Sabat*; for certainly, said they, the Saints are never transported with such Ravings; would God permit they should be seen in a Posture so indecent, and so much offends Modesty? There were some that stuck Pins in her Flesh; but all was not capable of waking her; and she did not begin to move till towards seven o'Clock in the Morning; and to feel the Pricks and my Bitings, she was much surpriz'd and confounded (as thou may'st believe) and that she doubted not but it was I that had dragg'd her to this Place; she leap'd upon me like a Fury, and taking me about the Neck with her Hands, she wanted but little of strangling me; telling me, I was a Rascal, and ungrateful, and that she would be reveng'd of my Baseness and horrible Ingratitude. I, who saw myself in Danger of perishing, between the Claws of this *Megara*, I made an Attempt to disengage myself, and taking her, at the same Time, by the long Skin that hung at her Body, I put her, at least, in as great Fear as she had put me. *Cagnicarez*, who saw herself

herself in bad Hands, cry'd out for Help, saying, Deliver me from the Teeth of the Evil Spirit. Most of 'em thought, effectively, I was one of those Devils that delight in tormenting the Saints; some run for Holy Water; others made a thousand Signs of the Cross, without daring to seize me; and some cry'd out to have me exorciz'd; never was so much Terror seen, nor so much Disorder; the Woman always sent forth hideous Cries, and grinded her Teeth. My Master, who run at the Noise, was in Despair, when he came to think I was a Spirit, come out of Hell; others laugh'd at Exorcizms, had Recourse to three or four Cudgels, where-with they exorciz'd me, in a Manner very disagreeable; the Play displeas'd me; for these People laid on so hard, that I let go my Hold; I fled at two Leaps into the Street, and gain'd Ground, follow'd by abundance of Children, who cry'd, I was mad, and that I was a Devil, in the Shape of a Dog. That which confirm'd most of the Inhabitants in this Town in this last Thought, that I got with that Swiftnes out of the Hands of those that pursued me, that they thought I vanish'd, and of Necessity I must be a Spirit. They were not all in the Wrong; I made more than twelve Leagues in less than six Hours, and I came to the Frontiers of *Granada*, where I found a Company of *Gypsies*; there I refresh'd myself a little, because there were some of those *Gypsies* that knew me, and joyfully receiv'd me, and that hid me in a Corner, for fear I should run away, and to undress in Sight of those that might seek me. I stay'd twenty Days with them; and, during that Time, I learn'd a great many of their Customs, which are very singular, as thou may'st know.

Scip.

Scip. I would willingly know them; but before thou speakest, I will tell thee, that the Story of *Montzelle* mortifies me.

Ber. It mortifies me too; and I declare to thee, I renounce this Woman for my Mother, if it be that she gave us Birth.

Scip. Let us talk no more then, I entreat thee; I will hearken more willingly to what thou can'st tell me of the *Gypsies*, than at the Reflections thou can'st make to comfort me, and to comfort thyself, of so unworthy an Original.

Ber. Thou knowest the great Number of *Gypsies* there are in *Spain*; the Number of 'em is incredible; they are dispers'd thro' all the Kingdom; in the mean Time, they know one another; they traffick together, and their Commerce consists in the Truck of Things they have stolen; so that those, to whom they belong, are in Impuissance to reclaim them, because they are transported, and sold in Places extreamly distant from those where the Theft was made; they have a Chief, to whom they render more Obedience than to a King; they treat him as Earl, and give him the Name of an illustrious Family; not that he descends from this Family, that is of the most ancient of *Estremadura*; but because the Page of a Gentleman that bore this Name was the first of these pretended Earls. This Page fell in Love with a Female *Gypsie*, that was an admirable Beauty; the *Gypsie* would never answer his Love, but on Condition he would marry her; the Page did it, and became so agreeable to the other *Gypsies*, that they chose him to govern them, and swore Obedience to him. Those that have succeeded to this first Chief, are call'd by the

same Name, and bear the same Title; they give him the same Oaths; and the *Gypsies*, in what Place soever they are, send him, in Token of Homage, whatsoever is most rich, and the most Magnific amongst their Thefts, they have made. As for the *She-Gypsies*, they are all Midwives; for they lie in all alone, ordinarily, and wash their Children, as soon as they are born, in cold Water; they accustom them, afterwards, to suffer Hardship, and the Injuries of the Air. So thou see'st that all *Gypsies* are robust Runners and Leapers, capable of supporting all sorts of Incommodities. All their Ability extends no further than to know how to Steal, and to know how to disrobe cleverly; 'tis for that, the Moment they are together, they talk of nothing but Tricks they have done, that the rest may improve by their Craft. I will impart to thee one of their Diversions, founded on a Cheat, pleasant enough, that one of them, one Day, put on a Countryman; the *Gypsie* had an Afs without a Tail, but he found a Way to put on one, that seem'd natural, he took this Afs to a Market, and sold him to this Countryman; the *Gypsie* had no sooner receiv'd the Money, but he said to the Countryman, that he had another Afs, very like that he had sold him, and also younger and more vigorous, and that he should have a better Pennyworth than the other, by two Ducats. The Countryman answer'd him, he should go fetch him, that they should not differ; and that, in the mean Time, he would take to his House that which he had bought; he went, the *Gypsie* follow'd him a great Way off, and found Means to steal from him that he had sold him; the first Thing he did, was to take a-
way

way the Sham-Tail, and change his Stall; after which, without loosing Time, he went to call the Countryman; he found him, before he was aware of the Theft, so he bought twice the same Afs; as soon as the Bargain was made, he return'd Home with the *Gypsie*, to pay him his Money, and he was much surpriz'd (as thou may'st imagine) to see that his Afs was stole away; he suspected presently 'twas the *Gypsie* that had play'd him this Trick; and he told him roundly, he would pay him nothing, since he had sold him the same Afs that he had stole; but the *Gypsie* having prov'd, by good Witnesses, and a Bailiff of the Court, that the first Afs that he had sold him had a Tail, and so it could not be the same, since the last had none, so the Countryman was condemn'd. I could give thee a thousand other Stories of this Nature; but this shall suffice, to let thee see what is the Character of these People.

I was with them twenty Days, as I have told thee; but as I did not like this Way of living, I left them at *Granada*, without saying any Thing, and went into a *Moor's* Garden the same Day, that seem'd a Pleasure to me to retire into; I staid near a Month with him, and I can say, I never made worse Chear; this *Moor*, the same with all the rest of 'em, was avaricious, not to be express'd; he was rich, because most of the *Moors* are so; but he took little Care to make use of his Money; he fell Sick, and liv'd only upon Trifles. Judge you if I could live well; however, I was content, because the Life I led was Tranquility; and that I had no Design to grow old in his Company; his Garden was a pleasant Place, where all sorts of

People had Leave to walk ; some even walk'd at all Hours ; and I took Notice there was one who came regularly every Morning, before the Sun was up, and that he posted himself under an Arbour, very thick, where some Chairs had been plac'd ; 'twas a young Man, whom I took for a Scholar, for his Habit was Frize, that formerly was black, and the Thread appear'd so plain, it would make Thieves run away ; I never saw Motions like his ; he gave from Time to Time, great Stroaks to his Forehead, with his Hand, stamp'd with his Feet, scratch'd his Head, bit his Nails, bow'd his Head to the Ground, and then, on a suddain, rais'd it up to the Sky ; sometimes he fell into Distraſſion, so profound, that he mov'd neither Hand nor Foot, not so much as his Eye-lids ; and one would have said, he rav'd in an Extasy : I came once near him without perceiving me, I heard him mutter some Words between his Teeth, and a Moment after, he came out with a great Cry, saying, Ah ! This Bout, I may say, I never made a better Stanza in all my Life ; presently taking a Book, he had laid upon one of the Chairs, with an Ink-horn, he writ some Lines ; I perceiv'd then two Things ; the first, that he was a Poet, and the second, that he was pleas'd with the Verses he brought forth.

Whilst these Things were a doing, I saw come in another young Man, handsom, and well dress'd, who gave himself Airs, and who read a Paper every now and then, ruminating on what he had read ; as one learns any Thing by Heart ; he went strait to the Arbour, and addressing himself to the Poet, Very good (he began to say) Have you finish'd your first Act ? The Poet answer'd, and in the happiest

piest Manner in the World. May I know how
 (reply'd the young Man, just come in.) Here 'tis,
 (said the Poet, smiling) The Pope, in whose Mouth
 I put admirable Verses, will appear habited ponti-
 fically, in Company of twelve Cardinals in Habits
 of Violet. You are surpriz'd (said he again) at
 the Colour of the Habits of their Eminencies; but
 at the Time the Action I represent pass'd, 'twas in
 Crimson ones, when Cardinals never wear Red;
 this Contrivance will do me more Honour than
 you are aware of; for the Audience will see, that
 I know not only how to versify, but that I have
 read the *Roman* Ceremonial. That's not amiss
 (reply'd the young Man) but how would you have
 it (said he again) that the Actors, who are to act
 your Piece, should get twelve Violet Habits for
 twelve Cardinals? They may take 'em where they
 please (reply'd the Poet) that's not my Business;
 but I know there will want so many, tho' one fetch'd
 'em from *Rome*. Should one, to comply with the
 Avarice of Comedians, be depriv'd of a Spectacle
 the most pompous, and the most charming that
 ever was? for, in short, can one imagin any thing
 greater, or any thing more worthy of a Dramatic
 Poem, than to make appear in a Scene a Sovereign
 Pontiff, and twelve Cardinals, with their Ministers
 and Footmen? I saw then, that the young Man
 was a Comedian; but as he did not like so many
 Eminencies, he advis'd him to retrench some of 'em,
 that he might not make the Representation of the
 Comedy impracticable; the Poet would not hearken
 to it, but told him, 'twas very lucky he had not
 put in the whole Conclave; that he was upon the
 Point to have done it, to follow the Story, Step
 by

by Step; and that he had not follow'd his first Motion, was by Poetic Licence, that those of the Profession would pardon him in. The Actor began to laugh and withdrew.

Thou imaginest, without Doubt, that the Poet was angry; not at all; he compos'd some Verses besides, as if nothing had happen'd; after which, he took out of his Pocket some Crums of Bread, and about twenty dry Raisins, that he eat. All that I got by this Meal, was some Crusts he could not eat, they were so hard; the Meal being ended, we went, he and I, to a Fountain, to disalterate our Thirst.

Thou see'st by this, my dear *Scipio*, that a Poet's Trade is not the best in the World, with Regard to the Ease, and the Commodities of Life; their Misery is great, generally speaking; but mine was much more, since I was forc'd to live on that which the Poorest of Poets threw away. What Flux of Reflections, if 'tis lawful for us to make 'em? One is never so unhappy, but one finds some more unhappy than ones self.

The Poet, at last, finish'd the Composition of his Comedy; after that Time, he never appear'd more in the Garden; and I went into the Town, to look out a new Master, weary with making Pennance so long; I had not made few Steps in the Street I enter'd, but I perceiv'd my Poet, who came out of the Monastery of *St. Jerome*, the Moment he saw me, he came to me, I, on my side, run strait to him; he never made me so many Carresses as at that Instant; he took two or three Pieces of Bread out of his Pocket, which he gave me, which I eat with a good Stomach; I follow'd

him

him, and having gone a pretty Way, we came to the Director of a Company of Comedians, to whom the Poet gave one of his Pieces; 'twas the Day they were to make their first Repetition; we went to one of the Comedian's Houses, where was a great deal of Company assembled; the Actors began but the first Act, and 'twas hardly ended, but all the Company disappear'd; the Piece was generally his'd; all the Audience went out, one after another; so we were left alone, the Director, the Poet and I. I own, I understand but little of Verses; but I was of the Opinion of the Company; I found the Piece abominable; the Comedians were enrag'd; they went to the Poet in a Rage, and if the Prompter had not interrupted, they would have taken and can'd him. I admir'd at the cold Blood of this poor Author. Since my Comedy does not please you (he began to say) give it me again; People of better Taste will like it well enough; he took it, and withdrew. I durst not follow him; for to tell thee the Truth, I was as much ashamed as he; I staid with the Actors, who omitted nothing to retain me with them, seeing I might be serviceable to 'em; in effect, I serv'd 'em something in the Intermedes; for I not only amus'd the Ignorant in the Intervals, but I brought to Reason those that would get up upon the Theatre, or insult the Actors. 'Tis true, I every now and then met with hard Blows, and that was it which put me out of Conceit of this Exercise; the most terrible that I receiv'd was in this Town, where I follow'd the Troop; I had to do with a Brute, that gave me such a Rap on the Legs, that it wanted but little of leaving me dead on the Place

Place, yet I had neither hurt or bit him ; for that Day they had put me on a little Muzzle ; I only made Shew to bite him, to make him come off the Stage, where he was got up in spite of me, and against the Will of my Masters ; but he understood not Railery. I bid farwell to the Comedians some Days after, who, on the other side, were not the People I wanted ; for, there's not a more terrible Life than that which they led ; I was troubled, however, after I had left them ; three or four Days pass'd, without knowing where to lay my Head. I saw thee, one Night, with that good Man *Mabudez*, carrying the Lantern, and I own to thee, that seeing thee in so Holy an Occupation, I envy'd, presently, thy Happiness ; I went to thee, if thou rememberest it ; I went gravely by his Side, I pleas'd the Holy Man, who rest not a Minute to chuse me for thy Companion, and brought me with thee into this Hospital. What happen'd to me in this House, is not so small a Matter, but it requires Time to relate it ; but I will confine myself to a Discourse, that pass'd one Day between four sick Men, that were in four different Beds, plac'd near one another. Pardon me, I pray thee, my dear *Scipio*, what I have to say will please thee, and I will be short.

Scip. I pardon thee, but be short tho', as thou hast promis'd ; for, I perceive the Day is approaching.

Ber. In one of these four Beds, that are at the End of the Infirmary, there was a Chymist ; in the second, a Poet ; in the next, a Mathematician ; and, in the last, a News-monger.

Scip. I remember to have seen 'em.

Ber.

Ber. The first of the Patients that spoke was the Poet. I was under one of the Beds to take the Air, for it began to be hot, so I heard all the Dialogue. I never heard such lively Complaints, nor accompanied with so many Sighs, and so many Exclamations. Whence comes it (said the Mathematician to him) that you complain so bitterly? I complain of Fortune (reply'd the Poet) they have Reason to say she is blind; she is certainly with respect to me; those that say, that those who have Merit are Masters, are deceiv'd; Fortune reigns over all; and if sometimes she renders Things charming the most obscure, she renders also, very often, obscure Things the most charming, I have had sad Experience. Who would not complain? Who would not groan at a Destiny like mine, you shall judge? I have observ'd, with the utmost Exactitude, all that *Horace* prescribes in his Poetic Art. This able Master gives for a Rule to all the Children of *Parnassus*, to all the Babes of *Phœbus*, never to bring to Light a Work in six Years after 'tis finish'd. I have done more; I have compos'd one, wherein I have labour'd these twenty Years; the Subject is great, the Invention new, the Episodes are admirable, all the Verses incomparable and marvellous; 'tis an Heroic Poem, that surpasses all those we have hitherto seen; 'tis a Master-piece, that obscures the *Iliads* and the *Aeneids*, and yet O Times! O Manners! I could never yet find a Prince to dedicate it to; I mean, a Prince, a Friend to the Muses, able and liberal both together; for that's it we look after. I understand you, (said the Chymist then.) But tell me, I pray, what is the Subject of this fine Poem. 'Tis (reply'd the Poet)

a long and ample Supplement to the Life of King *Arthur*, compos'd by Archbishop *Turpin*; there are antedate Additions, that illustrate the Life of this great Prince, who reign'd in *Great Britain*; and all the Adventures he had with the Witch of the Isle of *Avalon*, whither he was carry'd, after the Battle with the Sons of *Lothus*, King of the *Picts*, wherein he was dangerously wounded. You comprehend very well, that besides the Util contain'd in this Piece, you cannot fail to meet with the Delectable, which is the double End a Writer ought to propose. I could have continued the Story in Prose, but I love rather to make it in the Language of the Gods. Prose is cold and insipid; in a Word, improper to relate marvellous Accidents: Besides, Posey is sublime, that can take Freedoms that were ridiculous in an Orator; in a Word, it belongs only to Posey to say Things nobly. I understand nothing of this way of writing (reply'd the Chymist) and so I am no Judge of the Misfortune you complain of; however, I believe it to be great; for I am not solicitous to give Credit to your other Poets, that you are, for the most Part, visionary; but what I have to say to you (said he again, giving a great Sigh) that if any one has Right to complain of Fortune, that if any one has Reason to say, that there is no liberal Prince in the World, and understands his true Interest, 'tis *Palone*; I could be as rich as *Cresus*, and make Gold and Silver as common as Stones, as *Solomon* did in Time past, who had not the Secret that I have; and, yet I am as poor, I will not say as you, that are a Poet of the first Rank, but the most miserable Ballad-maker. Of nothing, comes nothing;

nothing; 'tis one of the first Chymical Principals to make Gold. Gold must be had, and when one wanted only Furnaces and Instruments, that no body sees but he that works at the great Work, is obliged to be at the Charge of it: Now, hitherto, I never found either Potentate or Private Man, who would Risque a very moderate Sum to get Millions. Did you ever make any Tryal (said the Mathematician then) to change other Metals into Gold? I never did yet; but I know that it may be done; that 'tis not a Chymera, tho' the Ignorant say it: I know there is a Powder of Projection, that thrown upon some Quantity of Metal imperfect, as Lead or Copper, changes it, at the same Time, into one more perfect, as Gold or Silver: I know, in a Word, that I could in less than two Months, find out the Philosopher's Stone, with which one may turn the very Stones into Gold and Silver. You have sufficiently exaggerated your Misfortunes (said the Mathematician, interrupting him) One has a Book to dedicate, and finds no *Mecenas*; another could arrive at the highest Transmutation Chymistry can aspire to, but finds no body that has the Faith to hazard the Charge of the Operation; those are your Misfortunes. But what will you say of mine? 'Tis now two and twenty Years that I have been near finding out the Quadrature of the Circle; that is to say, the Description of a Quadrant, the Superficies whereof were precisely equal to the Superfices of a Circle: I know not whether you understand me; I thought a thousand Times I had come to't; but in the Time that I began to felicitate and applaud myself, I am further off than the first Day I began my E-

lements of Geometry. This puts me in mind of the Inaccessibilities Travellers think to touch, but come not at 'em. Thus my Torment is like that of *Tantalus*, that died of Hunger amongst Fruit, and of Thirst in the midst of Waters: All that I have to say to you is, that I run after a Fantom; I have spent the best of my Days to think and meditate, and having employ'd my Wit and my Brain in a Search, that I very well see, I was not capable of, I see myself reduc'd to the utmost Indigence: I see now, but too late, that an Art is nothing when one cannot live upon the Exercise of it; and that this Discovery, that certainly is not impossible, should be the Employ of wise Men, to whom Fortune has been lavish of her Goods, or entertain'd by the great Ones.

The fourth sick Man, that hitherto had kept Silence, broke it at last. I am of your Opinion (he began to say, addressing to the Mathematician) a Trade that gives not Bread; is the most miserable of all Trades; and I bless Heaven, that has neither made me Poet, nor Geometrician, nor Chymist. Don't you be angry (he went on, in looking at 'em, one after another) they are three Professions that seem to be invented for nothing else but to starve those that apply themselves to 'em; they spent the Flower of their Youth in composing Sonnets and Romances; to search fix'd Points or Longitudes; another converts his Gold into Coal; that is to say, they neglect the Essential, that is, to apply oneself to an Art that may divert him that professes it, and at last, he sees himself old and poor, both together, and without wherewithal to swallow, like the Stork in the Apologue. As for me

(said

(said he) I have a better Trade than yours; I shall own, however, that I am not more happy; I can say, I am impoverish'd, by what others make their Fortunes; but so 'tis, that there's Happiness and Unhappiness in all Things, and that every one is not well dress'd, 'tis not the Fault of the Art, nor that of the Workman, that is the Cause that I am in Poverty and Misery, 'tis the Influence of my Star, and the Caprice of Fortune, of what you complain; every one in his Turn; and whereof, no body can complain more justly than I. What then is your Art (said the Chymist) I am an Intelligencer (answer'd the last sick Man) you all know the Trade; there are few more luxurative; witness so many People, who from nothing, are now to be seen at the Top of the Wheel, for having ruined the People; yes, I am a News-monger; I am willing to repeat it again; I have given to the Court, at different Times, all to the King's Profit, and not to the Danger of the Kingdom; in the mean Time, I have had the Misfortune never to be heard of, Thanks to Courtiers, and the Ministers, whom I had never the good Fortune to please; not that my Advices were not good, but that they were too much so; and these sort of People that take Umbrage, have for a Rule to keep 'at a Distance, those that have more Penetration than themselves. I have now wherewith to revenge myself (he went on, smiling) I will address no longer to Ministers, I will go to the Fountain, and I have already prepar'd a Project, that I will present myself to the King, to discover to him the only Means to discharge generally all the Crown-Debts. I am willing to discover to you what it is, perswaded

as

as I am, that you will not divulge it, and that you will admire my Ingenuity, and the Profundity of my Wit. I will propose to the King, that he will order all his Subjects, from the Age of fourteen, to that of sixty, that they fast one Day in a Week, with Bread and Water, be their Quality what it will, what Day they think fit; and that all the Expence that would be made that Day in Provisions, be reckon'd to his Majesty. By this Means, I'll maintain, that in less than twenty Years, he would not owe an Half-penny. I have calculated it, and the Calculation is not difficil; there are in *Spain* more than three Millions of Persons, of the Age I have noted; every one of these Persons spends not less than a Rial and half a Day; suppose one Rial, and no more, he cannot spend less if he eat nothing but dry Bread. And don't you find it would not be a small Sum, to have three Millions of Rials every Week? and this (he went on) would be more advantagious to his Majesty's Subjects than you are aware of; for at the same Time that they serv'd their King, they would render themselves agreeable to God, and advance their Salvation. The Expedient is admirable, as you see; the Profit is clear for the King, and the People not oppress'd; and the Sum may be levy'd by Parishes, without Occasion of Receivers or Collectors, who are the Pests of an Estate, and the veritable Blood-suckers. They all laugh'd at this Advice, and at him that gave it. He himself, which was a Thing singular enough, could not forbear laughing at this mad Thought. For my Part, I was surpriz'd at their Discourse; but I was not at all, to see People of this Character end in an Hospital.

Scip.

Scip. Thou art in the Right, *Berganca*, Hast thou any more to say?

Ber. I have but two Words, and then I have done; for, methinks, I see Day appear: I went one Day with *Mahudex* to the Governor of this Town, who is a good Gentleman, and an honest Man, after having given us a considerable Charity, according to his Custom, the Conversation ran upon the Disorders of the most Part of Women, and above all, of these unhappy common Whores, that People this House all the Spring, with an Infinity of Miserables, that suffer horrible Torments; and whereof some even perish under the Violence of the Remedies they come hither to seek. The Pains they suffer (said the Governor) are but the Preludes of greater they are to expect after this Life; for, God will punish severely Impurity; in the mean time, 'twere good to remedy so abominable a Vice. I have often given Way to my Mind, to find an efficacious Remedy for so great an Evil; but (said he, mournfully) I believe the Evil incurable, considering the horrible Corruption of the Age. It was but two or three Days before, I heard an old sick Man discourse upon the same Subject, that was not so embarras'd as the Governor, of the Means to stop Inundations; he found a marvellous one; I was enrag'd I could not mix in the Conversation, as Zeal inflam'd me, without making Reflection, that I had not the Use of Speech, I put myself in a Way to talk; but, instead of articulating my Words, and pronounce what I thought, I began to bark so Loud, and with so great Force, that the Governor, in a Fright, cry'd out to his Domesticks, that they should beat me out of the Hall with a
good

good Stick; he thought really I was grown mad; a Lackey, who, unluckily for me, was not deaf, came up, and having found a great Piece of Wood, beat me so rudely, that I feel the Blows yet.

Scip. Did'st complain, *Bergan.ca*?

Ber. I made truly pitiful Cries; but that did me no good, the miserable Lackey did nothing but laugh at my Cries.

Scip. Dost see, *Bergan.ca*, tho' thy Intention was good, thou hast Wrong done thee now? You should never give good Council to those that ask it not: On the other hand, *Mabudez* and thou went to the Governor, to complain you were both of you with him as poor Men; and thou may'st be perswaded, that the Councils of poor Men, how good soever they be, are never received: There's more, the Poor should never pretend to council the Great, because the Great believe they know all, since their Flatterers have the Impudence to tell them so.

Ber. Thou art in the Right: I went another Evening to a Lady of great Quality, that held in her Arms a little Bitch; so little, she might have hid it in her Handkerchief; as soon as this Jewel saw me, she leapt from her Mistress's Arms, run strait to me, barking, and never stopt at all 'till she had bit me by the Leg; I turn'd towards her in a very disdainful Manner; I durst not touch her; tho', contenting to say to myself, If I had you in the Street, little villainous Animal, I should shew you but little Favour, there I would make mince Meat of you with one Stroak of my Teeth: That made me call to mind then, that those that are in Favour, are commonly insolent; tho', very often, they have no more Merit than to have

have pleas'd some Prince, or some great Man; that is to say, to those, who commonly raise, not always to great Employments and high Dignities, those who are most worthy; all is known in Courts by Caprice; Virtue has not always the Preference; and thence it comes, without Doubt, that a Favourite is seldom pity'd, when he comes to fall into Disgrace. I could push this Reflection further, the Matter is fair and fertile; but 'tis Time to conclude; for, in short, thou see'st 'tis Day all abroad.

Scip. 'Tis true, let us break then our Discourse 'till the next Night, I will tell thee my Adventures. As soon as the *Licentiat* had made an End of reading this Discourse, he awak'd *Campucano*, who was still asleep. Altho' this Dialogue be feign'd (he began to say) I have taken an extream Pleasure in reading it; I admire the Invention and the Artifice, and am perswaded, that *Scipio* has not less Wit than *Berganca*, and that he will tell us Things as util and agreeable. I am willing to satisfy you (answer'd *Campucano*, to this Effect) I will endeavour to remit in my Memory the second Discourse of the Dogs of *Mabudez*, and I will give it you in Writing.



have placed some virtue, or some great merit; that is to say, to those who commonly call, not always to great Employments and high Dignities, those who are most worthy; all is known in Courts by Caprice; Virtue has not always the Preference; and hence it comes, without Doubt, that a favourite is seldom given; when he comes to fall in to Disgrace, I could give his Relation better; the Matter is fair and simple; but as time to come, for in short, that is the Day all around.

So, the truest we create then our Disgrace, till the next Night, I will tell thee my Adventures.

As soon as the Adventure had made an end of reading this Disgrace, the Disgrace is laid (he says to say) I have taken an extreme Pleasure in reading it; I admire the invention and the Author, and am surprised, that Sophie has not let me than otherwise, and that she will tell us all things as we are agreeable. I am willing to satisfy you (said the Countess) as to this (he said) I will endeavour to return in my Memory the Good and Ills of the Days of Alabaster, and I will give you my thing.





NOVEL III.

THE Deceitful Marriage.

*Dans cette maison tout va mechant,
La ou la poule plus haut que le cocq; chant.*

Within that House nothing is seen but Woe,
Where the Hen lower than the Cock does crow.



HERE is, as every one knows, at *Valledolid*, an Hospital, without the Field-Gate, call'd, *The Hospital of the Resurrection*: One Day a Soldier was seen to come out of this House, who by the Paleness of his Face, and the Weakness of his

Legs, oblig'd him to lean upon his Sword, shew'd clearly to all those that cast their Eyes upon him, that altho' the Season was not very hot, he had sweat more than once during the Season; he stagger'd at every Step, like a Man newly recover'd of a great Malady; he could not in a Wind stand upon his Feet, he was so much extenuated and disabled.

He was hardly come to the Gate of the City, but he saw come towards him a *Licentiat*, one of his Friends, call'd *Peralta*, that had not seen him in six Months, and more; this Friend, who hardly knew him, drawing towards him, began to say, (with an Exclamation, as if he had seen a Ghost) What is that which is here, my dear *Campucano*? Is it possible that you are in this Country? I thought you had been in *Flanders* in good Health, and I see you here, pale and disfigur'd, like a Corpse. Yes; I am here (said *Campucano* to *Peralta*) and I am here for my Sins: All that I can say to you is, that I came out of this Hospital, where I have been a very long Time, to cure me of a Malady, that a Woman I marry'd, a few Months since, took the Pains to communicate to me. You are marry'd then (reply'd *Peralta*) I am but too much (said *Campucano*) 'Tis from thence has proceeded all my Misery I have suffer'd, and do still suffer: I cannot represent to you (said he, with a mournful Air) the Torments I have been forc'd to go thro', and the hideous Melancholy my sad and cruel Destiny has cast me into; but pardon me, my dear *Peralta*, if I cannot talk with you any longer in the Street, some other Day, I may more commodiously relate you my Adventures,
that

that are the most singular, and the strangest you ever heard in your Life. I shall not stay for that (said the *Licentiat*) let us go, if you please, to my House, that we may eat a Bit together; I will advertise you before Hand, I will make no Stranger of you, for you are accusom'd to do Pennance; however, we will hasten Dinner, a Pye shall be all, with some other little Thing; the best Dish we have is what I shall give you; I shall give it you with a good Will; refuse me not, I beseech you. *Campucano* thank'd him, and accepted the Offer. They went to St. *Lawrence* to say their Prayers, and from thence to *Peralta's* House, who treated him as he promis'd, he shew'd a thousand and a thousand Kindnesses; he offer'd him his Purse, and after Dinner, he pray'd him to begin his Story. *Campucano*, without much Entreaty, began in these Terms:

You do remember, without Doubt, *Peralta*, that I was an intimate Friend in this Town of Captain *Pedro de Herrera*, who serv'd some Time in *Flanders*. I remember it (answer'd *Peralta*.) One Day (*Campucano* went on) as soon as we had din'd in the House we lodg'd in, we saw two Women come in well dress'd, with two Maids that attended them; one of these Women began to talk with the Captain, leaning both against a Window, and the other sat upon a Chair near me; her Face was so cover'd, it was impossible for me to see her; I desir'd her instantly to discover herself, but could not obtain the Favour: I own, that inflam'd my Desire; for we never desire anything so much as what is forbidden us; 'tis the Fault of all Countries, and all Ages, and is as old as the World: That
which

which augmented my Curiosity, was either by Chance or premeditated Design; she let me see a very white Hand, that shin'd with beautiful Rings: In those Days I went well dress'd; I had a Suit that was magnific, a very fine Feather, and this great Chain, you may have seen me wear; I thought myself handsom and well shap'd; and, I imagin'd I should make all the Women die for Love; fill'd with a very good Opinion of myself, I press'd her to let me see her; but my Instances were inutil. Press me no more, for that (she told me, with a very honest Tone) I have an House, make one of your Servants follow me, and then make me a Visit; I will do myself the Honour to receive you; and when we know one another a little better than we do now, you will see then on your Side, if you can accommodate your self with me; and I on mine, if your Qualities and your Virtue correspond with your good Mien. I remerciated her for a Grace, to which I durst not pretend; and I made her a thousand Protestations; to which, she answer'd in very good Terms, and in the most obliging Manner in the World. At last, these Women withdrew, and I made a Servant follow 'em. *Pedro de Herrera* told me, as soon as they were gone, that the Lady with whom he discours'd, came to desire him to convey a Letter to *Flanders*, to an Officer, a Kinsman of his; but for the other, he knew her not. I soon perceiv'd there was some Mystery in it; be that as it will, I fell in Love with this Stranger, that came to invite me to her House; the Tone of her Voice, her Expressions, her Behaviour, her Shape, her Hand, it all enchanted me; and I sigh'd after the happy Moment to be

per-

permitted to see her, and to talk with her alone; that Moment was not long in coming; the next Morning I was shew'd to her House, by the Man that follow'd her; I was receiv'd with a thousand Tokens of Affection, and in the Manner I wish'd for; I found an House well furnish'd, and a Woman about thirty Years old, whom I knew not only by her Voice and her Hand, but by her Cloaths; for she was dress'd in the same Manner as she was the Day before; she was not extreamly handsom; but enough to make one love her; she talk'd well, and with a good Grace; more Attractions could not be seen; never an handsomer Out-side. She presently ask'd me a thousand Questions, and I had a long Discourse with her; she forgot not to know of me, tho' in an indiscreet Manner, wherein my Estate consisted. I told her a great deal more than I had. I promis'd her Mountains of Gold; I was full of Protestations and Promises; for I would not let any Occasion slip to make myself happy all my Life long. As she was sharper than I took her to be, she let me understand, with a modest Air, that the Language I us'd to her mov'd her not in any wise; and that she advis'd me to address myself to a Person of less Experience than her. All this was nothing but pure Hypocrisy. In the mean Time, I was mad in my Mind, to think she acted very sincerely; and that she imagin'd I was too great a Man for her, to dare to aspire to me. I was upon these Terms with her during four Days; her House was always open to me; I found her always alone with her Maids, employ'd in some little Plain-works; and I could not see, in any of my Visits, any thing to give me

me the least Suspicion, with respect to her Conduct; I perceiv'd nothing in her that look'd not like an happy Education; the more I saw her, in a Word, the more I was enchanted with her Person, and with the Manner she talk'd and behav'd herself with me; but the Affair upon that Foot, agreed not with my Impatience, I must withdraw. I told her, at four Days End I must begon, and follow your good Council, charming *Estefania* (for that was her Name) or I must instantly know, if I have any Room in your Heart; and if I can flatter myself to enjoy it at last. I speak somewhat frankly to you (said I, asking her Pardon) but 'tis what I am impatient to know, whether I am to be the most happy, or the most unhappy of all Men?

The politic *Estefania* (who was well pleas'd, I assure myself, to see herself importun'd) feign'd, however, to be surpriz'd at what I had said to her; she began to blush, and seem'd troubl'd a little while, as if she knew not what to answer me; she spoke, however, of a Suddain. Since you would have me explain myself (she said to me) I am very willing to do it; and I shall speak to you naturally, as I know you have no Design to cheat me; neither shall I cheat you, as you may judge, by my Simplicity, and my Freedom: If I should tell you I am a Saint, I should lye (said she, with a down Look) I have had Gallantries, and have still; but they are Gallantries that never, hitherto, did me any Injury; so that I may go any where with a bold Face: There's nothing in this World but the Manner of doing Things to get a bad Reputation: As to the rest, Persons of our Sex, are all alike; but

but some are more prudent than others, there's all the Difference.

After this Prospect I have made you, that you may not blame yourself, nor me: I must tell you, I have inherited nothing, from Father nor Mother, nor any Kindred, and yet I have in my House to the Value of three or four thousand Crowns; you shall see the Furniture is good and well chosen, on which one may borrow to-Night, or to-Morrow; what Money one pleases, without any Need of selling of it. With this little that I have (said *Estefania*) I look for an Husband, whom I would obey and please; I would entirely renounce all the Pleasures in the World, to make a Spouse my only Pleasure; I would be entirely his to love him, for Duty and for Virtue, and forget nothing to make him as happy as I hope to be happy; for I flatter myself, that Heaven, that knows my good Intentions, will allot me a Man virtuous and reasonable. As fine as you see me, I can put a Hand to Work; and I do always what is necessary; my Maids are not always in the Kitchen, I am Cook very often myself, and I can say, I understand it. This Linnen (said she, shewing me some Smocks, Handkerchiefs, Table Cloths, Commodes, and such other Things) are spun with my own Fingers; there are very few Works but I know 'em, and take Delight in; but my best Quality is, that I am neither giddy nor contradicting; that I never chide my Domesticks; and that where I love, I love tenderly. I find (said she, with an agreeable Air) that I shall love a Husband a little too much; but be that as it will (said she, presently) I will have one; for in short, 'tis but reasonable to have a

Mate; one cannot be a Maid all ones Life long. You know the little Raileries to which we are expos'd, when we come to attain a certain Age; I am weary of Lovers; I am for a Husband; and if, after all I have said to you, we can't agree, it shall be your Fault if we do not; for I will have no Intermedler. You find me to your Mind, you have told me several Times on your Side; I find nothing in you but what pleases me; let us do it between ourselves without Intermedlers.

I own, *Peralta* (said *Camputano* then, with a Sigh) I own I suffer'd myself to be blinded with the Discourse of this Enchantress, as imprudent, as I thought myself wise; I fell into the Net she had laid for me; charm'd with all the Words of her pronouncing, and ~~thinking~~ already all these rich and magnific ~~Movables~~ had been Money, and that were worth more than talk'd of, I fell at her Knees, without making the least Reflection, and taking her Hands into mine, kissing them a thousand and a thousand Times, I said to her, transported with Joy, The Spouse you look for you have found, fair *Esfefania*; and I bless my Destiny, that 'till now, it never made see what I ought to have, so great an Honour; for, as to be belov'd by you, and please you (I told her further) that besides the Chain I wore, and some other Jewels, I had a good three thousand Ducats; that this Money, join'd to what she had, would make a Sum more than sufficient, to retire into a little Borough, whereof I was a Native, and where I had still some little Estate; that there she might disengage herself from the Multitude of her Acquaintance, and myself, from the Trade of War; because Merit was not
always

always rewarded; and that she and I, could not make a more sweet, and a more honourable Retreat; that we should have nothing to do but to love one another; that for my Part, I was resolv'd to love and adore her to the Grave. *Estefania* acquiesc'd in all; and from that Moment forward, we thought no more but of concluding our Marriage: It was an Affair quickly expediated; the Parties being agreed, as you have heard, we caus'd our Banns to be publish'd; no body forbid 'em; these Ceremonies being over, we were marry'd, two of my Friends were at the Wedding, and on my new Spouse's Side, one of her Kindred, or calling himself such. I can say, I never tasted so great Pleasures as those: I presently did taste; but I perceiv'd not there are no Pures in the World; and that this Woman under a false Out-side, that had fascinated my Mind, prepar'd Bitternesses, that have reduc'd me to the sad Condition you see me in at present. My Servant had Orders to carry all that I had to *Estefania's* House; that was soon executed, in her Presence. I lock'd up in a Trunk my magnific Chain; I shew'd her three or four others, that truly did not seem so rich, but were of exquisite Workmanship; I shew'd her three or four fine Hatbands of different sorts, my Plume of Feathers, my Cloaths, all my Equipage; and I put into her Hands seven or eight hundred Rials, which frankly was all that I had. I eat seven or eight Days the Wedding-Bread, without Tryal of the least Disagreement; I walk'd upon *Turky* Carpets; I lay in *Holland* Sheets; I was lighted with nothing but Flambeaus of Silver; I Breakfasted in Bed; I arose at eleven o'Clock; I din'd at twelve; I slept

every Afternoon : The Time that *Estefania* was not with me she was in the Kitchen, employ'd in making Sauces and Ragous, and all sorts of Pastry; I never made better Cheer; my Shirts, my Neck-cloaths, and my Handkerchiefs offended the Sight; I smelt nothing but of Iris and Orange water; 'Twas good Times, as you see; but these Days pass'd upon Wing, the same that Years pass, that are under the Jurisdiction of Time; and my Destiny was as different of that I reckon'd upon. One Day, near nine o'Clock, when we were yet in Bed, (for, as I told you before) we slept all the Morning, we heard some loud Stroaks at the Door, one of the Maids went down, and coming presently into the Chamber, she began to say, she came to surprize us agreeably, and the more, that she had not mark'd in the last Letter she had writ; but, however, she is welcome. Of whom do you talk? (said I then) To the Maid I speak (she answer'd me) of *Donna Clementia Bueso*, my Mistress, just now come, and who brings good Company; for she has with her *Don Lope Mendez de Almandarez Hortigosa*, and three or four Footmen. Let us arise my Friend. (said *Estefania* then) that this great Visit affrighten you not. I have, my Dear, a Favour to ask of you; 'tis, that you will be surpriz'd at nothing, whatever you see done; and that you will not reply one Word, to whatsoever is said to me, and what can be said that may offend you, or who may disturb you. I reply'd, Does any body come to insult us, which I can hardly believe? But tell me, *Estefania*, what sort of People are there? You seem to me to be troubled and in Disorder. I have not Time to answer your Question (she

(she said to me) All that I have to say to you at present is, that all that you will see done is but a Fiction; we are going to play a Game that will divert you; I can tell you no more except the Event.

In the Time I was about to reply, *Donna* came into the Chamber, dress'd like a veritable Queen; her Gown was of flower'd Sartin, trimm'd with Silver Lace, and some Embroidery of Silver and Silk; she had, after the Fashion of the Country, a great Scarf, of the same Stuff, and an Hat garnish'd with Feathers, Carnation and white, whereon shin'd a rich Cross of Diamonds; her Face was cover'd with a Vail of Gawze; but one might see, however, 'twas a Person well shap'd, and carry'd it with great Majesty; she was led by *Don Lope Mendez*, who was a Gentleman of a good Appearance, whose Cloaths were of the utmost Magnificence.

Hortigosa, who spoke first, was a Servant-maid, as was not difficult to conceive. What is that which I see? (she cry'd out with great Exclamation) I see, my Lady's Bed possess'd, and I even see it possess'd by a Man! I know not whether I am asleep or awake! I can hardly believe what I see with my Eyes! Never was any thing more singular. Truly, (said the Maid, with an Air concern'd) *Esfefania* is terribly emancipated. I am in Amaze (she said in the same Tone) she has found out a Way to enjoy herself, at the Charge of my Lady's Bed; she has known how to make use of her Absence, to spend the Night in a Friend's Arms. This is beyond Railery; thou art in the Right, *Hortigosa* (said the Lady) I am no less surpriz'd than thou,
at

at *Estefania's* Management. 'Tis so pleasant an Adventure, to find a Man in my Bed, that as irritated as I saw, I cannot forbear laughing; but I have no less Wrong than *Estefania* (said she, putting on a serious Look) to have left her Mistress of my House. I will endeavour, another Time, to know People better. Be not angry, Madam (she said to her) I humbly beseech you; what you see is a Mystery, with nothing of Criminal in it; I will undeceive you, the Moment you will hearken to me; and, I am perswaded, that far from blaming my Conduct, you will give me your Approbation.

Whilst this Scene pass'd, I had taken hold of my Cloaths, and tho' I could say, my Wife, which was but a Comedy, I was a Spectator, as you may well comprehend, that made there a very bad Figure. I could not imagine what to think of so singular an Adventure. In the Time that I was taken up with a thousand Imaginations, all different, *Estefania* came to take me, she led me by the Hand into another Chamber, where she told me, that this Lady was one of her good Friends; that her Design was to cheat *Don Lope*, with whom she desir'd to marry; and that the Superchery, she pretended to make use of, was to make him believe, that our House, and all our Moveables, were hers.

Will you tell me (said *Estefania*) that *Donna Clementia* plays so bad a Game, and so terribly expose herself? You deceive yourself, my dear Spouse (said she) *Donna Clementia* has so much Beauty, and *Don Lope* loves her so vehemently, that he will only laugh at this little Cheat, as soon as 'tis discover'd. Perhaps, he knows very well what it is,

and

and seems not to know it. Be that as it will, the Moment they are marry'd, she will restore me my House; and I thought myself oblig'd, as a Friend, to do her this little Service. What we do, she and I, is irregular, I confess; but to catch such a Spark, as is *Don Lope*, I believe no body will blame us, to have us'd this Contrivance. Men know how to cheat us sometimes, we have every Day Examples of. Why should not we cheat them too, when Occasion presents? In the mean Time, sleep in Repose; all the Hurt that can come of this, that we shall have a Present, that will indemnify us for the Complaisance we have shew'd, to have yielded our House for some Days, to a Person, for whom you will have as much Amity as I, the first Moment you shall come to know him. I shall believe all that you please (I answer'd) but that which I have to say to you is, that 'tis to push Complaisance too far, to use it the Manner that you do. I pray God some Mischief may not come of it. Ah! Mischief! Think not of it (said *Estifania* to me, embracing me) in eight Days Time the Marriage will be concluded and consummated. *Don Lope* will laugh when I tell him the Artifice; he will carry his Spouse to one of his Estates, and we will re-enter our House, very content, to have render'd so good a Service to a Friend, for whom I would sacrifice all that I have in the World; and he would do the same by me, if he thought it would do me the least Pleasure. The Side that we have to take, for seven or eight Days, is to lodge at another, of one of my Friends. I believe you will not find it amiss. No, *Estifania* (said I to her) I will go whither you would have me. In the mean Time,

Time, shall I venture to tell you my Thought? Ah! my Dear, never distrust me (she answer'd, interrupting me) Do you believe I should be so imprudent, or rather, that I were so senseless, to do what I do now, if there were the least Risk to run? Should I be so much my own Enemy? There is more here to get than to loose, seven or eight Days, will convince you.

After these Purposes, and some others of this Nature, it were inutil to entertain you with, *Estefania* took Leave of *Donna Clementia*, and *Don Lope*, I said then to my Servant, go take the Trunk, where my Cloaths and my Linnen is, and follow her. I follow'd her myself, without taking Leave of any body; for to tell you, the Things as they were, I knew not very well what I did. You would, I am sure, have been so much encomber'd as I, on the like Occasion. *Estefania* stop'd at the House of one of her Friends, with whom she talk'd a long Time. I began to be uneasy, when I saw come out a sort of a Maid-servant, that made us go in, I and my Man; we were conducted into a very narrow Chamber, wherein were two Beds, very near one another, that there seem'd to be but one, because, in Effect, there was no Space to seperate them, so that the Cloaths touch'd one another. We stay'd there six Days, during which Time, I was in a wonderful Trouble. This Tenderness, that we had sworn to one another, to preserve inviolably, 'till Death, began to cool; we quarrell'd upon the least Occasion in the World; and all this, because I reproach'd her very roundly, as soon as I saw myself lodg'd in a Hole, to play the Wag with me, or that she had neither Wit
nor

nor Understanding to have left her House, and all her Goods to Strangers, that perhaps, might never be in the Mind to restore 'em. This Reproach that I made her, in a Manner very dry, offended her, or at least, she seem'd to be offended; and from that Time forward, we said a thousand biting Things to one another. To dissipate my ill Humour, which I could by no Means surmount, when I cast my Eye upon my Appartment, I went out and took a Walk about the Town; but as soon as I went in again into my Dog-hole, my ill Humour retook me again, and I past it upon *Estefania*, my Tale running always, that she had done a Foolery she would repent of at Leisure. I consider'd not amiss with Regard to myself.

Estefania kept House; but one Day that she had a Mind to go out, to go see (as she told me) what pass'd in this Lady *Clementia's* House, who was to make us so great a Present, I heard some Things very mortifying. The Woman where we lodg'd, would needs know of me, what was the Reason that oblig'd me to speak so often against *Estefania*; and what was it she could have done to reproach her so often as I did, as if she had committed the most notorious Folly. I told her all, from Point to Point. She shrug'd up her Shoulders, and made Exclamations, that made me look about me; she explain'd herself no further. I desir'd her to tell me, whence it came. She seem'd so surpriz'd at what I had told her; I dare not tell you (she answer'd me, shrugging up her Shoulders again, and saying something between her Teeth I understood not) Speak (said I to her) I beseech you, and leave me no longer in Suspence. I will (said she, a lit-

le after) and I ought to discharge my Conscience, come what will on't. 'Tis Charity (said she to me) to leave you no longer in Ignorance, that is fatal to you. You have been cheated, and never Man, perhaps, so much as you are. You thought to have marry'd a rich Woman; but you are much out in your Account; *Donna Clementia Busso* is the veritable Mistress of the House, where you espous'd *Estefania*; and all this wicked Woman has told you is a mere Falsity; she has neither House nor Goods; she has no other Cloaths but what she has upon her Back. *Donna Clementia* has certainly some Love for *Estefania*; this Lady was obliged some Time ago to take a small Journey, she left her with one of her Maids in her House, to take care of it in her Absence; *Estefania* made use of the Occasion; she made you believe, that the rich Moveables you have seen, belong'd to her; you believ'd it; you marry'd her; there you are paid for your Imprudence. I own, however, all Things consider'd, that *Estefania* is excusable in some sort, to have us'd such a Stratagem, to gain a Spouse of your Distinction, and your Merit, and you ought to pardon her; Men are so fierce now-a-days, that strong Nets must be laid to take 'em; since you are catch'd, bear your Misfortune with Patience; Marriages are made in Heaven, before they are made upon Earth; this was to be your Spouse; accuse not your Misfortune, because 'tis nothing but your Destiny.

But this Moral, as good as I thought it, agreed not with me; however, I enter'd into a sort of a Rage with myself, I was in Despair, to see that I had been bubbled in so cruel a Manner; I came
out

out with a thousand indiscreet Words; I condemn'd myself a thousand Times to live no longer; and with my own Hands I had kill'd myself, if a little Reason and the Fryars had not come to my Relief; however, irritated with Choler, I took my Sword and my Cloak, and went out, resolv'd to revenge myself on *Estefania*, if I happen'd to meet her; I look'd for her a long Time; happily for her, and, perhaps, for myself too, that I found her not; I went to *St. Lawrence*, I recommended myself to all the Saints, but was nevertheless unquiet; I went to *Donna Clementia's* House, I found her very tranquil, and to whom I durst say nothing of my Misfortunes; I was so much troubled, and besides myself, I return'd to my Apartment; the Woman, in whose House we lodg'd, and whom I had made acquainted with my Unhappiness, said a thousand Things to me, to endeavour to pacify me a little; but my Mind was in such Disorder, I would hearken to nothing with Reason. She said to me at last, that *Estefania* knew that her Treachery was discover'd, and that she had Charitably advertis'd her, that I was gone out in a Rage, in Hopes to meet her, and do her some Mischief, and that *Estefania*, affrighted, was gone out with some Goods; I run thereupon to my Trunk, and found all carry'd away, but one Suit of Cloaths for the Country.

These are terrible Misfortunes one after another (said *Peralta* then.) What *Campucano* (said he) you have lost then all your Chains and Golden Harbands? Yes; I have lost them (answer'd *Campucano*) but this Loss does not trouble me much, 'tis the least of my Vexations; for I can say, what a Man said, that had marry'd a Wife somewhat

thick Shoulder'd: My Father-in-law pretends to have cheated me, in giving me his Daughter, that is crump-back'd, and 'tis I that have cheated him; I am crump-back'd too myself. I do not know what you mean by saying this (said the *Licentiat*.) 'Tis answer'd, *Peralta*, that all this Shew of Chains, Hatbands, and other Baubles, certainly, are not worth ten Crowns. You are in Jest (reply'd *Peralta*) the Chains only, you wore about your Neck, weigh'd, I'm sure, above two hundred Ducats. It would have weigh'd so much I own it (answer'd *Campucano*) if Truth had answer'd Appearance; but as all is not Gold that glisters, these Chains, these Hatbands, and these other Jewels, were but Alchemy and Copper gilt; but it was a Workmanship, and a Guilding, wrought with so much Art, that the most Skillful would have been deceiv'd; in Effect, they were thorow Proof, except the Fire.

In this Manner (said *Peralta*) you cheated one another, and now you are to begin again. We are indeed (answer'd *Campucano*) we have no more to do but shuffle the Cards; but that which troubles me most is, that *Eslefania* may put off these false Jewels, instead of my putting her off; for in short, she is my Wife, and there's no unmarrying again. Give God Thanks (said the *Licentiat*) that she is fled from you; you are not oblig'd to run after her. We are agreed (said *Campucano*) in the mean Time, I find her always in my Imagination, altho' I seek her not, and my Shame is always present. What can you do to that? (said *Peralta*) your Evil is an Evil without Remedy; and I have nothing to say to you upon that, only remember these two Verses of *Petrarch*, where he says, in a Man-

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The Deceitful Marriage. 189

ner so nocturnal, and so veritable, that he that takes Pleasure to cheat, should not complain when he is cheated.

*Ohe chi prende diletto di far' frode,
Non se de lamentar si altrò l' in gana.*

Who takes Delight in cheating others,
Must not complain of cheating Brothers.

I understand you, *Peralta* (said *Campucano*) you mean, I have been beaten with my own Weapons; I know it; and in the same Time that I have Wrong, the best Policy, without Doubt, would be, to have none, and walk always strait, but you know, that is not the Way of the World.

I have done, *Peralta* (said *Campucano*) for, I imagin that my History has tir'd you. I knew that this Kinsman of *Estefania*, that was at our Wedding, was gone home; he was as much her Kinsman as he is yours. I have understood since he was one of her Gallants; be that as it will, I never troubled myself to look after him; for, besides, after I was a little come to myself, I began to consider he was beneath my Revenge, and was best to let it all alone, and not expose myself, to make a Noise, and make myself a publick Jest. I left the House where she was retir'd with me, when *Donna Clementia* came, for fear she might find me out; but I was much surpriz'd a few Days after, when I perceiv'd my Hair fell off, and that I could hardly comb myself; I was desolated, to loose by little and little, my Head of Hair, that was very fair. This was not all, I found myself, all on a suddain,
with-

without the Lashes of my Eyes, and without Eyebrows, and at the same Time, without one Hair upon my poor Head: You know the Name of the Malady that makes such terrible Ravages; I shall not explain myself any further. I was veritably what they call a poor Peel-garlic; for, I saw myself without a Beard to shave, and without Money to spend. My Malady augmented considerably, because I saw myself out of Condition presently to provide Remedies; and as I grew worse and worse, every Day, and that these sort of Evils, when they are inveterated, are incurable, I thought it best to go into the Hospital of the Resurrection, where the Physicians and Surgeons told me, if I had a Mind to be cur'd, I must set up a Resolution to Sweat; which is what I did. That is to say, that during forty Days, I suffer'd Martyrdom. They assur'd me, I had nothing more to fear, and that I should be very well again, if I took Care of myself. I am willing to believe I have my Sword, and that's all but Providence, who, as a good Mother, will have Pity on me.

Peralta offer'd him his Purse again, telling him, all was surprizing in his History. You are surpriz'd at a little Matter (reply'd *Campusano*) what I have to relate to you further will surprize you a great deal more. What has happen'd to me, has happen'd a thousand Times; but what remains to tell you never yet happen'd; 'tis a veritable Miracle, a thing supernatural, and that surpasses Imagination. I have suffer'd horrible Torments; for, be you perswaded, *Peralta*, one cannot suffer more, than those do who pass thro' this Remedy, by which I have been obliged to pass; but I account my

Suf-

Sufferings as nothing, since they have procur'd me a Sight of a Prodigy, that, hitherto, never had the like, and, perhaps, never will. I see already that you take it for a Vision; but my Eyes and my Ears have not deceiv'd me. In the mean Time, I shall not be surpriz'd, when I find you incredulous. So many Preambles are inutil (said the *Licentiat*, who grew impatient) let us know this Prodigy; but 'tis not said of you what is said of the Mountain, that was big with Child, and brought forth nothing but a Mouse. Fear nothing upon that (reply'd *Campucano*) you never yet heard any thing more surprizing in all your Life. You have seen two Dogs (said he to him) that follow'd the Fryars of the Hospital, when they go their Rounds about the Town; these Dogs carry each a Lantern, when these Rounders are oblig'd to walk by Night. If they throw sometimes Alms out of the Windows, 'tis these Dogs that pick it up; and they know very well how to stop in all the Places, where they accusom'd to give any thing. You see 'em as mild as Lambs when they are in the Streets, and are, however, in the Hospital as Lions, when they hear at Night the least Noise in the Street. There was never seen Guardians more vigilant, nor more faithful. I know all that (said the *Licentiat*, who expected some other thing) that is no great Marvel. This is not what I have to say to you (reply'd *Campucano*) have a little Patience, and you will see I shall relate, however, nothing but what is veritable. One Night that all the House was bury'd in Sleep, and no body awake but myself, I heard some body talk on the bad Matters that were behind my Bed. At first, I made but
little

little Account of it, for, as I was not very well, I thought my Ears deceiv'd me; in the mean Time, being well convinc'd that I heard two different Voices, I rais'd myself up a little upon my Bed, when I perceiv'd it was two Dogs, that talk'd together. Ah! for the Tale you tell us, *Campucano* (said the *Licentiat*, rising up from the Chair, with a great Fit of laughing) till now I veritably thought you had talk'd seriously, telling the Story of your Marriage; but now I see you have a Mind to be merry; to others, my dear Friend, *Campucano*, but not to Pilgrims of St. *James*; one may talk of Cockle-Shells; you say a little too much to be believ'd; I thank you, however, for your Romance; but remerciate me too in your Turn, of what I have complain'd, when you have related your feign'd Adventures.

I said well, *Peralta* (answer'd *Campucano*, very seriously) I said well, I would divert you; be, however, convinc'd, *Scipio* and *Berganca*, those are the Dogs Names, that had a long Discourse together. I know very well, that Animals, naturally, cannot discourse; but they may by Miracle. Magpies and Parrats speak; but they only articulate certain Words that are taught them, and that they machinally pronounce, without understanding them; but these two Dogs not only speak, but they understand very well what they said; they made Answers very just. I own, that at first, I took it for a Dream; but examing myself very well, and a long Time too, I saw I was not asleep. That which sufficiently convinc'd me, that I was awake (said he) and that I certainly heard *Scipio* and *Berganca* speak is, that the Things they said

were

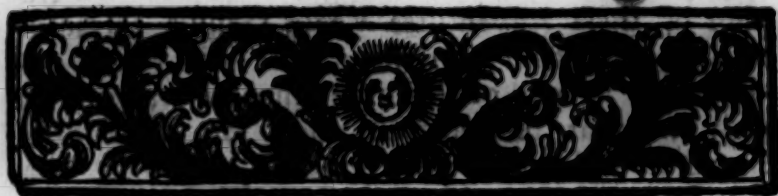
were very fine, and profound, 'above my Capacity to have imagin'd 'em; for 'tis not permitted every one to go to *Corinth*. By my Life and Soul, we are come back to the Times when Goldfinches spoke; you may believe what you think fit (said *Campucano*) but be it whether I am deceiv'd, or be it a Fiction, would you not be willing I should give you in Writing the Conversation of these two Dogs? Provided (reply'd the *Licentiat*) you will not go about to persuade me, that Animals, void of Reason, can argue: I will very willingly hearken to their pretended Arguments, that I take beforehand for good and solid, because I believe it of your making. I will leave you to believe what you please (said *Campucano*) but before all Things, I will tell you, that *Scipio* and *Bergançã* discours'd two whole Nights, conscentive; the first Night *Bergançã* made his History, and *Scipio* his the Night following. I have only writ the Life of *Bergançã*; and I can put on Paper that of his Companion, if you have the least Desire; for they are Things that have made so great an Impression on my Mind, that I shall never forget 'em. Read (said he, presenting him a Treatise, roll'd up in his Pocket) I will repose a little, during the Time you will employ in this Lecture. *Peralta* took the Writing, smiling, and casting his Eyes presently upon it, saw 'twas a Dialogue under this Title:

*Dagli amici mi guardi Iddio,
Dagli nemici mi guardero io.*

God keep me from my Friends say I,
My Care shall be to watch the Enemy.

Bb

NOVEL



NOVEL IV.

QUIXAIRE, Princess of the *Moluccoes*.

Escoje he muger el sabado y no el domingo.

Choose thou thy Wife on Saturday,
And not on Sunday when she's gay.

TO ALCIDIANA.



A M not at all deceiv'd, *Alcidiana*; you are diverted with the Adventures of *Theodofia*, and of *Leodicia*, you have several Times made me sensible, and I see you since that Time, well pleas'd with the

Spanish Nation, you have Reason to be : the Author of these Adventures was a Genius extraordinary in this kind of writing ; he was yet so modest, that he was of Opinion, that he was not the only one that succeeded in these sort of Works ; he admir'd that they were not done, and took Pleasure in translating them. Here is one of these Novels he had a Mind to put in its proper Language ; he took it out of the Memoirs of the *Indies*. You will read it with Pleasure, I assure myself ; 'tis a Traduction next to his own. I will warrant you exact ; but in the mean Time, I own to you, that it was not possible for me to preserve all its Beauties.

The HISTORY of RUY DIAS, a *Spaniard*, and QUIXAIRE, Princess of the *Moluccoes*.

HOSE that attribute to love the bad Actions of some mean Souls, who became Slaves to this Passion, seem to me to be less reasonable than the Nurse of *Medea*, who instead of accusing the Perfidy of *Jason* and his Inconstancy, complain'd of the Mountain in *Grace*, that had produc'd Trees, they made use of to build the famous Ship that first dar'd to cleave the Bosom of the Ocean, and commit it to the Infidelity of the Waves. Superior Causes act according to the Disposition of their Subjects. The Sun by the same Vigour, is one of the Causes of Man's Birth, the noblest of all the Creatures ; and is, at the same Time, of the Production of Insects, who are the Shame

Shame of Nature, as I may say. All comes from the Disposition of Subjects. There are none but those, whose Prejudice blinds 'em, or that will not make use of the Light of their Reason, that can dissent or question it. Love never produces bad Effects but by Accident; and since this Passion is like others, that are seldom entirely pure, of which one may be convinc'd, by so little Attention as may be made to the Circumstances of this History.

These five Isles, situated under the *Equinoctial*, that our Modern Historians have call'd *Moluccoes*, are not so barbarous as are imagin'd; the Worship they give false Divinities, brought this Name upon 'em; but that does not hinder their Production of illustrious Persons, whose heroic Actions acquire 'em no less Glory, than that to be the only Country in the World where this admirable Bird is hatch'd, who, for never touching the Earth, and by living and dying in the Air, deserves the Name of the Bird of *Paradise*.

The two principal Kings of these Isles are, the King of *Tidor*, and the King of *Ternate*. The Fable that sets forth, that the Children of *Leda* were born of an Egg, that *Jupiter* made transform'd into a Swan; this Fable, I say, that was formerly receiv'd in *Grace*, not only as veritable History, but as a Thing sacred, has reach'd the *Moluccoes*; they account it an Holy Thing; whereof, 'tis criminal to doubt, that their Kings are issued from Eggs, that were found upon a Fiery Mountain, that is in these Isles, somewhat like our Mount *Aetna*. One of their Kings, whose bright Actions gave Credit to this Tale, has so imprinted this Belief

lief in the Minds of the People that inhabit these
 Isles, that they believe, that these Kings are of the
 Race of Gods; and that they ought to be always
 ready to lavish their Blood and their Life, for the
 Service of their Sovereigns, unless they will irritate
 the celestial Puissances. These two Isles are separ-
 ated only by a little Channel. The Neighbourhood
 soon stir'd up Dissentions between the two Kings,
 and, at last, Wars, that have been almost immor-
 tal, because these Princes fight not as we do; in
 forming great Armies; in being Masters of the Field;
 and, in besieging Towns; by this Means, to put a
 Bridle on People, subdugated. Their Manner of
 making War, is to place little Ambuscades, where
 the Weakest have no Difficulty to avoid Peril by
 Flight, which is not shameful among them, pro-
 vided it be repair'd by some Action of Distinction
 and glorious. The Kings of *Tidor* and *Tenate*,
 were so animated one against the other, that they
 left their implacable Hatred for an Heritage to
 their Children; and this hereditary Hatred lasted
 'till the Arrival of the *Portugeze*, who no sooner
 appear'd upon their Coast but they presently made
 Conquests; so that the two Kings form'd a Design
 to attack them to 'em, to make themselves the
 more formidable; he of *Tidor* was the most dili-
 gent; he sent Embassadors to the *Portuguze*; he
 receiv'd them in his Country; he permitted them
 to build Fortresses, and become Masters of his Ports.
 He of *Ternate*, who was in Despair to see him-
 self prevented, made an Offer of greater Advan-
 tages: But they soon perceiv'd, both the one and
 the other, the Fault they had done, to have intro-
 duc'd amongst 'em People, who presently thought
 of

of establishing a tyranic Domination; they made up then, their particular Quarrels, and leagu'd themselves at last, against their common Enemy. *Sul-lam Bahu*, King of *Ternate*, was the Author of this League, and he, who animated all the Islanders to the Defence of their Country.

After the Death of *Bahu*, *Zaide*, who succeeded him, invited the King of *Tidor* to his Coronation, under Pretence of continuing their Alliance. This Prince came under the publick Faith; but *Zaide* caus'd him to be cruelly assassinated, and all those that came with him, to preserve the Amity of the *Chinese*, who began to be distrust'd by him. After this base Action, he fell upon the Lands of *Tidor*: But the Brother of the King, who had so tragical an End, having been succour'd by the *Portuguese*, repuls'd him vigorously, and preserv'd, to his Brothers Children a Kingdom, that the perfidious *Zaide* thought to possess. *Mole*, the Son of the King, so basely betray'd, was no sooner of an Age fit to bear Arms, but he undertook, with an incredible Ardour, to evenge the Death of his Father: But as Fortune not always accompanies Virtue, as she not always declares for just Wars, this young Prince was made a Prisoner by his Enemy, in a Naval Battle, when he went before the Succour the *Portuguese* sent him from *India*. *Zaide* over-run all the Isle of *Tidor*, with the young King Prisoner, thinking that this Spectacle would oblige this Prince's Subjects to revolt; but gaining nothing upon the Fidelity of these People, he return'd to *Ternate*, laden more with Spoils than Glory. All *Zaide's* Subjects run to the Sea Side, to see this victorious Prince; the Men of War appear'd first; there

there was never so amazing a Sight; they had plac'd on the Masts and the Yards of their Ships, the Heads of those slain in the Battle, and other Ships were loaden with Heaps of Members of those Miserables; for, they are the Trophies of Arms these People use to erect, to serve for a Pomp to their Triumphs. The unfortunate King of *Tidor* appear'd loaden with Chains upon the Deck of the last Ship; this illustrious Captive was Tranquille, tho' he was sufficiently perswaded, he was to expect nothing from his cruel Enemy but Death, or a perpetual Prison. He said often to himself, he made it no Mystery to those that guarded him; but at a Time he least hop'd for it. The Charms of his Sister had bound the Heart of a *Portuguese*, who broke his Chains, and gloriously restor'd him his Liberty, and his Crown.

Mole had an only Sister, call'd *Quixaire*, in favour of whom, Nature seem'd to be exhausted, so great Charms were never seen; all that Heaven could dispence to a Mortal of Graces it had lavish'd on this Princess. There was nothing of Mediocre in her, in regard to her Body or her Wit; she was, in a Word, a Princess accomplish'd; so she was the Admiration and the Occasion of Vows of all the Kings her Neighbours. He of *Bachian*, he of *Siam*, and *Zaide* himself, the cruel Enemy of the Family, were so totally smitten, that they often offer'd her their Crowns. She had also enflam'd the most eminent of their Subjects, and some Foreigners, that were not Princes, and not daring for that Reason, to hope to make her sensible, had the Wisdom to stifle their Passions, and place no Confidence but on Trees and Fountains. The Princess,

cess, who wanted not Penetration, perceiv'd those that lov'd her; she read in their Eyes what pass'd in their Hearts; and, altho' she felt nothing for any one, was very far from irritating a Passion, which she very well saw they were not Masters of, and willing to engage 'em in her Interests, by this new Bond, she gave by her obliging Looks, of that sort of Hopes, and nothing oblige those that expect 'em; and for fear not to animate those, whom Love has inflam'd, but yet, *Quixairs* must love; her Heart was not a Rock, to be eternally insensible. It was the Day they celebrate the Feast of St. *John*, that the Ice of her hardned Heart began to melt. As it was such another Day that the *Portuguese* enter'd the *Moluccoes*, and had laid the Foundations of the Tyranny, that the *Spaniards* afterwards establish'd; 'twas the Custom of the *Portuguese* to celebrate that Expedition, to make a Review of all their Forces, in the Isle of *Tidor*. *Ruy Dias*, that had then the Command of the *Portuguese* Forces, was of one of the most illustrious Families of *Portugal*; he was a young Warrior, very handsome, and had the Gallantry of a veritable Merit; there was never a Man that had so many Qualities, to make himself belov'd by the Fair Sex; he put, by break of Day, his Men in good Order, and willing to declare to the Eyes of these People the Grandeur and Magnificence of his Country; he omitted nothing to compass his Ends in that Behalf; for himself, he took Habits and Arms of an extraordinary Beauty and Riches; his Air and good Mien needed no setting off; and, 'twas plainly seen he had in View to make appear on this Occasion, that he was no less recommendable by

himself, as by the Dignity he was commission'd by his Sovereign. *Quixaire* had a Mind to see this Review; and, as on her Side, to make appear to a Nation, that infinitely put beneath itself all other People of the Earth, that the *Moluccoes* were inferior in nothing to the *Portugueze*, she omitted nothing about her that might augment her Charms. *Dias* appear'd at the Head of his Officers and his Soldiers, with so much Splendor, that the Princess was at a Stand; she even felt, that the *Portugueze* attracted her with somewhat more than Admiration; she felt, in a Word, that she could not forbear giving all her Tenderness to a Foreigner, that was of the Number that ador'd her; for she had known a thousand Times, tho' she never durst discover it to him, and declare her Fire, and her Passion, than in an indirect Manner; that which *Dias's* Merit, that which his Pains, and his Assiduities, could not do, from the Time that he was in *Tidor*, the Lustre wherewith he appear'd, on this Review, brought about; Love took Possession of *Quixaire's* Heart, and it was even with that Violence, that she was not Mistress enough to dissemble it one Moment; only she accus'd herself of Cruelty and Ingratitude; she reproach'd herself a thousand Times to have so long resisted, and without keeping any Measures; she resolv'd, she herself to declare to *Dias* the Empire he had upon her Heart. If this Resolution was prompt, the Execution was no less; she made Shew the next Day to go make a Visit to one of her Aunts, call'd *Quixane*, where the *Portugueze* General was lodg'd; she took her Measures so well, that she found him alone with her Aunt, and contriving the Conversation

tion upon a Subject she had always affected to dis-
 course upon, always with the utmost Circumspection.
 She told him, without much ado, that there ap-
 pear'd in him so many Qualities, and a Merit so
 extraordinary, that she was forc'd to own to him,
 he was the only Man that could render her sensi-
 ble. This Beginning, which *Dias* did not much
 regard, was accompany'd with a thousand Tran-
 sports; and she promis'd him, that she was so much
 his, that she had form'd a Design to abandon her Reli-
 gion to follow his. Yes, *Dias* (said the amorous Prin-
 cess to him) I prefer you before many great Kings,
 that court me, with an extraordinary Application.
 In the mean Time, abuse not my Weakness; I give
 you an Heart you will eternally possess; but before
 I can give it you in Public, exact nothing from
 me, that may stain my Reputation, and render me
 unworthy of my Birth, that distinguishes me from
 other Princesses of the Earth, since I draw my O-
 riginal from the Gods. *Dias*, after that Time, was
 very often with *Quixaire*; but that Princess be-
 hav'd herself with so much Management, and so
 much Prudence, that few of her Subjects perceiv'd
 the Design she had form'd in her Mind, with re-
 spect to this Foreigner. These Beginnings were
 happy, but the Consequences were fatal

Whilst that *Dias* and *Quixaire* tasted a thou-
 sand innocent Pleasures; whilst they concerted to-
 gether the Measures they were to take, to taste the
 most perfect, and the most solid, the News of *Mole's*
 Defeat, and his Imprisonment, was spread all over
Tidor. *Quixaire* was in Despair; she lov'd her
 Brother dearly; and the Reputation this Prince
 had acquir'd in some Actions, had made her always

hope that he would revenge the Death of their Father. These Hopes were entirely vanish'd; *Quixaire* did nothing but weep; she abandon'd herself to Grief; those that go about to console, sower the Misfortune. One cannot represent the Affliction, and the Mortification of this Princess. *Dias* saw her not that Day. As soon as the News of the Defeat of the King of *Tidor* was dispers'd about, he held a Council of War, that took up all that Day; on the other side, he believ'd not that he ought presently to go and oppose Tears, that were just; he thought to let pass the Torrent, to make her hearken to the Propositions he had to make her, to endeavour to draw her out of the Embarrass she found herself in, on this Rencontre; he saw her not ordinarily, but with *Quixane*, to have a lawful Presence to see her in the Royal Palace. He call'd the next Morning together his principal Officers; he propos'd to 'em, there was an absolute Necessity to offer all his Forces to the Princess, and to concert with her, Means the most prompt, and the most efficacious, not only to secure the Kingdom to her Brother, but to draw this Prince out of the Hands of his cruel Conqueror. He presently advertis'd *Quixaire* of his Design. *Quixaire* answer'd, she waited for him; she nam'd the Hour, and then brought about her all the Ladies of the Court, of Distinction, to receive with the more Magnificence she possibly could, this generous Foreigner, that offer'd to succour her, in a Conjuncture so sad; that was not her only View. *Dias* went to the Palace, with his Train, he is introduc'd into the Princess's Chamber, who was employ'd in drying up her Tears, the Marks whereof appear'd on her Breast, and her

her Face ; but as the Sun appears much more beautiful after a long Rain, 'twas the same in this Princess's Eyes. *Dias* never found her so charming ; and he was so stun'd, that he knew not presently where to begin, what he had to say to her. He began to speak at last, and after having testify'd the Displeasure the Destiny of the King her Brother had caus'd him, he offer'd her his Sword, and his Life, 'till the Officers that came with him made her the same Protestations, and the same Offers. The Princess thank'd them all, in a Manner the most obliging in the World ; and to give Occasion to her Lover, to entertain him in particular, she went to the Officers, made a little Conversation with them, and having commended them, complementally, one after the other, on the Generosity, and Valour of their Nation, and on their personal Qualities, she left them with the Ladies, that were with her, and turn'd, in fine, to *Dias* ; they drew a little on one side ; and the *Portugueze* were not long in Discourse. He said, If it would please the Destinies, that I could redeem with my Blood, the Tears you have shed, there were no Happiness like mine ; but these Tears which I could not dry up ; these Tears your Face is bath'd with, still make me perceive, that I am the most unfortunate Man in the World ; for, in short, they convince me, that you have no Confidence in me. You doubt, *Quixaire* ! you doubt, Alas ! either of my Fidelity, or my Courage ; you would not have abandon'd yourself to your Grief, with so much Excess, if you had depended upon't never so little. In the mean Time, be convinc'd, I will humble your Enemy, if all the Forces of *China* should join to defend him,

I will

I will deliver the King of *Tider*. There's nothing impossible to Love. If my Life were not so dear to you, as you have signify'd a thousand Times, I would have come to Blows with this barbarous Prince, that has made you shed so many Tears; but since you are willing I should preserve it, and, besides that, I cannot dispose of these Officers, and my Forces, without the Permission of the Viceroy of *India*, I'll wait for this Permission that will not be refus'd me, to the End, I may act, in the mean Time, with Regard to my Love, and with Regard to my Duty; in the mean Time, there are no Obstacles that I should not be ready to surmount. He was going to say more, when all the Company drew near; they presently chang'd Conversation, wherein the Princess mixt very ingeniously the Answer she had prepar'd for *Dias*, assuring him, That since he offer'd her his Succour, she had nothing more to fear. I should wrong your Merit, and the Reputation your Arms has gain'd you, if I look'd not as a Thing certain, the Delivery of the King my Brother. Wait for the Viceroy's Orders; the Night that uses to give us the best Council, because our Minds are not diverted by the Diversity of Objects, that our Eyes present to us in the Day-time, acts with more Liberty in Silence and Darkness. The Night, I say, made the Princess take a Resolution, that at the same Time, that flatter'd her Love, made her hope, she should be fully reveng'd of the King of *Ternate*. There were two Things that hinder'd *Quixaire's* Marriage with *Dias*; one was, the Diversity of Religion; the other, a Law inviolable in the *Moluccoes*, that forbids their Princesses marrying with Strangers. She thought
the

the Conjunction favourable to abolish these Customs, and prevailing on the Consternation the People were in, she form'd a Design, to publish throughout the Kingdom, That he that should deliver her Brother, out of the Hands of the King of *Ternate*, should have her in Marriage, of what Religion, of what Quality, or of what Country he were 'Tis not difficult to see what the Views were of this politic Princess. She doubted not, that even those that were the most interested, to see the Laws of the Kingdom observ'd, admir'd her Disinterestedness, and that it was not *Dias* that should deliver the King of *Tidor*, the other Kings of these Isles seeming to her too weak, even to dare undertake it. The Design she had projected was executed the Day following; she call'd together the principal Men of the Isle, and after a long Discourse, that tended to the Misfortunes that had happen'd to her Brother, to put an End to 'em, she cunningly varnish'd over the Resolution she had taken, insinuating, at the same Time, 'twas only an Expedient that she propos'd to 'em, which she desir'd might be examin'd. The Expedient relish'd; 'twas applauded; in a Word, the Resolution was solemnly publish'd, and the Noise of this Publication was quickly spread thro' all the neighbour Isles.

One cannot express the Joy conceiv'd at this News, by the King of *Siam*, and the King of *Bachian*, who both lov'd the Princess passionately. He of *Siam* was young, he was handsome, and had already given Marks of Courage. For him of *Bachian*, he possess'd immense Riches; he could raise great Armies; there were few Princes more puissant than he. These two Kings, who burnt at the same
Fire

Fire, conceiv'd, presently, great Hopes they then got, that Heaven had permitted the Misfortunes of *Mole*, to facilitate to them a Conquest they had try'd at inutilly 'till then ; nothing seem'd difficult to 'em ; and reckoning already on the entire Defeat of the King of *Ternate*. They sent Embassadors to *Quixaire*, who arriv'd at *Tidor* the same Day. These two Minsters had Orders to tell the Princess, on the Part of the Kings that sent 'em, that these Princes were extreemly sensible of the Misfortunes of the King her Brother, and, that when by a Generosity, that, perhaps, never had Example, she would permit those that should deliver this illustrious Prince, a Recompence that the Gods only could merit ; they would not forbear to take Arms ; they would go and assemble all their Forces ; and that they even dar'd promise, that the Princess should quickly see at large, the King of *Tidor* and his Enemy loaden with Irons. This was pretty near what the two Embassadors said, one after another.

The Embassadors were hardly withdrawn, but there came one from the King of *Ternate*. *Quixaire* would not see them ; but those of this Princess's Council having represented to her, Embassadors should never be sent away, without knowing what they had to say, and what Propositions they had to make. They were admitted to Audience, where they publicly expos'd their Orders, and the Views of their Embassy. The King of *Ternate*, (said these Embassadors) is one of the most puissant Princes of these Isles, you are not ignorant, illustrious Princess ; these Conquests, and these Victories, have acquir'd him the Title of Great and Invincible ;

cible; but they are Titles he puts under his Feet; and the only one he glories in, is that of being your Slave. That which the joint Forces of the whole World together could not do, you have done in one Moment, in offering yourself for Recompence to him that should procure the Liberty of the King your Brother. *Zaide*, who always ador'd you, blesses the Battle that made him triumph over *Mole*, since 'tis that happy Triumph that permits him to aspire to the Happiness of enjoying you. We come to offer you the Liberty of the King of *Tidor*, incomparable Princess; and, at the same Time, the Crown of *Ternate*. If this Crown were not estimable for itself, the eminent Qualities of *Zaide* equal him to the Empire of the whole Universe. Speak, divine Princess; order, dispose of all; hasten the Joy of the Subjects of the King your Brother; restore a Calm to your Kingdom; and disdain not a Sceptre, the greatest Queens of the Earth would think themselves honour'd to bear. Whilst these Embassadors spoke, it appear'd by *Quixaire's* Air, that she hearken'd with Impatience to the Elogies given to the King of *Ternate*; and that she was irritated at his Offers. I know not, (answer'd the Princess, fiercely) what are the Sentiments *Zaide* has for me: But I know very well, and even desire he may be inform'd, that I shall eternally be his implacable Enemy; I desire to live no longer than to revenge myself of his Perfidy with Splendor: For, in short, can he imagine I can ever forget with what Baseness he took away the Life of a Prince, that gave me Day-light? I shall have liv'd long enough if the Gods revenge me; and they are too just to let *Zaide* go long unpunish'd.

nish'd. *Mole* shall not groan long in Irons. That which the King of *Ternate* says, That all the Forces of the Universe united could not do, my weak Hands shall do, he may be convinc'd. But be it as it will (said she further, with a severe Air) If you love your Life, speak no more of *Zaide*, the worst, and most unworthy that ever wore a Crown. The Embassadors withdrew all confounded, and all surpriz'd, at *Quixaire's* Courage. *Zaide* waited with Impatience the Princess's Answer; and he was so much enrag'd, when he knew with what Disdain his Offers had been rejected, that he did not know where he was metamorphos'd; in a Moment his Love chang'd into Fury, and thought of nothing but Revenge; and as he could not exercise his Revenge on this Princess, he loaded with Irons the King of *Tidor*; and he surrounded the Prison with so many Guards, where he had order'd him to be shut up, that the Delivery of this unfortunate Monarch seem'd absolutely impossible.

While the King of *Siam*, and he of *Bachian*, made ready for War; while the wisest of *Ternate* apprehending, that the Beauty of *Quixaire* might be as fatal as that was, in old Times, of *Helen*, to the most great, and the most flourishing Kingdom of *Asia*; while those of *Tidor* fear'd they should in vain attempt the Delivery of their King, one single Man, without other Forces than those of his Courage, and his Love, undertook, and came happily to his Ends.

There was a young Lord in the Court of *Tidor*, call'd *Cuebiz Salama*, he was a near Kinsman of the King, and in all the precedent Wars, he had made appear a Valour, and an Intrepidity, inconceivable

ceivable; he had been bred up in the Royal Palace; and, from his tender Infancy, had been passionately in Love with *Quixaire*. As lively as his Love was, he had never discover'd to her, whether he thought it inutil to declare it, or that his Passion was as respectful, as 'twas strong and violent; he gave not so much as any Motion, in Appearance, when *Quixaire* made Proclamation, she would marry him that deliver'd the King her Brother, of what Quality soever he were of. In the mean Time, full of Hope, and depending on his Intrepidity, he was fully resolv'd to attempt a Conquest, to which he would never have dar'd to aspire, and that the Violence of his Love made him regard as very easy. The Resolution was no sooner taken, but he made himself ready to execute; and as his Design was to use some Stratagem, to facilitate his Enterprize, he had no need of great Preparatives; he only arm'd a little Boat, he embark'd in it, with five Soldiers, whose Fidelity and Valour he was well assur'd of; and he went off with so favourable a Wind, that he reach'd the Isle by Break of Day; he hid his Boat upon the Sea Side, and took his Measures so well, that he arriv'd at *Ternate* on a Market-day; it was there where the King of *Tidor* was straitly imprison'd; he mix'd with the Merchants, and being enter'd with some little Combustibles, into an Inn, he set it on Fire, whilst one of his Men fir'd another House, at the Town's End. The Matter of the Houses of this Country was very favourable to his Enterprize; for, 'twas all Wood, and had nothing to defend them against the Injuries of the Weather than Palm-Leaves, which they bind together to cover them. A gentle Wind

blew from the Sea, by Means whereof, the whole Town was in Flames in a Moment. All the People run to repulse the Violence of the Fire, and never greater Disorders were ever seen. *Salama* taking hold of the Confusion the Inhabitants of the Town were in, goes to his Boat, and beat a false Alarm, with four or five Drums, he had provided for his Design, and having by Force of Oars push'd his little Boat on the Side of the Town, where was the King of *Tidor's* Prison; he came to't without being perceiv'd by any one; he landed with three of his Men, and came so opportunely to the Gates of the Prison, that he found the Guards gone off, because they run, some to the Fire, and others to the Place where they heard the Alarm beat; they presently forc'd open the Gates, and found *Mole* bowed under his Chains, who waited for nothing less than to be deliver'd at that Moment; he knew not whether he awak'd or sleep'd; and all that he could say in this Surprise was, to demand of *Salama*, if *Tidor* was altogether desolated? I will answer you to that another Time, (*Salama* told him.) The only Thing that you have to do at present, is to follow me. 'Tis not a Time to talk of inutil Things. The Prince, who could comprehend his good Fortune, made some Difficulty of going out of Prison; but *Salama* apprehending the Misarriage of his Design, was in Despair; he could not forbear menacing of him; he even said very hard Words to him, and taking, at the same Time, his Chains in one Hand, and his Scimiter in the other, he laid flat all those who went about to oppose his retreat in the House. He was met in the Streets by Soldiers, who came back

back from the Fire. These Soldiers had a Mind to stop him; but having with his Sword charg'd thro' this Company, seconded only by his three Men, he had Means to recover his Boat, after having made all those fall on his right and left Hand, that dar'd to resist him. 'Twas thus that Fortune declar'd herself for the hardest Enterprize ever projected by Love. They were no sooner got into the Boat, but all four took the Oars, and rowing hard by mere Force, they arriv'd at *Tidor* before those of *Ternate*, who follow'd them very near, could come up. They were but just come, but the Noise of this Marvel was spread throughout the Isle; they all run in Heaps; nothing was heard but Acclamations-every where, and Cries of Rejoycing; one could hardly walk the Streets for the Crowd of People; every one had a Mind to see the unfortunate and happy Monarch, that *Salama* had newly deliver'd. They could not forbear pursuing the Liberator; the Islanders call'd him their Saviour, and their Father, the Shield and Sword of *Tidor*. If *Salama's* Triumph had not the Magnificence of those of the *Romans*, one may say, at least, it had something more grand; for, in fine, in Place of the Chains of the Captive Kings that the Emperors caus'd to be carry'd in Triumph, *Salama* made Shew of those of his King, that his Valour alone, that his Intrepidity alone, had knock'd off. *Salama*, with Presence of Mind, had the Precaution to carry in his Boat, a Suit of Cloaths, of the richest and most Superbe, to add to his Triumph, all that was capable to make the Heart of the Princess sensible. The Moment he saw himself out of Danger, and that they drew near to *Tidor*, he put on this Habit

bit, that of yellow and blue Satin ; his Turban was all cover'd with Feathers, that represented the Bird of the Sun ; the Habit was of the *Roman* Fashion, but almost hid under a Cloak, ty'd to his Shoulder, with a Scarf, red, yellow, and blue ; the Scimiter, wherewith he open'd his Passage in the Streets of *Ternate*, hung at a Golden Chain, on the Middle whereof, hung a Medal, whereon was the Princess's Picture, holding Nets, wherein she took an Infinity of Hearts ; he carry'd one of these upon his Scimiter, and the other held the Chains of the King, who had not yet put them off. It was with this Equipage, follow'd by an innumerable Crowd of People, *Salama* came to the Royal Palace, where *Quixaire* waited for him at the Gate. As soon as he came near the Princess he fell on his Knee. Madam (said he) behold the King your Brother, whom you have taken out of Prison at *Ternate* ; his Delivery is the Work of your Hands ; for, that which I have done, was no more than to render me worthy of the Recompence you have annex'd to it. Love has taken Pity on the Pains that I suffer so long Time ; Pains, without Doubt, the more cruel, that it was not permitted me to discover them ; and, I dare say, this God has done me Justice, in choosing me to break the Irons of the King of *Tidor*, since the Passion I have always had for you in all my Life, has been as violent, as it has been respectful. *Quixaire* hearken'd to *Salama* somewhat coldly ; all the Answer she made him was, They would talk of these Things in due Time. After which, she embrac'd her Brother, and having taken off his Chains, she conducted him to his Throne, giving so many Tokens of a feign'd Joy,

as she resented veritable Grief in her Heart. The Ceremonies of that Day were no sooner over but the Princess withdrew into her Apartment, where she made them know she had a Mind to be alone; her Women withdrew; and, 'twas then she abandon'd herself to Sighs, and let fall a Torrent of Tears, that she was forc'd to retain all the Day. To these Sighs and Tears, succeeded bitter Complaints. O! Gods (she said) to what End do you reserve this unfortunate Princess? I have fatigu'd you Holy Divinities, by my Vows, and by my Prayers; I have offer'd you a thousand Sacrifices to obtain the Return of the King my Brother; you have granted my Request; but, Alas! but, 'tis on a Condition so hard, that I would sooner choose Death, than consent with my Life to accomplish it. Let *Mole* go again into Slavery, and his Enemy possess his Kingdom; and that my Days may be the most unfortunate, to which a Princess could be condemn'd to, provided I am not forc'd to obey your hard Laws: But, I do ill, great Gods, to accuse you, you never do any thing unjust; I ought only to accuse myself: Yes; 'tis myself that hath drawn all these Evils upon me; 'tis I myself that hath drawn on me all my Misfortunes. O! *Dias*! the basest of all Men (she went on) I prove this Day for my Punishment; that all Men are vain and deceitful; and, that those of thy haughty Nation are infinitely more than others. Tears stop'd her Complaints, and while she shed a Deluge, she felt her Eye-lids grow heavy, and being overcome with Grief, she fell asleep. This Repose restor'd her Charms, and at the Time she began to awake, she saw the King come into her Chamber; she was oblig'd

blig'd that Day, and the two following, to constrain herself in a Manner the most cruel in the World; for, in short, 'twas all Festivals, Diversifements, and publick Rejoycings. *Salama*, in the mean Time, forgot nothing to make the Princess agree to the Recompence she had promis'd to him, that should deliver her Brother, the King; all the Court favour'd him. *Quixaire*, who thought to gain Time, alledg'd little Excuses; but she saw herself so press'd, that she resolv'd to see *Dias*; and to see him the soonest that the Thing was possible. *Quixane*, her Aunt, gave her the Opportunity; she went to her the fourth Day after, where she found *Dias* with one of his Nephews, to whom she discover'd his Love; for wanting a Confident, he made no bad Choice, and naturally could not address better. *Quixane*, and *Rosa Peimra* (it was his Nephew's Name) withdrew aside. *Quixaire* and *Dias* were a long Time alone, without talking; but, at last, the Princess, after some Sighs she sent forth, and were the Fore-runner of her Complaints, broke Silence. If all the World knew you, *Dias*, as I know you, at present (said *Quixaire*, with an Air that shew'd her Disdain) it were in vain for you to make a Brag of your Bravery; I have try'd; she is but a Fantasm; and that you possess but a Shadow of that veritable Valour which ought to be the Lot of Men of War; the Peril that there was to deliver the King of *Tidor* made you afraid; and you would rather renounce a Glory, that would have immortaliz'd your Name, than expose yourself to the Risques you would have run in this Enterprize; and you choose rather to renounce the Possession of a Princess, who had the Weakness to give you her

her Heart: But, I am deceiv'd, *Dias*, and I do you wrong, in that Respect; you have fac'd Death too often; you have expos'd your Life in too many Rencontres to doubt your Courage. No; *Dias*, I doubt it not; but, 'tis the Excess of my Grief, 'tis my Despair, that have forc'd out these Words; I cannot complain but of your Coldness; I cannot complain but of your Indifference; you lov'd me not enough to attempt the Delivery of my Brother; the Recompence that was promis'd to him that knock'd off his Irons, seem'd a small Thing to you to go and expose your Days. In the mean Time, I flatter'd myself that I could soften you; and you have flatter'd me yourself; But, all your Transports, all your Protestations, all your Oaths, serv'd not now but to confirm me, that you are the most ungrateful, and the most unfaithful of all Men. Alas! I imagin'd in myself (said the Princess, deliriously) that your Heart was so inflam'd, that it would outshine the Fires of your famous *Aetna*, when by a Prodigy, an impetuous South Wind drove all the Flames beyond the Ocean; but, I see myself very much out in my Thought; your Heart to me is all Ice; and, I know, very well, that you have taken Pleasure to deceive a Princess, so unfortunate to have granted you all her Love. *Dias*, at these last Words, could not forbear interrupting *Quixaire*. If I would defend myself, unjust Princess (said he, putting a Knee to the Ground) I would beseech you to remember the Offer I made you, to execute blindly your Orders without waiting those of my Sovereign, and the Commandment you made me, in the same Time, to wait his Orders, and the Forces, 'twas prudent to assemble, before I went to

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engage with a formidable Enemy. I could add to that, that it had been very difficult to foresee, and that Fortune would favour the most timerarious Enterprize has ever been heard speak of, and that could not but enter into the Mind of the most audacious of all Men; but I will not justify myself at all; I am culpable, since I have the Unhappiness to displease you; and, I see very well, I am not worthy any more to see Day; pierce then, Princess, pierce then this Heart, that has displeas'd you (*Dias* said to her again, presenting her his Sword) If you disdain to do it, I will pierce it with my own Hands. If these Hands (said he further) have not been hardy enough to dare to shed the Blood of your Enemies, they will now to shed my own, and destroy a Life that is odious to me, since I have the Misfortune to be hated. He began already to turn the Point of his Sword against his Breast; but *Quixaire* held back his Hand. No, *Dias* (said she to him) your Life is necessary for me; 'tis not your Death that I ask. She rais'd him at the same Time, and taking him by the Hand, made him sit down by her. I ask your Pardon (she said, presently to him) I am a little too forgetful; but 'tis to my Grief you must attribute it to, and not to an unfortunate Princess, who is not unfortunate but because she loves you. After a thousand Excuses of this Nature, that shew'd all the Vehemence of her Love, she made him a Recital of the Pursuits that *Salama* made, to oblige her to execute the Promise, to choose for her Spouse him who should deliver the King her Brother. This Prince, and all the Court (said she further) interest themselves for him with the utmost Importunity.

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There is nothing they can set on Foot to conclude a Marriage, to which, I will never consent. There is none but you (she said further, looking on him with Eyes, that shew'd a sort of Despair) there is none but you, *Dias*, that can deliver me from so cruel a Pursuit; there is none but you that has Interest in it; there is none but you, in a Word, that I wait for Life or Death. *Dias*, in these Transports of his Joy, promis'd her all; but in the mean Time, he was not so prompt to execute his Promise, when he came to make Reflection, he could not rid himself of *Salama*, without committing the most base of all Crimes, whether he did it by himself, or whether he did it by another; when he came to consider, that he could not but draw the Hatred, and the Contempt of the King of *Tidor*, but to expose his own Nation to the Aversion of a People, that 'twas the Interest of his Master to manage, besides drawing on himself a just Punishment; that he could not do it without dishonouring himself and his whole Life, to foul himself with an Action so unworthy, as that of *Salama* was great and worthy of Admiration; he saw then, he had given too much Way to his Love, and the Acknowledgment he was oblig'd to have from the Amity of *Quixaire*; he repented of his precipitate Promise, and indetermin'd, if he should hearken rather to the Voice of his Passion, than that of his Duty; he ask'd Time of himself, and was, in that Respect, at a Stand, that made the Princess loose Hope. *Salama*, in the mean Time, slept not, he forgot nothing to compass his Ends, and had so far succeeded, that *Quixaire* could no longer defend herself from accepting his Offer.

It were difficult to describe the Condition this desolate Princess was in; she had concealed her Grief, in some Manner 'till then, but she was no longer her own Mistress; the only Course she had to take was, to avoid Day-light and Company, and that was it she took; she feign'd herself incommoded for some Days; she remain'd shut up in her Apartment, and if, during that Time, she was seen sometimes in Public, 'twas only to convince the whole Court by a veritable Sadness, that was painted in her Face, that her Retreat was not affected.

In the mean Time, *Dias* had little Regard to put in Practice to effectuate what he had promis'd to *Quixaire*, who was in mortal Inquietudes. One Day that the King had extreamly press'd this sad and afflicted Princess so far, that he said to her roundly, that he would oblige her to do that by Force that she refus'd to do with a good Will. That Day, *Quixaire* not knowing now what Way to take, to send off a Stroak she look on as the greatest Misfortune that could ever happen to her; that Day, I say, she went out with some of her Maids, to take a Walk; her Design was to meet *Dias*, to discover to him the Extremity to which she saw herself reduc'd, and to load him with Reproaches. Fortune, that had contriv'd *Dias's* Ruin, permitted not *Quixaire* to meet him; but, the Princess met with *Peinera*, the Spaniard's Nephew, who was in the Plot, as I have said; she call'd him the Moment she saw him, and ask'd him where *Dias* was. *Peinera*, answer'd, he was gone to walk to a Fortrefs, that was at the End of the Island, to give Order for some Works; and he added, at the same Time, if she thought him capable of doing her
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any Service, he should be as ready to do it as his Uncle could. Alas! (*Quixaire* said to him) 'tis no great Matter; however, I thank you for your Offer, you have very much oblig'd me. This Answer made *Peinera* very bold, to presume to let her see he was of the Number of those that ador'd her. He was a young Man, not unhandsome, who was brave and enterprizing, but, who was fill'd with Vanity and Presumption, and had as many bad Qualities, as *Dias* had of Generosity, and Greatness of Soul. He lov'd *Quixaire* to Extremity, tho' he had never declar'd it to her, and nothing would have seem'd difficil to him that *Quixaire* would have employ'd him in, if she had order'd him the most horrible of all Crimes. One would be surpriz'd, I assure myself, that that Princess could charm *Spaniards*; for, I doubt not but one would imagine, that *Quixaire* being born in the *Moluccaes*, that are directly under the Equinoctial Line, was an *Ethiopian* Beauty, little capable, by Consequence, of charming *Europeans*. Those that were of this Mind are deceiv'd, I own, that those that inhabit these Islands are black, because they are expos'd continually to the Heat of the Sun, which they take no Care to avoid; but they are not born with this Colour. I believe, thereupon, those that have describ'd these Countries, do assure us, that there are Women who are very white, and that they are so always, when they take the necessary Precautions to preserve their Hue. Their Hair is of the same Colour with the Gold that is brought out of these Countries; they twist some Part, where they stick Flowers and Palm, and let the rest hang down, which sets them off very much; they dress
mag-

magnificently, their Habit is of the *Persian* Mode, ordinarily enrich'd with Jewels, and great Necklaces of Pearls, which the Country much abounds in. This Digression was necessary, to make appear, that the Beauty of this Princess was not Beauty in Idea, that her Charms were real, and they were even to our Fancy, that agrees not with a Beauty purely *American*.

Quixaire, so very handsome as she was, 'twas no surprizing Thing, that *Peinera*, seeing her often, was taken with her Charms; he durst not discover the Fire that burnt in his Heart. I have said already, he imagin'd, and with Reason, he should have discover'd it inutilly; the Princess must love *Dias*. Silence was the only Side he could take, and he took it too, 'till then; but seeing *Quixaire* irritated against *Dias*, he made Use of the Occasion, which certainly was favourable; he thought she would hearken for Disdain to a Declaration, that would have offended on any other Rencontre; and to come the more securely to his Ends, he caus'd a Picture of *Dias* to be made, that gave so great a Blow to the Heart of this blind Princess, that she felt that very Moment, that this Lover, worthy of a better Destiny, was become unworthy of her Affection, and her Tendernefs. You may imagine, divine Princess (said the base *Peinera* to her, smiling) that *Dias* lov'd you veritably. I was sufficiently convinc'd of the contrary. You see it now with your own Eyes. Yes; I knew, adorable *Quixaire*, I knew he lov'd you not; but who durst (said he further) ever disabuse you? I have a thousand Times detested his Ingratitude, and his Perversity. I have groan'd a thousand Times at your Credulity:

ty: But is it not true, that if I had taken the Liberty to have touch'd upon't before you were convinc'd, that he betray'd you, you would have taken me myself for ungrateful and perfidious? I call to Witness the Gods, whom I adore, that I abhor Baseness; that I have chang'd into veritable Hatred, the Affection which Blood oblig'd me to have for him. Yes; I call the immortal Gods to Witness, that every Time that I saw myself oblig'd to carry you the feign'd Assurances of his Fidelity, I would have chosen Death sooner than have been the Instrument of so black a Treachery; but, I should have punish'd myself, since I should have been depriv'd, for ever, of seeing your fair Eyes. What then can you expect from a Man, that so many Benefits you have heap'd upon him, could not attendrize of a Man, that after so much Love you have shew'd him, could not be constant to you? I know very well what he will answer; if you make him new Approaches, he will alledge his Religion; he will alledge you his Conscience; he will alledge the Managements he ought to have for his Master. Ah! Princess (cry'd out the perfidious *Peinera*) 'tis to love feebly, when one can hearken to other Laws than those of Love. For me, be perswaded, the Moment that I ador'd you, I sacrific'd to you both my Religion and my King; and if it were only to gain some Place in your Heart, I should think of nothing but sacrificing to you *Salama*. but to sacrifice to you *Dias*. This Iron, that I wear by my Side, should quickly send their base Souls to People the Kingdom of Darkness. The Despair the Princess was in, made her hearken to *Peinera* tranquilly. 'Tis true, she accepted not the Offer he made her; but

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but she did not forbid him washing his paricide Hands in the Blood of unhappy *Dias*. *Peinera* continu'd for some Days to entertain her with such Discourses; *Quixaire* never answer'd positively; but *Peinera*, who clearly saw on his Side, that the Princess was convinc'd, that *Dias* lov'd her not; and concluded of the other, that he could not fail to love her, when *Dias* and *Salama* were remov'd out of the Way. *Peinera*, the unnatural *Peinera*, form'd a base Resolution to massacre 'em both with his own Hands.

While *Dias*'s Nephew took Measures to execute the horrible Project; he had meditated in his Heart, *Salama* did all he could to discover, what might be the Cause of the Princess's Inquietudes; he soon perceiv'd she had an Affection for *Dias*, and there wanted no more to convince him, that *Dias* was the only Obstacle that oppos'd his Happiness. He was not discourag'd, however; and as he had Authority, in some Manner, to take the Liberty that a common Lover durst not take, he resolv'd one Night to go into *Quixaire*'s Apartment; he gain'd one of her Maids that serv'd her, to hide him in the Palace, and, one Night, when he well knew she was alone, he went boldly into her Chamber, and fell on his Knees. *Quixaire* was extreamly alarm'd, she cry'd out, she shed Tears, she reproach'd him for his Temerity; she put herself in a Posture to defend herself, thinking that *Salama* would use some Violence. *Salama* remain'd unmovable and in Silence; but after that the Princess had done talking and complaining, he began to speak. I own (said he, with a submissive Air) illustrious Princess, that my Enterprize is indiscreet; but he not alarm'd,
I shall

I shall not fail of Respect. Hearken one Moment to a Wretch, and punish him afterwards: If that which he has said give you Offence, he will submit to the Stroke of his Destiny, without murmuring, how rigorous soever it be. You know it, *Quixaire*, you do not avoid the Light but to avoid me; your Retreat is an affected Retreat, and only with Design to avoid me; that you avoid since, for some Time, all the World. The Gods (he went on) the Gods themselves, who know what you have promis'd them, will approve of my Temerity; 'tis they that have inspir'd it to me, and even consent to the innocent Frolic I have us'd, to make you remember, what, without Doubt, you have forgot, that I am the happy Man, but, at the same Time, the unfortunate *Salama*, who, by their Assistance, and the Force of my Love, deliver'd the King your Brother. I shall say no more; I am ready, presently, to banish myself for ever, from your Presence, if you require this Sacrifice. Pronounce the Sentence, adorable Princess; I will obey; I will never present myself in my Life before your Eyes; I will go seek Death, the Gods will not refuse it me, too happy in dying, to make you happy; for, I cannot now be ignorant, that nothing but my Death can calm in your Heart, the frightful Tempest that disturb'd it. *Salama* made an End of these Words, when he burst forth into a Torrent of Tears, and he was going to relieve himself by going out of the Chamber, when *Quixaire* drawing near to the Place, where he was still upon his Knees, she took him up herself. *Salama* said she to him, imbracing him, and causing some Tears on her side to fall, *Salama*, you have van-

quish'd me, I can no longer resist your Submissions, and your Love: I acknowledge, in short, that I could not without the last Ingratitudes, refuse you an Heart, and an Hand, whereof you have render'd yourself so worthy: This Heart, and this Hand, are yours; you may leave me without this Assurance. Then when the Sons of *Priam* went out of the Ports of *Greece*, glorious of the Conquest of the greatest Beauty there was in the World, felt not a Joy suitable to that which *Salama* felt; 'tis not difficult to conceive how great his Joy was. Let us leave this happy Lover for a Moment.

Peinara, who could know nothing of what pass'd, dispos'd all Things to let the Princess see nothing was difficult when any thing was to be done to please her; he affected, during some Days, not to see her at all, because he would not present himself to her, but in giving her certain Proofs, that his Obedience, and his Love, had no Limits: His Project was difficult, nor was it less dangerous; but, he took so good Measures, that whosoever he was, he could not suspect him, for an Action the most detestable that a Man could be capable of committing. The sad Day he had chosen, to execute his black Paracide, he went to a Fortrefs, that was at the other End of the Island, and that was but two Leagues distant from the Town; he staid there all the Day, and as tranquille as ever he was, without feeling the least Remorse; he diverted himself with the Officers 'till Night; the Hour to execute his infamous Plot drew near; he feign'd a little Indisposition; he retir'd into his Chamber, and went to Bed; the Lacqueys that undress'd him withdrew; he arose a few Moments after, and going out by a

Postern,

Postern, whereof he had the Key, he went strait to the Town, whither he came a little before Midnight. *Dias's* House had false Doors, it was not difficult for him to go in; he hid himself in a little Closet, and when he thought they were all profoundly asleep, he went into *Dias's* Chamber, drew near his Bed, and finding him bury'd in Sleep, he gave him Blow upon Blow, two or three Times, with a Dagger in his Breast; thus ended the Days of this Man, so worthy of a better Destiny. The base *Peinera*, contrary to his Intention, render'd him a very good Office, for he would not have surviv'd one Moment the Happiness of *Salama*, who, at last, was to be the Spouse of *Quixaire*. *Dias* died without making the least Noise. *Peinera* withdrew as soon as he had seen the Effect of his Blow, and coming to the Fortrefs, he went to Bed again, without being perceiv'd by any one. The News of the tragical Death of *Dias* was quickly spread about; 'twas known in the Fortrefs the next Day, betimes in the Morning; *Peinera* seem'd to be in Despair; he rises, and runs to the Town; he weeps on his Uncle's Corpse; he swears, he would omit nothing to discover the Assassins; he caus'd all the Domesticks to be arrested; he put some upon the Rack; he menaces Heaven and Earth; he is all inflam'd with Fury: *Peinera* did, in a Word, all that Resentment and Revenge could inspire, or any veritable Grief.

Three or four Days pass'd, that *Peinera* went not to the Palace; he had resolv'd not to go 'till he had done as much to *Salama* as he had to *Dias*; but having met with Difficulties he little thought of, he thought he had no longer to wait, to go

and acquaint the Princess in what Manner he had taken to execute this barbarous Tragedy; he had a Mind to assure her, at the same Time, that he would soon deliver her from *Salama*; but, just as he was going into *Quixaire's* Apartment, *Salama* and he met; *Peinera* thought he ought not let slip an Occasion that seem'd so favourable to him, to free himself of a second Rival, that had not given him less Jealousy than what *Dias* had given him; he presently took his Sword in Hand, and thought to give him a Blow, against which it were in vain to parry; but *Salama*, who had some Inkling of *Peinera's* Design, stood so well upon his Guard, that he was in a Posture of Defence, as soon as the *Spaniard* was ready to attack him; the Skirmish was short and vigorous; *Salama* receiv'd two or three Blows, that only grated his Skin, but he made so furious a Pass at him, that he laid him dead at his Feet. All the Court run to the Place where this Skirmish was made, and whilst some fled, or cry'd out, as they were more or less affrighted, or, interested in this Affair, *Salama* went into *Quixaire's* Chamber, who understood, with a great deal of Joy, the Death of *Peinera*, more than when she heard that of *Dias*, whose Fortune she lamented in her Heart, as ungrateful as she believ'd him. *Salama*, by the Princess's Order, retir'd into a Fortrefs he was Governor of; some Days after, in the View of the King, and the People, he solemnly espous'd the Princess; and *Mole* dying afterwards, *Salama* was elected King of *Tidor*.

By the Taste and Humour I know you of, you detest the base *Peinera*; you lament the unfortunate

nate *Dias*; and, you are overjoy'd that *Salama* has been happy: But, I am convinc'd, *Alcidiana*, you are not altogether pleas'd with *Quixaire*; there is, in effect, something in this Princess, that pleases not over-much: It seems, that having the Perfections attributed to her, she abandon'd herself so much to Love and Revenge, and by the divers Motions she made at every Turn, she shewed a Weakness, that suits not with an Heroine: Let us agree, however, *Alcidiana*, she was in a terrible Situation, loving so strongly as she lov'd, and thinking herself, at the same Time despis'd; there is no Heroine on these Occasions, that holds, but warps sometimes at least. For *Salama*, there is no body, I assure myself, but thinks him worthy of his Happiness; and, if it had not cost *Dias* his Life, he would appear with a great deal of Satisfaction upon the Throne of *Tidor*, and in the Arms of the Princess; allow it him, divine *Alcidiana*. *Salama* merited, without Doubt, that *Quixaire* should recompence both his great Action, and his Constancy; but allow, besides, there are Lovers of *Salama's* Character, that are more unhappy than this Islander.

You know there Equals are to *Salama*,
In Love and Bravery, and all that's gay,
Who go without the Recompence he had,
Whose Fortune wou'd have made them all so glad.





NOVEL V.

CONSTANCIA,
THE
Illustrious Chambermaid.

*Quien determina a se casár
A sus verinos ha de mirár.*

He that resolves to marry should regard,
How with his nearest Neighbours it has far'd.



HERE liv'd in the famous City of
Burgos, not long since, two Knights, that
were very rich, the one call'd *Don Diego*
Carriasse, and the other, *Don Juan de*
Avendania. *Don Diego* had one Son,
Don Juan had another ; we will call them by their
Fathers Names. Car-

Carriasse was but thirteen Years old when he had a great Desire to ramble, to that Degree, that he strip'd his Father's House, and went to travel the World; he was so pleas'd with the Freedom of Life he enjoy'd, that he took Pleasure in the Incommodities and Miseries such an unworthy Life brings along with it; hard'ned to all sorts of Fatigues; insensible of Cold or Heat; impenetrable to Grief; and became so able in the Trade he had undertaken to profess, that he could have instructed the famous *Guzman* of *Alfarache*. One may say, however, that *Carriasse* had not entirely forgotten what he was; he distinguish'd himself by a Generosity; that render'd him respectable to his Comrades. He was above all extreamly sober; and when he could not excuse himself from Company, where he must drink, he knew how to take so just a Mein, that he never lost his Reason. To speak all, in one Word, the World saw in *Carriasse*, what, perhaps, was never seen; a Rambler virtuous and honourable; a Rambler who had Politeness, and, who, without a Shew of Affectation, observ'd even in his meanest Actions, all the good Breeding, that Persons the best elevated, are accusom'd to observe. He pass'd thro' all the Degrees of Rambling, and took his Licences at the *Pêche de des Thons*, which is the Top Miserable Cripples, that ply at the Gates of Towns and Churches, that run half naked upon their Crutches, whistling, without Fear, either of the Heats of the Dog-Days, or the Frosts of the coldest Winters, as if you were all Visage, wicked Embrio's, that seem to have nothing of Man; you are so counterfeit, and out of Shape, that you are a Disgrace to Nature, Crump-backs, that

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that rather carry than walk, with that Part of the Body that remains to you; Cut-purses in the Market-Place of *Madrid*; Pannier-makers of *Seville*; in a Word, all the innumerable Company of those, compriz'd under the Name of Beggars, presume never to brag, to have been, or are, if they have not pass'd two Carriers in this famous *Pecche*; 'tis there as in the Center, Idleness encounters with Labour; Want with abundance; Slavery with Liberty; 'tis there the Art is to be learnt, of not sinking under Afflictions, how grievous soever they may be; where Troubles are not felt; where Fatigue has Attractions; and, where the Disagreements of Servitude are drown'd in the Sweetness of Libertinage; 'tis there where Vice has nothing that is shameful; where Lying and Ill-behaviour are Signs of Wit; where Theft is tolerated and encourag'd; 'tis there where Gaming and Dancing, where idle Songs, Murmurings, and abundance of other Divertisements, one cannot describe, begin regularly every Evening, 'till the Sun precipitates into the bitter Waves of the Ocean; and, generally all Days consecrated to Saints, or that threaten some Tempest: Never was Life so happy as to live without Ambition, and without Glory, when Virtue is trodden under Foot, and, that which Men call Honour: This Life, in the mean Time, all sweet and voluptuous, (as I have represented it) does not want its Bitternesses, (as I have sufficiently insinuated: But that which makes it the most disagreeable, that those are so blind to choose it voluntarily, and prefer it before any other, never sleep soundly; for, 'tis certain, they are under perpetual Apprehensions, to be taken and carry'd away Captive into *Barbary*.

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'Tis very true, that in the Night-time they retire into certain Towers, that are upon the Coast of the Sea ; they place at the Gates, and principal Avenues of the Shore, Centinels, that awake and go the Round, whilst they sleep : But it has happen'd, nevertheless, more than once, that Guards and Strollers, Boats and Lading, have been Prize to the Infidels : And that those that lay at *Zabara*, which is the Place of this *Peché*, at Night, have been carry'd next Morning to *Tetuan*.

These Fears were not capable of disgusting *Carriasse*. He was three Years in this School, where among other Qualities he acquir'd, he became so able a Gamster, that, in the End of that Time, he found himself worth seven or eight hundred Rials he had gotten at Play. This Sum, so considerable by Report of the Condition of Life he had been pleas'd to choose, made him begin to consider ; he thought he ought to return to *Burgos*, since he could do it with Honour ; he thought it was Time to go and agreeably surprize his Father ; that he ought, by his Return, to go and suppress the Alarms his Flight had caus'd ; to go and dry up the Tears, and draw him out of the cruel Incertitudes he might be in, if he was either dead or living, or loaden with Chains by the *Moors*. This Resolution was no sooner taken but he made ready to execute it ; he took Leave of his Friends, at a Time they least expected it ; he embrac'd 'em with the utmost Tendernefs, and said to 'em, weeping, That he left 'em not for good-and-all ; that he left his Heart at *Zabara*, and that he would see 'em again the Spring following ; nothing but Death could hinder his Design, that surmounted all other Obstacles what-soever

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soever they were. He went away on Foot, and came to *Valledolid*, where he staid about Fifteen Days to recruit, and make some little Equipage: He made two Suits very handsome: He took a Servant, and beginning his Journey very well mounted, a few Days after he came to his Father, that never resented a more lively Joy than that he had to see his Son, whom he held a long Time for lost.

Carriasse, who certainly had Wit, entertain'd presently *Don Diego Carriasse* his Father with his Travels. He told him, that not to be discover'd, he had taken the Name of *Urdial*; he related to him a thousand surprizing Adventures; he told him what had happen'd to him, wherein he was not concern'd; but they were made up of Fictions so agreeable, so circumstanciated, and spoke with so great an Air of Sincerity, that *Don Diego* would have believ'd him if he had not been his Father: He talk'd to him of a thousand different Places where he had never been; but he took Care not to say one Word of *Zahara*, altho' it was that which occur'd most to his Mind, and where his Heart was entirely engag'd, especially when he saw the Time draw near he had promis'd to go to his Friends again. Hunting his Father delighted in, and often made it his Diversion; but was none to him; he was weary of Festivals, Promenades, Spectacles, in all parts of Pleasure; nothing seem'd comparable to the Sweetness of the Life he had met. *Burgos* had nothing could please him; nothing that could make him forget, but for one Moment, those charming Cheats, that had enchanted him, and whom he regarded as the only Good that could make him veritably happy. 'Tis thus a Man suffers himself

to be seduc'd, that he becomes his own Cully, and taking the Shadow for the Body, he runs not only after Fancies, but after Fancies the most hideous.

Thomas of *Avendania*, Son of *Don Juan de Avendania*, who had been to visit *Carriasse* several Times, visited him again; in the mean Time, he meditated in his Heart to escape the second Time from his Father's House, and took the right Measures to make his Design succeed. He found him sad and pensive. What is the Matter, *Carriasse*? (said young *Avendania* to him) I find thee extreamly melancholy; we are Friends from our Infancy; we conceal'd nothing from one another formerly, now 'tis nothing so. Is it an Absence of many Years has so chang'd thee, that thou hast never 'till now, made a Mystery of thy Troubles? For, I perceive clearly, thou hast some that devour thee. I was never inconstant. *Carriasse* answer'd him; And never any one made me the like Reproach. What I have lov'd once, I love always; and to give thee a double Proof, I will open to you my whole Heart. He then discover'd his Design to him, and made him so handsome a Picture of the *Picbe* of *Zabara*, that *Avendania* was enchanted with it. Far from blaming the Resolution thou hast taken, I exhort thee to execute it (*Avendania* answer'd him.) That which pleases, is always that which makes the veritable Happiness: But this is not all, I will accompany thee whithersoever thou goest, and go and enjoy for a While those sweet Pleasures, whereof thou hast given me so agreeable an Idea. *Carriasse*, who expected not that, had as much Joy as Surprize. They embrac'd; they made a thousand Reciprocal Promises; and from that
Time

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Time forward, they took Care to provide as much Money as was possible. *Avendania* was to return within two Months to *Salamanca*, where he had begun his Study. *Carriasse* let his Father know he had a Mind to go thither with his Friend. I am yet (said he to him) of a veritable Age to learn Languages, and the Sciences, and I will make so good Use of my Time, as will satisfy you. The Design pleas'd *Don Diego*, he was even extraordinarily pleas'd; he talk'd of it presently to *Don Juan de Avendania*, who gave him Joy. The two Fathers resolv'd, in fine, that their Sons should go to *Salamanca*, and that they should study there together.

The Time for their Departure being come, they were provided with the Money they wanted, and a Governor, who had more of the Honest Man than the Prudent and Covetous. They receiv'd their Parents Blessing; they promis'd Mountains and Wonders, and took their Journey on two good Mules, with two Servants, and the Governor, who had let his Beard grow to have the more Majesty, and inspire the more Respect. They came to *Valledolid*, and as their Design was very soon to give their Blow, they said to their Governor, that they desir'd to sojourn two Days in that Town, to visit what was curious in it. The Governor, thereupon, gave a gross Reprimand, and said to 'em, with a severe Air, citing divers Apothegms of the Ancients, that they had no Time to loose, and that their Business was to arrive as soon as they could at the Place where they ought to apply to their Studies: That they could not come Time enough; for Time lost was never to be recover'd; and that
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he could not consent they should stay one Moment, only to amuse themselves to see Nicknacks. See here how far this Governor's Ability extended. In the mean Time, our young Men persisted to ask him to grant 'em, at least, one Day, to see the Fountain of *Argalles*, whereon they wrought at that Time on the sumptuous Aqueducts, that were to bring Water to the Town. He durst not any longer contend, in refusing them; but it was, however, with a great deal of Regret and Repugnance. He had a Mind to save the Expence of this Visit, and go and lye in a Village, from whence he might arrive in two Days at *Salamanca*; but if he had his Views, his Pupils had theirs, which they design'd to execute the same Day, which they had provided for already, in seizing of four hundred Crowns of Gold he had in his Portmantua.

As soon as *Carriasse* and *Avendania* had obtain'd Leave to go see this Fountain, so famous for its Antiquity, and its Waters, they mounted their Mules, and took one Servant with them. They came to the Place very soon, and before they dismounted, they gave a Letter to the Servant, to return incessantly, and give it to their Governor, and afterwards go and wait for 'em at one of the Gates of the Town, that led to the Fountain. The Servant went his Way, and they the same Instant fac'd about to gain Ground. They went the same Day to lodge at *Modadas*, where they sold their Mules, and chang'd their Cloaths for courser. Being equip'd as they wish'd, they made no great Stay in this Capital of *Spain*; they went on Foot to *Toledo*, well satisfy'd, and well pleas'd: But the Governor was in great Anguish when he receiv'd the

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the Letter from the Servant, who faithfully deliver'd it, and was couch'd in these Terms:

TO U may, Sir, if you please, return to Burgos, and take the Pains to say to our Fathers, having maturely consider'd that Arms are more proper for Gentlemen than Learning, we have resolv'd to change Salamanca for Brussels; and Spain for the Low-'Countries. We have the four hundred Crowns. We are willing, you should know it, to prevent your Trouble for 'em; And for the Mules, we design to sell them. The Side we have taken, which is so worthy of Persons of Quality, and the long Journey we are to take, is a legitimate Excuse, that we hope this Fault will be pardon'd. Our Departure is now; but our Return when God pleases; whom we pray to take you to his Protection. From the Fountain of Argalles.

CARRIASSE,

And,

AVENDANIA:

Don Pedro Alanzo (that was the Governor's Name) was mightily surpriz'd at the reading of this Letter; the first Thing he did, was to look for the Portmantua, he found it empty; *Carriasse* and *Avendania* had told no Lye; his Disorder was not small, he took a thousand chimeric Resolutions; but, after all, they seem'd impracticable, and not knowing what Saint he should apply himself to, he return'd to *Burgos*, where he was not over-well received; 'tis not diffical to comprehend it:

For,

For, *Carriasse* and *Avendania*, they pursued their Way; and having met in their Journey a little Inn, they stop'd there to ease and refresh themselves. They were not alone in this Place; they went aside to talk together; but that hindered them not from conversing with two Servants, very sharp, that came out with a thousand little Tales for Laughing; one came from *Toledo*, the other was going thither. 'Tis Time to part, and make the best of our Way (said the first, turning to him that was going to *Toledo*) 'tis now Day 'till Night comes, and the best of Friends must part at last: But before we part, I have a Word of Advice for thee. Go not to the Inn where thou dost commonly lodge; if thou wilt agreeably feed thine Eyes, go lodge at *Sevillan's* House, where thou wilt see the handsomest Maid, perhaps, that is in the World; I shall not draw her Picture, I have no Expressions strong enough nor quick enough. All that I shall say to convince thee is, that the Mayor's Son dies for Love of her, and does a thousand Fooleries to make her love him. The Master whom I serve, who is a Gentleman well-made, is no less a Fool than the Mayor's Son; he is resolved, after a little Journey he is to take, to go and encamp two or three Months at *Toledo* in the same Inn, for nothing else but the Pleasure to see this Girl; the other Views he has I know nothing of; but I am very much afraid, he will not find what he looses, for she's terribly fierce. I pinch'd her once, and all that I got, was a Blow, the finest I ever had in my Life; never was any thing colder or more disdainful; 'tis a Rose stuck round with Thorns; he is an happy Man that can pluck it without

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without pricking his Fingers; I leave the Conquest therefore to him that will undertake it; for I see well enough, I should loose but my Steps and my Pains; 'tis a Bit for an Arch-Deacon, or an Earl; I shall trouble myself no farther about her. The two Servants parted; *Carriasse* and *Avendania* began their Journey; half an Hour after they discours'd of divers Things, and the Servant, of whom such Wonders were told, was not forgot: They shew'd both of 'em a Desire to see her, particularly *Avendania*, who felt already something for her, so great an Impression had the Picture of her Beauty made upon his Mind. They came at last to *Toledo*. *Carriasse*, who had been before in this City, went strait to *Sevillan's* House; but, as it was the most famous Inn of the City, where none resided, but People with great Equipages, they durst not at first ask for Lodging there. Let us go look for a Lodging somewhere else (said *Carriasse*) we are weary, and 'tis late, this Lodging agrees not with us; such as we are, they will drive away, as those that fart in a Church, and Reason good. We shall have Occasion to-morrow to see this Girl, who, perhaps, is not such, as 'tis said; for my Part, (said he further) I have as good as seen her, and I shall have no Regret to go to Bed without gratifying my Eyes, provided I find a Place where I may sup and sleep well, if it were in the poorest Cott. I would not rest here upon the Pavement one Moment more, if it were to see the Pyramides of *Egypt*, and all the Seven Wonders of the World. *Avendania* was not of this Mind; *Carriasse's* Representations did but provoke him; he lean'd at the Inn Door, in Hopes at last, to see appear this

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celebrated Servant, whose Idea possess'd him entirely; it had already turned his Brain.

Night was now advanc'd; the Servant appear'd not; *Carriasse* began to be uneasy; but *Avendania*, who had no Stomach to eat, nor go to Bed, went out, of a Suddain, into the Court of the House, under Pretence, to inform himself, if certain Gentlemen of *Burgos*, who were going to *Seville*, and lodg'd there ordinarily, were not yet come. He had hardly made two Steps, but he perceived a young Girl, of about 15 Years old, clad like a Country-Woman, holding a Candle lighted in her Hand; this Object affected him, he was smitten; in Effect, this young Girl was of an extraordinary Beauty. *Avendania* was so taken up, that he minded Nothing but her Contemplation from Head to Foot, without Power to open his Mouth to say one Word. What do you look for, my Friend? (said the Girl to him) Do you belong to any of the Gentlemen that lodge here? I am no body's but your's, (answer'd *Avendania*, all in a Trouble.) Go your Ways, my Friend, (the Girl answer'd disdainfully) those that serve have no Occasion for Servants: Then calling the Landlord of the Inn, she bid him know of that young Man what he would have. What do you ask? (said the Landlord presently to him.) I look for two Gentlemen of *Burgos*, who go to *Seville*, who lye, or are to lye here; I belong to one of those Gentlemen, and I am to wait for 'em at your House. It was reply'd, that he might wait there. Order then (said *Avendania*) that they make ready a Chamber for one of my Comrades and for me. It shall be done (said the Landlord of the House then) and in that Instant, turning

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turning to the Girl, gave her his Orders; after which she withdrew, and *Avendania* went to *Carriasse*. He made Recital, in a Manner so confus'd, that *Carriasse* saw plainly what his Friend had upon Wing; he would not however let him know it, nor quarrel with him 'till he had first seen the Object of this growing Flame, that seem'd to him so extraordinary; they went into the Inn; and *Arguillia*, who was a Woman of forty five Years of Age, Chamberlain of the Beds and Furniture of the Chambers, shew'd 'em into a little Chamber, that pleas'd 'em. They call'd for Supper. *Arguillia* answer'd 'em, they dress'd no Meat for any one in that Inn: That, in Truth, they might dress for those that lodg'd there, what they bought, or cause to be bought themselves; but she advis'd 'em to go sup at a little Tavern that was in the Neighbourhood, which she shew'd 'em: They made use of her Advice; but if *Carriasse* eat heartily, *Avendania* eat but little, he was so possess'd with *Constancia*, (that was the Servant's Name) that it was impossible for him to taste what they brought him. *Carriasse* was sufficiently convinc'd, that *Avendania* was really taken; but, to be fully assur'd, he said, going back to the Inn, they should go to Bed as soon as they went in; for, 'tis necessary, (said he) that we arise very early, that we may reach *Orguz* before the Heats surprize us. We are not there yet (said *Avendania*) for, before I part from this City, I am resolv'd to see all that is Remarkable; as, the Caverns of the Enchanted Tower; the Forest of the Hundred Girls; the Ruins of the Machine; the *Moors* Invention to throw up Water out of the *Tagus*; the King's Garden, and generally

rally all the Reliques they shew in their Churches, I agree (answer'd *Carriasse*) we shall see that in two Days. I will see it at Leasure (reply'd *Avendania*) We do not run after a Benefice, ha! ha! (reply'd *Carriasse*) I have taken you at the Hop, and you shall not escape me, my poor Friend: I know now, *Toledo* has more of your Heart than our Journey. I own it (said *Avendania*, interrupting him) I can as soon depart from *Constancia* as I can from myself; Love is like Fire, neither the one nor the other can be hid. The Resolution is good, without doubt (reply'd *Carriasse*) and worthy of *Don Juan de Avendania's* Son, young, rich, and well-made as he is, and one of the most illustrious Families of *Castile*. My Resolution is very near as noble as thine (said *Avendania*) for, in fine, to do thee Justice, my good Friend; Art not thou the Son of *Don Diego Carriasse*, Knight of the Order of *Alcantara*? Art not thou his eldest Son? Is it not thou that ought to succeed to his Dignities, and his great Estates? In the mean time, Has thy Inclination any Thing that answers to what thou art, and what thou ought'st to be in Time? Thou art in Love as I am, and of whom? Of the *Pecche* of *Zahara*. One Inclination is as good as the other. Thou beatest me with the same Weapons I have beat thee with, my dear *Avendania* (answer'd *Carriasse*.) I have nothing to reply to thee: Let us stop there, and go to Bed; perhaps, To-morrow, we shall be wiser (said *Avendania*, smiling) When thou hast seen *Constancia* (said he, further) I am certain then, thou wilt use other Language. I see plainly (said *Carriasse*) where all this will end, and in what. (*Avendania* inter-

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interrupted) 'Tis answer'd *Carriasse*, that I shall go to my *Pече*, and there will stay with *Constancia*. I shall not be so happy (cry'd out *Avendania*, sighing.) Nor I (said *Carriasse* again) so complaisant, and so much my own Enemy, to renounce for thee an Happiness so solid, and so real, as thine is chimerical and imaginary.

They came to the Inn, where the Conversation continued, within a little on the same Tone. At last they went to Bed, and fell asleep; but they hardly repos'd one Hour but they were wak'ned with a Symphony of divers Instruments, they heard in the Street. They sat upon the Bed, and hearkening a little: I will lay a Wager 'tis Day (said *Carriasse*) and that there is a Festival in some Church of the Neighbourhood. Thou art deceiv'd (answer'd *Avendania*) 'tis not so long we have been to sleep, that it can be Day already. In this Moment, they heard one knock at the Chamber Door, and cry'd out to 'em, if they would hear the finest Music in the World, they should presently arise, and go to the Grates in the Hall, that look'd into the Street; they presently went thither, and there were three or four Strangers that made Room for 'em at the Windows; and a little Time after, they heard a Confort of Lutes, Harps, Base-Viols, and a marvellous Voice, that sung these Words:

Thou art not of mortal Race;
The Gods above might give thee Place.
Some new Catastrophe, will discover
Thy Pedigree, and happy Lover.

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A Ruby has less Fire than thy bright Eyes;
 The fairest Planet in Confusion lies:
 Then leave this Way of Life to lesser Beauties;
Silvia the Charming may command all Duties.

Queen of Hearts, Beauty divine,
 Thy Forehead shews thy Origin.

'Twas unnecessary to tell *Carriasse* and *Auendania*, that this Music was for *Constance*. The Words of this Air were clear, there was no room to make the least Doubt. *Auendania* was mov'd; he was in Inquietude: We will say better, he was tormented with a strange Jealousy: He knew no more now where he was: That which redoubled his Disorder was, that he knew not the Concurrent that came to cross the Conquest he had a Mind to make; but he was soon inform'd. Is it possible? (said one, all of a suddain (one of those that were at the Grates of the Balcony) Is it possible that the Mayor's Son should so forget himself, as to amuse himself to give Serenades to a Servant? I own that this Girl is well shap'd, and, perhaps, the prettiest that is any where to be seen; but in fine, she is a Servant, and he courts her too publicly. That which I find to say more (said another) is, that he puts himself to inutil Charges, and makes Motions to no Purpose. The Girl answers not in any Manner his Love; she would never so much as hearken to him; and at the Time we are talking, she is in Bed, very tranquille, in her Mistress's Chamber, where she can hear nothing that is done in the Street. She is virtuous, all those that know her agree; and as she had Prudence also in a great
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Measure, she knows very well the Risque she should run, if she should amuse herself to open her Ears to Flatteries, her Beauty might produce; for that Reason she is insensible, at least, to avoid Occasions, wherein she might be oblig'd to hearken to Courtship.

Avendania began to take Heart at these Words. They heark'ned to the rest of the *Serenade*; they went on to elevate *Constancia* up to the Skies: But *Constancia* troubl'd herself very little about it; she slept profoundly. At last the Musicians withdrew. *Carriasse* and *Avendania* went to Bed again, to wait for Day. Day came, and *Constancia* appear'd a thousand Times more beautiful than the Morning; Her Dress was a Gown of a little green Stammel, with a Petticoat of the same Stuff, the Lining of a Colour a little less lovely, suited it very well, her Neckcloth was embroider'd with black Silk, she had Pendants in her Ears, that look'd like two Pearls, but yet were but Glasse, and her Hair, which was an admirable Flaxen, was ty'd with a Ribband. This was her Dress. She wore St. Francis's Girdle, and on her right Side a Girdle, on which hung many Keys. When she went out of her Mistress's Chamber, the first Objects that presented themselves to her Eyes, were *Carriasse* and *Avendania*; she presently turn'd away her Head, and prostrating herself before an Image, that was in a Nick of the Wall, she withdrew, to go to call *Arguillia*, who was not up yet.

Without dissembling, *Carriasse* was charm'd with *Constancia*. He was of the same Mind, that she was a perfect Beauty, that, in a Word, she was above all the Commendations the World gave her; but

but he was not in Love, he had other Intrigues in his Head.

A Moment after, *Arguillia* came out, with two other young Women of *Gallisia*, that were also Servants in the same House. At the same Time, Servants from all Sides, run about to ask for Oats of the Landlord, who, when he gave it 'em, made a thousand Imprecations against his Maids, that were the Cause (said he) that one of the best Domestics in the World had left him. *Avendania*, who from the Top of the Stair-case perceiv'd the Landlord's Disorder, endeavour'd to make use of this Occasion, to offer him his Service. Never trouble yourself about it (said he to him) you may recover what you have lost, only give me your Book of Accounts, I will discharge that Function while I am here, and I warrant you, I shall please you very well. I will take you at your Word (answer'd the Landlord) and I take the Offer very kindly; for, as I cannot be every where, I have a thousand, and a thousand Affairs that call me aside every Moment. Come down then, my Friend, and enter upon the Charge, you must only have a Care they do not cheat you; for thou hast to do with People, over whom you must carry a good Foot, and a good Eye, who make little Conscience of taking a Bushel of Oats, and even two more than is wanted, and steal the Straw too. *Avendania* came down to the Landlord, who gave him his Book of Accounts; and this new OEconomist took so well to his Business, in the Distribution he began to make, that the Landlord cry'd out, Would to God thy Master come no more, and that thou were at Liberty to dwell with me. Thou might'st well

say

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say thou would'st loose nothing by the Change; for upon the Word of an honest Man, the Lad that left me, came hither about eight Months ago, lean, poor, lowsey, and all in Raggs. I wish thou had'st seen him. He went away big and fat, and with two good Suits of Cloaths. Thou takest me right (said he) there cannot choose but to be great Profit for Servants in the House, besides their Wages, there come such Abundance of Lords and great Men, every Day from all Parts. — If I live with you (reply'd *Avendania*) I shall not regard Gain so much; I should be content with a small Matter, for the Pleasure of living in this City, which, as they say, is the best of all *Spain*. It is so (said the Landlord) but that is not all; I want a young Lad to fetch Water from the River. I had one three Days ago, who with a famous Afs that I have, supply'd my House. I wanted so little, when he was here, as I might if in the middle of the Sea; and thou may'st well think, that Servants would rather carry their Masters to an Inn where Water is so plenty, from Morning to Night, than go to another, where they are oblig'd to go fetch it themselves from the River.

Carriasse, who heark'ned to this Dialogue, began to say to himself, Here is an Office waits for me, I may have it if I will; very well, we except the Employ. Upon this, he addresses to the Landlord, and told him, he had found what he look'd for. Let the Afs come (said he to him) and you will see you will be no less pleas'd with me than with my Comrade. I will answer for him (interrupting *Avendania*) *Lope* the *Asturian*, that's his Name, tis he that you want; look no further for

another: *Arguillia*, who from a little Alley, where she was, heard these Words, and going to *Avendania*, said to him, Who are you, my Friend, that take upon you to pass your Word for another who wants it yourself? And my Master is very good, by my Faith, to lend an Ear to your Songs. Hold thy Peace, *Arguillia* (said the Landlord) do not thou meddle with our Bargain; I ask not thy Advice; I caution 'em both; and what I have to recommend to thee, and the rest of the Maids, that you have nothing to do with them; for I loose all my Men by your Means. By my Faith, they are fine Priggs to have any thing to do with (answer'd *Arguillia*) I wish they would but once look me in the Face, they should not try it again. Sleep sound on that Side; one must have a great Mind to quarrel, to quarrel with such Animals; we are not for their Turn. She had, however, other Thoughts.

In Effect, she was no sooner assur'd that the Landlord had entertain'd both, but she form'd a Design to make the *Asturian* love her, whose Mien pleas'd her extreamly. She thought, that by Means of making Steps, she should, at last, obtain her Ends, which was only to begin, that nothing in the World was more easy. Another of the Maids, call'd *Galiega*, that lay with her, form'd the same Design upon *Avendania*, who caus'd himself to be call'd *Thomas Pedro*. They made Confidence from the same Day of the Resolution they had taken, and concerted presently together all Measures necessary, to carry on with them a secret Commerce; but they mistook their Reckoning.

To come back to *Carriassz*. As soon as he was hir'd, he began to enter upon his Function; he mounted

mounted upon his As, and run to the River ; but this first Day was mark'd for an Adventure, not very agreeable to him, Ill-luck would have it, that in a little Alley he met another Water Carrier, who came loaden, and was mounted upon a miserable As, who either for old Age, or Weariness, could hardly draw his Legs after him ; as his was vigorous, and for his Part, perhaps he thought of nothing but the Lady *Pecbe* of *Zahara*, the two Animals jostled, and the Shock was so rude, that the Weakest being oblig'd to give Way to the Strongest, the As that was laden was thrown down all of a suddain, with the Porter that was upon her, and all the Girts broke to Pieces. The Water Carrier this Misfortune fell upon, was no sooner got off again but he fell upon *Asturiano* like a Fury, and laid him on before he had Time to look to himself. *Lope*, the *Asturian*, who had a great Heart, and saw how it was, dismounted from his As, as soon as he was a little come to himself, and being his Turn to be angry, he fell presently upon the Water Carrier, and took him by the Throat with both his Hands, and after two or three Shakings, he threw him on the Ground. 'Twas nothing 'till then, but unhappily for both, the Water Carrier struck his Head against a Stone, a terrible Blow, when he was thrown down by *Asturiano*, that there has hardly been seen such a Wound as that was. Every body thought he would never recover. The other Water Carriers that went to the River, or came back again, seeing their Comrade upon the Paving, and that he swam in his Blood, cry'd out Murder, and seiz'd upon *Asturiano*, whom they handled so, that his Life was in as

much Danger as that of him that was wounded. Upon these Scuffles, and the Noise that was spread, that a Water Carrier had been kill'd, three Bayliffs came to the Field of Battle, and without other Form of Process, they seiz'd upon *Asturiano* and his Afs. They set the wounded Man upon his cross-ways, and carry'd all to Prison. One may well imagine all the People run to see this Spectacle. *Sevillan*, and *Thomas Pedro*, did as others; but they were mightily surpriz'd when they saw *Asturiano*, whom two Bayliffs held by the Arms, and his Face all bloody. The Landlord cast his Eyes every where, to see if he could find his Afs, and saw it at last, in the Hands of another Bayliff. He presently understood what pass'd between *Asturiano* and the other Water Carrier, at which he was troubled, because *Asturiano* had the Air of a good Servant; but he was much more concern'd that his Afs was engag'd in this Affair.

Avendania follow'd his Comrade, but it was impossible to speak with him. *Carriasse* was made a close Prisoner, and the wounded put in a little Chamber, where the Surgeons thought fit. They found that the Wound was mortal; they spoke it publicly as they went out. For the Asses, the Bayliffs took 'em home, after having seiz'd on seven or eight Rials, they found upon *Carriasse*. 'Twas happy he had no more, *Avendania* kept the Treasure.

Avendania went back to the Inn, much out of Humour, and disorder'd, to make an exact Report to *Sevillan* of the Condition he had left his Comrade in; the Danger the wounded was in; and the Fate of the Afs. Here's a sad Adventure (said he) and

and for an encrease of Misfortune, I just now met a Gentleman of *Burgos*, who inform'd me, my Master would not pass this Way; for to make the more Haste, and to gain two Pistoles, he went over in the Boat of *Azeca*; that he would lie this Night at *Orguz*, and stay for me at *Seville*. In the mean Time, this Gentleman has given me twelve Crowns of his good Will, that I put into your Hands, that you may endeavour to take *Asturiano* out of Prison. I have no Need of this Money, for I shall not go to *Seville*; and, I believe, I may on this Occasion, without wronging my Conscience, disobey my Master. Be that as it will, I shall never have the Heart to leave my Friend in Prison, and the Danger he is in for his Life, I am well assur'd my Master will allow me this Transgression; for he always recommends to his Domesticks, to love and serve one another: And as on the other Side, he is very tender; and I can reckon upon't, as a Thing certain, that the Moment he knows *Asturiano's* Fate, he will open his Purse to make an End of the Business, if the Thing be not absolutely impossible.

The Landlord was very well pleased with the Money he received, and at the Words of *Thomas Pedro*. Be not alarm'd (said he to him) my dear *Thomas*, there's a Remedy for all Things; and we are not so bare of Friends, but we have one or other that will bestir himself on this Rencounter: I have not lost all Hope to see again yet *Asturiano*, and my poor Afs, sound and safe. There's a Nun, a Kinswoman of the Mayor's, that can make him do whatsoever she pleases; and I doubt not of having Access to this good Lady. Do you hear me, *Thomas*? A Landress that washes for
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one of our Neighbours, has a Daughter extremely belov'd by a Monk, I need not tell you his Name, and this Monk is an intimate Friend of the Nun's Confessor. My Wife shall speak to the Neighbour; the Neighbour shall speak to the Landress; the Landress to her Daughter; the Daughter to the Monk; the Monk to the Nun's Confessor; and the Nun's Confessor to the Mayor; there the Business is done: Yes; I promise thee, we will save *Asturiano*, if he had killed all the Water-Carriers of *Toledo*; nor will we loose our Afs, provided, however, that thy Master be as kind and as liberal as thou say'st; for many People must have their Fingers greatest on these Rencounters, if he would not have his Sollicitations fruitless; I believe thou art not ignorant of that. *Thomas* had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear this Gibberish, altho' he had no great Cause to be merry; however, he thank'd *Sevillan*, and promis'd him to forget nothing proper to acquaint his Master with, to obtain some Relief.

Arguilla, who had seen *Asturiano* in the Bayliff's Hands, was no less afflicted at this Adventure than *Thomas Pedro*: She was ready to dye with Grief; she run presently to the Prison all in Tears, under Pretence of carrying him his Dinner; but she was not suffer'd to speak with him. Murderers are not to be seen (said the Keeper) you'll have time enough to see him when he is hang'd in the Market-place. This was all the Consolation she received from this barbarous Jayler, who, in the mean time, was a bad Prophet. The wounded Man was out of Danger fifteen Days after; and the twentieth, the Chirurgeons declar'd, he was entirely cured

cured. *Thomas*, who knew very well the Mayoe and Bayliffs must be satisfy'd, and the wounded Man indempnified, was no sooner advertiz'd what the Chirurgeons said, but he told *Sevillan*, that his Master had answer'd a Letter that had been written to him; and at the same time, remitted him fifty Crowns in Gold; and that he might not hold him any longer in Suspence, took out of his Bosom the Money, and gave it him with a Letter, pretended to be written by his Master: As it was indifferent to *Sevillan*, whether the Letter was true or false, he would not read it, nor so much as look on it; and receiving very joyfully the fifty Crowns, he told him, after he had told it three or four Times, and well examined it, If we have no need, my Friend, for Solicitors, or Solicitresses, we shall see again, be assured, thy dear *Asturiano*; and I, my dear, ask'd, Whether (to make short) the wounded Man was satisfy'd with six Ducats? And *Asturiano* and the Afs were condemn'd in ten and the Charges; whereupon they were set at Liberty.

Seven or eight Days before *Asturiano* went out of Prison, he was permitted to see *Thomas Pedro*, and *Sevillan's* Maid-Servants, who carry'd him his Victuals. *Arguillia*, who took Care of that Matter every Day, had declar'd her Heart to him; and had made such undecent Steps to him, that he resolv'd to free himself from the Solicitations of this Woman, to leave *Sevillan's* Service: In the mean time, being unwilling to leave *Toledo*, 'till he had seen the Success of *Avendania's* Courtship, he formed a Design to buy an Afs, and continue the Trade of a Water-Carrier, that he might not pass

pass for a Vagabond, and be driven out of the City. I will walk thus (said he to *Avendania*) from Morning 'till Night, without any Contradiction; I will distribute my Water to whom I think fit, and I will examine, at my Leisure and my Ease, where are the ugliest Women. Say rather (reply'd *Thomas Pedro*) where are the handsomest; for, certainly, 'tis the best City of all *Spain*, where are the best snap'd, and the most Polite. I will, only to convince thee, put thee in Mind of *Constancia*, who is a Miracle of Beauty, soft and fair. *Thomas* (said *Asturiano*) do not exalt too much this Servant. She is no Servant (reply'd *Thomas*) her Business is to watch the Maid-Servants of the Inn, to take Care of the Linnen and the Plate, and to give Orders to the Domesticks. They call her however (reply'd *Asturiano*) nothing but the Illustrious Chambermaid; and thou can'st not be ignorant what that Word signifies. I am not ignorant of it (reply'd *Thomas*) it signifies a Servant, that puts her Hands to every Thing, that does even the lowest Offices. But believe me, she has no other Employ, however, but that I was speaking of. I believe it (said *Asturiano*) but to talk no more of that, tell me my dear *Thomas*, how goes thy Affairs with her? They cannot go worse (answered *Thomas*) I could never come to speak with her yet; but that which consoles me is, that she speaks to no Man, not so much as to the Mayor's Son, who courts her publickly; who gives her Music almost every Night; and who has declar'd himself so highly, that he calls her by her Name in his Songs and Romances; but this comforts me not: However, if the Mayor's Son cannot obtain her Fa-

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your now, yet he may at last have the Happiness to obtain it. What wilt thou do then with this *Porcia*, this *Minerva*, this *Penelope*, that discharges so worthy an Employment in *Sevillan's* House (said *Asturiano* smiling?) Since thou lovest her without Hope, mock on as much as thou wilt (reply'd *Thomas*) but I know very well I am in love with an accomplish'd Person, who makes herself no less admir'd for her Virtue, than she is distinguish'd for her Charms. I know she serves in this Inn, but at the same time, I know she deserves to be serv'd by the greatest Monarchs in the World: In a word, I love her; for don't think I love her, to gratify an indecent Passion. O *Platonick* Love! cry'd *Asturiano*, an illustrious Servant full of Charms, enough to bind the greatest Kings in Chains! Oh happy Age! that retracts the Golden Age, where the same Hand that holds the Scepter, crowns a Shepherdess with Garlands! Oh my dear Fish, that spent this Spring without seeing me; when shall I enjoy you? For in short, we have all our Intrigues. *Asturiano* said, *Thomas*, thou mockest me too openly. Go to thy Fish, I shall not be against it, and leave me here, where thou shalt find me at thy Return: 'Tis fit every one should follow his Inclination: Let us divide the Money that remains, and let us part good Friends. Art thou in Earnest, my good Friend? (said *Asturiano*) Thou dost not see I make myself merry. No; *Thomas*, I will not leave thee: And I renounce for the Love of thee, this Year, all the Delights of *Zahara*. I have but one Favour to ask thee; do not take it amiss, if I exercise the Resolution I have taken, to stay no longer in this House. I am willing to avoid the Perse-

cutions of *Arguillia*, who, as thou knowest, has got it in her Head to be in love with me, and who, thou knowest, has not the good Fortune to be accepted. Never was Creature, perhaps, more ugly, and more disgusting, without speaking of her Ways, which are horrible. She has hardly ever a Tooth in her Head but what is counterfeit. She has false Hair; and to appear the more wrinckled, or less smooth, she lays on such a deal of Paint on her Face, that she is a true Picture in Plaster. There is nothing more true (answer'd *Thomas*) but thou must know, that *Galliega* is no handsomer, and that she persecutes me as much at least, as *Arguillia* persecutes thee. In the Condition that I am in (said amorous *Thomas*) I ought to suffer all, my dear *Asturiano*; for thee 'tis otherwise. Lie to-Night with me, and buy an Afs to-Morrow. Thou maist go whithersoever thou pleasest, I will not oppose it in the least.

There was this Night a Ball before the Inn-Door; the Dancers and Danceresses were the Men and the Maids, and some Girls of the Neighbourhood. Many Persons were there in Masks; rather to see *Constancia* than the Ball; but she appear'd not. *Asturiano* play'd on the Guitar, and he came off so well, that all the Company were charm'd. In the mean Time, in the Height of the Dancing, when others were wild to dance, one of the Masks without discovering himself said, he desir'd him to give off. As he would not do it at first, another Mask began to quarrel with him the German Way; so that *Asturiano*, as rugged as he was, had the Wisdom to give Way. In Effect, these Masks were considerable Persons. The Men began to Mutiny,

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tiny, and, perhaps, even to come to Blows with these unknown, if the Landlord had not interpos'd; and the Watch going the Round, nothing tragical happen'd; and a Moment after, was heard an admirable Voice; 'twas one of these Masks, that sat down on a Stone, opposite to the Door, who sung these Words:

A SERENADE.

Where lies this Beauty hid, this Star that shines,
Presaging me such Torments, and Divines
The Wrath of Heaven for our Hemisphere?
Why do you shun t'enlighten every where?
Arise thou second Sun of our Horizon;
Rise from the Bottom of the Sea; advise on
Constance, how thy faithful Servant dies
Thy Cruelty to shun. I say arise;
Suffer his Tears to vanquish thy hard Heart,
And let the God of Love perform his Part.
Leave this unworthy Slavery, that consumes
The brightest of thy Days, and ne'er assumes
The Charms of Love. Leave thy Fervety
To those, who for thy Beauty pine and die.
Let *Hymen's* Bond unite thee fast to me;
My Hand and Faith most constant thine shall be.

The Musician was applauded, only one of the Men cry'd out a thousand Fooleries upon him. Truly (said he) here are pleasant Songs thou hast sung to *Constance*; very pleasant Sonnets; 'tis happy for her she is asleep, and never heard thy Language. Is it for a Servant to talk of the Horizon and Firmament? 'Tis *High German*, fit for Girls, that

read Romance of Knight Errantry. For her Part, she reads nothing but Prayer-Books. Bestow, my Friend, thy Romances, and thy Rhimes, upon some other. 'Tis a Jargon she takes no Delight in, no more than the miserablest Servant the Landlord ever had. Besides, thou must know, if thou dost not know it, that she cares neither for thee, nor for those that employ thee, no more than for *Pre-Aer John*. As much a Servant as she is, she imagines, that the greatest of all Men are beneath her: So much she disdains 'em all. I think, she believes herself descended from some *Indian King*, or, at least, some Knight Errant. As to myself, that have address'd her several Times with Sonnets, that cost me some Money, and had nothing back again but Sights for Recompence. I leave her to herself, and think him a Fool that troubles himself about her. She will be a Hagg in Time; she will grow old, and her Beauty with it; and the Time will come, that very far from calling her Sun, she will not be call'd so much as a Moon, we shall see few Years hence; Time is a good Master, that will give me a good Account. Every one laugh'd at the amorous Rage of the Servant, and withdrew.

Asturiano and *Thomas* went to Bed, as all the rest did; but they hardly began to shut their Eyes but they hear'd scratching at the Chamber Door; 'twas *Arguillia* and *Galliega*, who said, in a low Voice, Open to us, for we die with Cold. 'Tis very hot, tho' (answer'd *Asturiano*, very angry) we are in the Dog-Days. Leave your Railleries *Asturiano* (reply'd *Galliega*) and open to us quickly; we come hither with a good Meaning. By my Faith, my Ladies the Servants, you will do well to be gone;

gone; we will have none of your Company this Night; go warm yourselves somewhere else, and leave us to sleep. As *Asturiano* spoke somewhat hard, and mixt his Words with some Menaces, they went off in Disorder. All that *Arguillia* did before she went to Bed, was, to put her Belly to a Hole of the Grate, and say, By my Faith, Honey is not fit for the Mouth of an Afs. We are now rid of the Persecutions of these Creatures very cheap (said *Asturiano* turning to *Thomas*.) But dost see (said he) I would not stay one Day longer in this House for all the Gold of *Peru*, or if thou would'st make me King of *China*. Let us try to sleep again, and I warrant thee I'll unravel all this, as soon as 'tis Day. I have told thee already (answer'd *Thomas*) thou art free to do it; pursue thy Journey, if thou wilt, or make thyself a Water Carrier, as thou hast laid thy Design. I am resolv'd to take this last Side (said *Asturiano*) I make a Conscience of leaving thee, 'till I see where thy Amours will end, and what the Issue will be. They went to sleep again, and as soon as Day appear'd they arose. *Thomas* went to give out his Oats, and *Asturiano* went out to see for an Afs to buy.

In the Time that *Asturiano* was in Prison, *Thomas*, after having done his Business, retir'd commonly to Solitude, where he made amorous Verses, and had writ them in the same Book in which he kept an Account of the Oats he distributed. His Design was to transcribe 'em, and afterwards tear the Leaf out; but he was so taken up with *Constancia* that he had forgot to do it, and by greater Imprudence, he left the Book one Day upon a Table, where his Master found it.

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The Landlord, who had a mind to see how the Account of his Oats stood, since occasion presented, opened the Book and found *Thomas's* Verses. As he little thought, that his Men amus'd themselves to cajole Maid-Servants, but much less *Constance*, he went off much out of Humour, and went to look for his Girl, whom he found in his Wife's Chamber. The first thing he did was to ask her, If *Thomas* had ever said any Foolery to her; or had shew'd by any Action, that he had any Inclination for her? *Constance* answer'd, blushing, That *Thomas* had never spoke to her in her Life; and that she never perceiv'd that he had the least Liking to her. She had a mind to say more, but the Landlord said (interrupting her) I believe you *Constance*, I never catch'd you in a Lye, I am satisfy'd, go on in your Business. In the mean time, Wife (said the Landlord) now *Constance* is out of the way, I know not what to say of this Matter: Here are Verses (shewing her the Book, writ with *Thomas's* own Hand) which makes me suspect, that there is an Eel under a Stone: You must know he's in love with *Constance*. Shew these Verses (said his Wife) I will tell you perhaps what they mean. As you make Dialogues very often, I doubt not (reply'd the Landlord) but you may explain this here. I make no more Dialogues than any body else (answered his Wife) somewhat angry; we have a Tongue to talk with; but I would have you to know we are not so ignorant as you may think, I know very well, that I can read four or five Prayers in Latin. I know very well too (reply'd the Landlord) that you read them but too well, and that your Uncle the Sexton, has told you often, you would do bet-

ter to read 'em in your Mother-Tongue: But let us stop here and hearken to the Verses.

A Dialogue of *Sylvander* and *Tirfu*.

Syl. Who's the Man that makes Love tributary?

Tir. He that knows how to be both wise and wary.

Syl. What's that makes his Laws to be?

Tir. Tis Honour, Faith and Constancy.

Syl. What is't attains the lovely Fruit?

Tir. A constant honourable Pursuit.

Syl. I then shall reap the happy Fruit,
Who, in the Midst of my Pursuit,
My Tongue, my Faith, my Soul, and all
Is silent, firm, and Liberal.

But what supports in every where?

Tir. A Favour constant and sincere.

Syl. What is't that quenches soon its Flame?

Tir. Contempt, Disdain, and evil Fame.

Syl. Banish these three from Human Race.

Tir. The God of Love will then take Place!

Syl. My hopes are then, that in this Case,
My tender Heart will find some Grace;
That if *Sylvander* be not lov'd,
Disdain and Scorn, may be withstood.
Charming *Constancia*, you must know,
'Tis for your Love, I stoop so low;
To be an Hostler in an Inn,
Hardship and Service to begin:
My Faith and Preserverance may,
Your Beauty and your Vertues sway.

Is there nothing here but this (said the Landlady?)
No (answer'd the Husband) But what do you think

think of these Verses? First (said she) I must know if *Thomas* made 'em. There is no room to doubt (reply'd the Husband) because the Character of the Account of the Oats, and that of the Dialogue is the same, there's no Difference. Do you see Husband (said his Wife again) altho' *Constancia* be named in these Verses, one cannot judge by that they were made for her; one cannot be however entirely assur'd, how many *Constancia's* there are in the World besides ours; but whether it be for her or any one else, Time will shew us, only let us stand upon our Guard, and let us carry a quick Eye upon the Girl: If *Thomas* be in Love with her, it will not stop there, we shall soon discover what is in his Mind. Would it not be better (said the Husband) to deliver us from these Cares, to discharge him? You may do it (reply'd the Landlady) but, as you say, he is a good Servant, and, in the Main, is necessary, I would not have him dismiss'd but for a great Fault. You are in the right, Wife (said the Landlord) Time will shew us all things: Do you watch on your Side, and I will watch on mine. They agreed upon that effectively; and the Landlord went to replace the Book where he found it.

Thomas who forgot where he had laid the Book, look'd for it every where and found it; at last he copy'd his Dialogue, and tore out the Leaf where 'twas written: His Design was to let *Constancia* see it, or declare himself to her in some other Way, as Occasion should serve; but she kept herself so well upon her Guard, that 'twas very difficult for *Thomas* to find a Day to discourse her one Moment, she avoided him as she avoided all other Men;

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Men ; and when she appear'd in any Place alone, 'twas like a Flash of Light'ning : At last, tho' an Occasion presented, *Constance* was troubled with the Tooth-ach that incommoded her, during some Days ; as this Fluxion did not leave her, she walked from Chamber to Chamber, to endeavour to dissipate it, holding her Handkerchief to her Mouth, and complaining from Time to Time, as she pass'd thro' a Gallery where *Thomas* was, and some other Persons, who fail'd not to ask her what Grief she complained of. 'Tis a Pain (she began to say) that many People make Slight of ; but I am extremely sensible 'tis the Tooth-ach that desolates me. Have you a Mind to be eased ? (said the amorous *Thomas*) You may if you please, and even in a Moment : I will give you a Prayer in Writing, that will ease you upon the Spot, and will take away all your Pain, if you read it devoutly once or twice ; I have often made the Experiment upon myself. Give me then this Prayer (said *Constance*) I will read it, I assure you, with a very good Will. It shall be then on Condition (said *Thomas*) that you let no body see it, 'tis a Secret I am afraid to make publick ; but I am willing to communicate it to you, because I am perswaded you are discreet. I promise you (said *Constance* then) that no body shall see it ; but give it me presently, for I find my Pain encrease. I will go write it (answer'd *Thomas*) and in a little time you shall have it. This was the first Time *Constance* and *Thomas* talk'd together, altho' twas near a Month they were in the same House. *Thomas* withdrew, and instead of writing the Prayer he had promis'd *Constance* ; he writ this Letter.

I Am, adorable Constanca, a Gentleman of Burgos: If I survive my Father, I shall enjoy a considerable Inheritance. At the Fame of your Beauty, which is spread throughout all Spain; I left this Capital of old Castile, and am metamorphos'd, as you see, to see you, and discover my Love to you. If you will answer it, divine Constanca, I will give you all the Marks of what I am, that will convince you, and then it will be in your Power to make me the most happy Man in the World, in receiving my Hand, and my Heart. In whatsoever Manner you take my Declaration, I presume to make you; I beseech you not to discover my Sentiments to any one; for, 'tis most certain, that if your Master should come to have any Knowledge, as he would not give any Credit to what I tell you, he would instantly dismiss me, which would be the Cause of my Death. I hope to be able, very suddainly, to perswade you, that I pretend nothing but what is veritable; but 'till then, permit that I may see and talk with you: Refuse me not so innocent a Favour; I will never abuse it, incomparable Constanca; make not an unhappy Man despair that adores you.

Constancia read the Letter, and was very much surpriz'd, to find there what she found: She went out a little after, something mov'd, and this Emotion seem'd to redouble her Charms; she had the Paper in her Hands, which she tore into many Pieces. Your Prayer has something of Superstition (she began to say, the Moment she perceiv'd Thomas.) Such Prayers as these ought not to be used. As I gave no Credit to it, I thought fit to tear

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it in your Presence. I shall say no more to you! In ending these Words, she went into her Mistress's Chamber, and left *Thomas* very much confounded; for, in short, in whatsoever Manner he interpreted the Action, and her Words, he could discern nothing to flatter his Hopes. In the mean Time, that which comforted him was, that *Constance* appear'd not irritated. I am no forwarder now than I was the first Day that I came into this House (said the amorous *Thomas*, to himself) But *Constance*, properly speaking, has us'd no Rudeness to me; She tore my Letter 'tis true; she has said, she gave no Credit to it; she is withdrawn, without entering one Moment into Conversation with me: But there appear'd in her Eyes neither overmuch Fierceness, nor overmuch Content: Nothing, in a Word, to desperate me. Might it be vertiable (said she) that I might in Time make you sensible, amiable *Constance*? Ah! No (said he a Moment after) you would have kept my Letter; you would have enter'd into some little Familiarity with me, if you had the least Disposition in the World to answer the Vows of a Lover, who adores you, and will adore you all his Life-time.

Whilst these Things pass'd in *Sevillan's* House, *Asturiano* went to the Market with Design to buy an Ass; he saw many, but found none for his Turn. A *Gypsie* followed him a long Time, to perswade him he had one would do his Business, but he seem'd too little, and somewhat lean, tho' he walk'd vigorously; on the other Side he distrusted the Chap: In Effect, it was plain, that this Animal was not vigorous, but for the Quick-Silver that was put into his Ears. He that found it out had his Views,

for he told him, a little after, that if he look'd for one fit to carry Water, he had one in a Meadow, he never had, perhaps, the like. Follow me (said he) and say nothing, 'tis but a little Way off I shall carry thee. Agreed (answer'd *Asturiano*) and taking one another about, as if they had been acquainted all their Life-time. They went and jump'd into a great Meadow, where they found a great many Water Carriers to see their Asses at Grass; the Animal pleas'd him, and the Bargain was soon concluded; *Asturiano* paid him twelve Ducats, and the other deliver'd him the Ass, and all the Harness, necessary for the Profession he was willing to undertake. Great was the Joy among the Water Carriers that were there, they felicitated *Asturiano* that he was entering into their Society, and all assur'd him, he had bought an Ass that was worth more than he was aware of; for be assur'd (said they) that he that sold him to thee, and who is going to return into his own Country, has got in one Year two Suits of Cloaths, and the twelve Ducats thou hast given him, after he had maintain'd himself and his Ass very honourably.

Four of these Water Carriers sate to play at *Primera*, and then lay all along upon the Grass, the Ground serving them for a Table, and their Cloaks for a Carpet. *Asturiano* sate and look'd on, and was surpriz'd to see 'em play high. There were some that had before 'em above a hundred Rials; the Play grew hot, two having laid the rest, were strip'd in a Moment of all they had, and went off. He that had sold the Ass had a great Mind to try his Fortune; but as he lov'd not to play three Stakes, he said to *Asturiano*, if he would be the fourth,

he

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he would hazard some Ducats. *Asturiano*, who never stood out, and who was a good Gamester, agreed to't: They sat then down upon the Grass, and the Play went on so brisk, that *Asturiano*, in less than an Hour, lost seven or eight Crowns in Gold he had about him. You have a terrible Ascendant over me (said he) but 'tis no Matter; I have no more Money, but I have my Afs; I will play him off if you will, he is good and sound; I must either loose him, or recover my poor Crowns of Gold. He was taken at his Word; they agreed to play by Quarters. *Asturiano* was no more Lucky than he had been before; he presently lost one Quarter of his Afs, and then lost another: In a Word, he lost all four in a very little Time; and he that sold the Afs was he that got him. Dost come to me again my dear Afs? (said he smiling) But I will be thy Master but a very little Time, for I will sell thee again to the first that comes. He then made ready to take him. Hold there my Friend (said *Asturiano*) make no Haste to offer him, the Afs is not all thine yet; I know very well I have lost four Quarters, and that these Quarters belong to thee, and thou may'st take 'em, and carry 'em whither thou pleatest, but the Tail is mine, I have not plaid that. All the Water Carriers began to laugh. You may laugh as much as you please (said *Asturiano* coldly) but I have not lost my Asses Tail, and he that will have it must win it. How (reply'd the Water Carrier) Is it not as when one sells a Sheep? For Example; Is the Tail to be separated? Do it not go with one of the hind Quarters? I confess it (answer'd *Asturiano*) in respect to Sheep in general; but I maintain that to be false

false with regard to the Sheep of *Barbary*; these Sheep have really five Quarters, and the Tail makes the fifth; I leave it to those that sell 'em, or rather I leave it to yourselves. 'Tis very true (said he) that when we sell 'em alive all goes together; but my Afs was play'd for, he was not sold; and 'twas never my Thought to play the Tail: No body can know better than myself what my Intention was thereupon. Let him give me the Tail then, and take the four Quarters, every one his own is not too much; and if any one pretends otherwise, 'tis I that he shall have to doing with: I know very well how to dispute what belongs to me. You are a great many (said he to the Water Carriers, with an angry look) but were you all the Water Carriers in the World, I would have you to know I fear you not. I say more; if you were willing to give me an Equivalent for the Tail, I would not take it: I will have the Tail, and I will have nothing else: Let 'em dismember the Afs presently. He then threw his Hat up into the Air, and shook a Dagger, he carry'd under his Coat, and putting himself in a Posture of a Man that had a Mind to fight; he appear'd so formidable to all the Water Carriers, that not one of 'em durst stir. What wilt thou do? (said one of the Water Carriers, turning to him that had won the four Quarters of the Afs.) *Asturiano* has not altogether Right, but also has not altogether Wrong: It should have been explain'd before Play began. Afterward turning to 'em both, If I were in your Place (said he) I should choose rather to play the Tail against one of the Quarters, than to fight about so small a Matter. Play it off at little *Primera*, Fortune will declare

clare herself in Favour of him that has Right on his Side. That was what *Asturiano* demanded; but the other began to be afraid: They both agreed to the Expedient, and sate down again to play; they play'd one Quarter, and *Asturiano* won it; he soon won another a little after: In a Word, he recover'd his Afs. Never was Man so confounded as the Water Carrier, who, at the Bottom, was chous'd in the Matter. Thou hast recover'd thy Afs (said he to *Asturiano*) I know not what to do in't; but at the End of the Reckoning, I would rather that thou had'st him than that he should be dismember'd. Let us play now for Money. I shall do nothing (said *Asturiano*) I am content to have lost my Crowns in Gold; I will never hazard my Afs again, that I must get my Bread by. *Asturiano* had enough to defend himself; they press'd him, so hard to play; he play'd so happily, that he left not the Water Carrier so much as one half Rial. One may well comprehend what was the Rage and Desolation of this Wretch, he would not be comforted. My Friend (said *Asturiano* to him) do not despair, forbear thy Lamentations, and thy Complaints, we do not use one another like a *Turk*, or a *Moor*; thou shalt not be the poorer for having lost all thy Money to me. Then he restor'd him all that he had won, he return'd him even the twelve Ducats of the Afs; and, besides that, made some Liberalities to others, that he thought had no more than they wanted. After that he went into the City, and left the Water Carriers in an Admiration, very hard to describe. He told his Adventure to *Thomas*, that could not forbear laughing, altho' he had not all the Reason in the World;
for

for *Constancia* was always insensible for him, and he could not discern yet how his Amours would end.

There was no Tavern nor Assembly of idle Companions where they did not talk of the Subtilty, Courage, and Liberality of *Asturiano*: But as People are always unjust, as they are naturally more inclin'd to Evil than that which is good, they made little Account of the Generous Action *Asturiano* had done, and only talk'd of the Cheat he made use of, to receive again the As's he had lost. This new Water Carrier the next Morning began his Trade; but he no sooner appear'd in the Streets but they pointed at him with their Fingers, crying out, There's the Water Carrier of the Tail. The Children run about him, and follow'd him, crying out the same thing. He did not like that much; he presently thought fit to say nothing, thinking that Silence was the best Course he could take, to make the Rabble and Children hold their Peace; but he was mistaken, his Prudence did him no good; they came on again, so that his Patience being chang'd into Rage, he dismounted from his As's, and laid on the first he met, Blow after Blow. That serv'd only to make 'em cry out the louder, and bring the People together. They were slippery Steps for him, that was naturally harden'd; so that, as a Man prudent and wise, he withdrew quickly into a little House he had taken, to deliver himself from the Pursuits of *Arguillia*, and there he confin'd himself for five or six Days, never going abroad, but when Night came to go and discourse with his Friend, whom he always found very melancholly; for after he had given his Letter to

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Constancia, he could not find any Means to hitch on Conversation with her one Moment. She is more retir'd than ever (said *Thomas* to *Asturiano*) I had but one only Occasion to discourse with her; but she impos'd me Silence as soon as I began to open my Mouth to talk to her. *Thomas* (said she) I am very well, and have no need of your Prayers. I own she came out with these Words with an Air next to laughing, and without seeming to me my Declaration had offended her; but she would enter into no Discourse with me; and as thou may'st well think, this Indifference confounded me. I pity thee (said *Asturiano*) but the Evil is not so bad as I thought; one may well hope of Favour from a Mistress, when she is not altogether provok'd; and I prophesy all will go well. Let us talk of me (said *Asturiano*.) He then made him a Recital of what happen'd to him, the first Time he appear'd in the Streets, mounted upon his Ass. This Out-cry of the Children (*Thomas* began to say) is disagreeable without Doubt, but strive not against the Stream, my dear *Asturiano*, the Council I have to give thee thereupon, and on the like Occasion I would take myself, 'tis, That thou forbear, for sometime, to appear in the Streets with thy Ass, and leave the Trade of a Water Carrier. By this first Expedient thou may'st silence, and make thy History be forgotten. I will follow thy Advice, my dear *Thomas* (answer'd *Asturiano*) I will stay at Home some Days, and if there is no other Remedy, I will soon make Money of my Ass, and renounce for my whole Life the Trade I had a Design to undertake, during which Time, the Court thou makest to *Constancia* may terminate.

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Thereupon *Asturias* went Home, resolv'd to keep close and conceal'd; For (said he) in seven or eight Days, some new Adventure may happen, to amuse the People, and make 'em forget mine.

I enter now on a Scene that pass'd in *Sevillan's* House, some Days after. It was about eleven o' Clock at Night, when of a suddain, and little look'd for, and one had little Reason to expect, there came in a Company of Bayliffs, with the Mayor at the Head of them. The Landlord and all the Inn was alarm'd at this nocturnal Visit; for 'tis with Justice, as 'tis with Comets, that never appear but it presages some great Disaster; 'tis at least the common Opinion. The Mayor was shew'd into an Hall, and at the same Time call'd for the Landlord, of whom he gravely ask'd, If he was the Master of the House? The Landlord answer'd him, that he was. Whereupon, the Mayor caus'd all those to go out that were in the Hall, and being alone with *Sevillan*, he told him, He must know of him what Servants he had in his House. *Sevillan* answer'd him, That he had two Female Servants, besides a young Fellow that kept his Oats, who gave them out to those that lay in the Inn. Have you no other Domestic? (reply'd the Mayor) No, Sir (reply'd the Landlord.) And upon what Account (said the Mayor then) have you in your House a young Girl, that makes so much Noise, whom they call, the illustrious Chambermaid, of whom my Son is so much in Love, that hardly a Night passes but he treats her with Music? 'Tis true (answer'd the Landlord) that this Maid is with me; and tho' she is my Servant, I may say, however, that she is not. I do not understand you (said the

the Mayor.) All that I have to say to you is, that you must explain yourself; for I cannot be satisfy'd with a captious Answer. I have told you the Truth (reply'd *Sevillan*) and if you will grant me a little Moment of Audience, I will convince you, that this Girl is not my Servant, altho' she be. I will wait (said the Mayor) and I will even wait to understand you, to see in what Manner you can accord Things so contradictory; but first, 'tis necessary that I see this Girl; and I order you to bring her hither. The Landlord presently put his Head to the Door and call'd *Constancia*.

The Hostess, who was heark'ning, and who was by this Time very much mov'd, was yet a great deal more, when she understood, that her Husband had call'd this Girl. Alas! (said she, with a deep Sigh, and her Eyes full of Tears) What Crime can *Constancia* be culpable of, *Constancia* that is Virtue itself? Alarm not yourself, my dear and good Mistress (said *Constancia*, without being concern'd) we shall soon know what they would have of me; and be perswaded, if I am accus'd of any bad Action, I am, however, very innocent; my Conscience reproaches me with nothing that is unworthy of my Sex, and the Protection you give me. She waited not to be call'd twice, and taking a Link in her Hand, she went into the Hall, where the Mayor was, without seeming overmuch disconcerted. She was no sooner come in, but the Mayor caus'd the Door to be shut, and at the same Time, taking the Link she carry'd, he look'd upon her very attentively, and, as a Blushing arose in her Face, she appear'd so pretty, in the Eyes of the Mayor, he was surpriz'd; for he expected not to see a Beauty

so accomplish'd. After having well consider'd her, he turn'd to the Landlord, to whom he spoke in these Terms. This young Girl ought not to be with you; she is worthy of a better Fortune; and I blame my Son no more for admiring her; her Renown (said he) exalts her Charms; but all that Renown has said, comes short of the Beauty this amiable Girl is adorn'd with. Is she your Kinswoman? (said the Mayor to him again.) She is neither my Kinswoman, nor my Servant (answer'd the Landlord) and if you have a Mind to know what she is, you will hear somewhat (said he to him, with a low Voice) that will give you Pleasure and Admiration all-together; but first she must withdraw; make her go out then; but whatsoever I can inform you of her, you may assure her that she is under my Protection, and that I will be to her instead of a Father. *Constancia* heard these Words, but made as if she heard them not, and went out. Whilst she is relating to her Mistress what pass'd in the Hall, let us see what the Landlord said to the Mayor. It is, Sir, about fifteen Years, this Day (said *Sevillian*) that there came to me a Lady, in a Pilgrim's Habit, attended by four Men-Servants on Horse-back, and two young Ladies and a Chambermaid; the Lady was in a Horse-Litter, and her Women in a sort of a Coach; her Equipage was very magnific, for there were two or three Mules, with Covertures very rich, loaden with a Bed, and all, within a little, that is fit for a Kitchen. The Lady seem'd to be about forty Years old, however, she was very handsome. The Moment she came in, they made her Bed in this same Hall, wherein we now are, and went to Bed at the same Time.

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Time. She had certainly great Need, for she was not only weary, but sick.

Her Servants ask'd me presently, who was the most famous Physician of the City? I told 'em who. They went immediately to fetch him, and that which he order'd first was, to change the Bed into a Chamber, where was less Noise, and that was executed exactly. None of the Men went into the Lady's Apartment, only the two Females. The Chambermaid that serv'd her, we ask'd very often (my Wife and I) the Name of this Lady? Whence she came? If she were a Widow or Maid? Why she was dress'd like a Pilgrim? And all that we could learn was, That 'twas a Person of Quality of old *Castile*; that she was a Widow, and without Children; that she was now fallen into a dangerous Dropsie, and therefore had made a Vow, to go in Pilgrimage to our Lady of *Guadaloupe*, and to accomplish her Vows, had taken this Habit. As to what regards her Name, they said, they had Orders to call her only the *Pilgrim Lady*.

This was all we knew then; but three Days after she called for me and my Wife, by one of her Maids, and spoke to us in these Terms.

Heaven is my Witness! (she began to say in shedding a Torrent of Tears) Heaven is my Witness! That, without being Culpable, I find myself the most unfortunate Person in the World; I am with Child, and I am so near my Time, that I feel already my first Pangs; none of my Men know any thing of my Misfortunes, my Women only know it, I could not make it a Mystery to them, and I am perswaded besides, I could discover it to them without Danger, to avoid those who might observe me

me at home: I have made a Vow to go to our Lady of *Guadaloupe*; and I see now 'tis her Pleasure I should be brought to Bed here: I look upon you then as the only Persons that can give me Relief: I throw myself into your Arms, and I hope, in succouring me, you will pity my Destiny, and that you will never reveal the Secret I trust you with. In ending these Words, which made us Weep, she took from under the Pillow of her Bed a Green Silk Purse of Gold, and presented it to my Wife, and told her, There is in this Purse two hundred Crowns in Gold, that I give you to let you see, that I am willing, before-hand, to acknowledge the Service I am convinc'd you will do me. My Wife, who felt herself much concern'd, took the Purse without answering any thing; but I took the Word, and told her, If there was no Recompence to hope for, whatsoever I could do should be to serve her, and we should spare for nothing to sweeten the Bitterness of her Mind; and that in confiding on us, she confided on Persons that would love rather to die a thousand times, than reveal the Secret she had charg'd us with. 'Tis then necessary (said the Lady) since you have a Disposition to serve me, that you provide me a Woman to take Care of the Child that God shall give me; but it must be a Woman very well known to you, and that you take all the necessary Precautions she may never know my Adventures; for a Midwife I will have none, my Women shall do the Office, that will be a Testimony at least, that I shall see myself deliver'd: I will accomplish my Vow after I have been brought to Bed; and at my Return, we will take all the Precautions

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cautions that can be taken, to give Assurances, that the Child I shall leave you shall never be any Charge, and to order it, that this Child may be known in due time. She said no more, she there ended her Discourse; but her Tears ended not. My Wife, who was a little recovered from her Surprize, endeavour'd to comfort her; she confirm'd all the Promises she had made her, and I went out to look for a Woman, whom I found some Hours after, and such a-one as I could wish. The good Lady was not very long before she felt her Pains come on thick; and that same Night about one in the Morning, when all the World was fast asleep, she was brought to Bed of the beautifulest Girl that I ever saw in all my Life; 'tis she, Sir, whom you just now saw. That which was admirable in this Child-bed, that was prompt and happy is, that the Mother retain'd her Shrieks, and the Child hardly cry'd at all in coming into the World, wherein we admir'd Providence, that manag'd all so wisely, that there was no body in the House, whoever they were, had the least Suspicion of what pass'd. With so much Silence, she lay seven Days in Bed, during which her Phylician never fail'd to visit her; not that she had told him whence her Illness proceeded, nor that she took the Remedies he ordered her, but by that Means sought to deceive her People, as she told me when she was out of Danger. The eighth Day she arose, and continued her Pilgrimage: She return'd in less than a Month, seeming to be very well; for she had, by little and little, left off the Cushions and other Machines she made use of to feign she was Dropsical. The Child was call'd *Constancia* at the Font, according
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to the Order I had received, and she was at Nurse in the Country, where she pass'd for my Niece. I received presently of the Lady a Golden Chain I have yet, whereof she took six Links, telling me, that he, she should send to fetch the Child, should bring them; she cut at the same time, indented, two Pieces of Parchment, on which she writ thus; Imagine you, Sir, two of your Fingers interlaid one on the other, on which some Writing might be form'd; 'Tis easy to comprehend, that this Writing had some Meaning whilst your Fingers were joyned, and that it would have none the Moment they were separate. 'Tis the same with these two Lists, one is the Seat of the other, as I may say, being united; one may read some Words, that have some Signification, instead of being separate; one sees nothing but Characters that signify nothing. I have one of these Parchments, and when they shall come to fetch *Constancia*, they must shew me the other; 'tis the Signal they have agreed upon.

The Lady (said *Sevillan*) was not satisfied at present with what she had given my Wife; she gave her besides five hundred Crowns in Gold, and she promised to take home her Child at the End of two Years; but she told us, if by Chance, she could not execute her Design within the Time she nam'd, she desir'd us to breed up her Girl as a poor Country Girl, never to discover her Birth, and to be perswaded she would not leave her without a Recompence. I have important Reasons (said she) in separating her from me, for you to conceal her Name; but you shall know in Time, and you shall never have Cause to repent the Services you have done me, and will do me, in preserving faithfully the precious

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precious Pledge that I leave with you. She embrac'd my Wife all in Tears and went away, leaving us full of Admiration, and so affected, that we could not forbear to shed Tears in our Turn; we were never so sorry in all our Lives.

Constance was nurs'd two Years in a Village, whence I brought her home, and I have always kept her ever since with me in the Habit of a Country Girl, as her Mother order'd me. 'Tis about fifteen Years, as I have already said, that I have waited for them to fetch her away, and I loose hope now they will ever come; but I have chose my Side, I am resolv'd to adopt her, and give her all that I am worth, which is considerable: I shall tell you besides, Sir, that this Girl has all the Qualities desirable in a Person one would place in the Number of his Children; she can read and write; she can work in all Sorts of Needle-work; she sings admirably; but what she has besides is, that she has Piety and Virtue; and I can say, she has none of these little Failings that young Persons ordinarily have, whom Heaven has adorn'd with some Beauty. *Don Pedro*, your Son, never spoke with her in his Life, you may be perswaded: 'Tis very true he gives her Music sometimes; but she never heard it. Several Lords, of the first Rank, have sojourn'd with me several Days, with no other Design but to see her; but none of them could boast they had ever said one single Word to her. There, Sir, is the veritable History of this illustrious Servant, to whom I may give this Name, because 'tis the Name all the World gives her: However, she is not with me upon that Account. The Mayor stood surpriz'd at the Things he heard; he stood awhile without say-

ing a Word, after the Landlord had done speaking; but in short, breaking Silence, he ordered him to go fetch the Chain and the Parchment, which was executed in a Moment. The Chain was extreamly well wrought, and the List of Vellum was such as *Sevillan* had describ'd it. The Mayor carried away the List, but left the Chain with the Landlord: After which he withdrew, with a Design to find out a more decent Dwelling, or to place her with a Nun, his Kinswoman, to breed her up.

In the Time these Things pass'd, *Thomas* was in great Inquietudes; but when he saw that the Mayor was gone out, and that *Constancia* staid, he began to take Heart a little: In the mean time, as he knew not what Views the Mayor had, he pass'd one Night very sad; the most firmest Thought he had was, that the Mayor might shut up *Constancia* in a Convent, to remove her from his Son's Sight, and that this amiable Girl should never more be heard of.

The Day following, in the Afternoon, four Men on Horseback, and two Running Footmen, came to *Sevillan*, they preceded two old Gentlemen, whom they aided to dismount from their Horses, which presently made it appear the two old Ones were their Masters. *Constancia* went out to meet these two new Guests, with her usual Air; and the Beauty of this Girl so affected one of these two Gentlemen, that he began to say (turning to the other) I believe, *Don Juan*, that we have found what we look for: *Thomas*, who run to put the Horses into the Stable, knew presently one of his Father's Servants; he discover'd his Father a little after, and *Carriasse's*: He was extreamly surpriz'd,
and

and he no ways doubted, but one of them had discovered 'em at *Toledo*: In the mean time, not daring to present himself in the Equipage he was in, he pass'd before them with his Hand upon his Face, and went about to speak to *Constancia*, who, by chance, he found alone. I have but one Word to say to you, insensible *Constancia*; vouchsafe to here me one single Moment (said *Thomas* to her, all troubled and disordered) One of these Gentlemen, newly come, is my Father; 'tis *Don Juan de Avendania*; inform yourself of those of his Train, if that be not his Name, or if he has not a Son call'd, *Don Thomas*, 'tis easy for you at present to satisfy yourself, if I have said anything with Respect to myself, that is not veritable, for what regards the Offers I have made you, and still do make them; be perswaded, that I have promis'd nothing but what I am able to execute. *Constancia* answered nothing. 'Tis true, that if she had answered anything, *Thomas* could not have understood her; for he withdrew, with so great Precipitation, to go find out *Carriasse*, to whom it was necessary to communicate what pass'd.

One of the Gentlemen, in that interim, took *Galliega* aside, of whom he ask'd what the young Girl's Name was, he had seen? If she was one of the Daughters or Kinswomen of the Landlord? The Girl's Name is *Constancia* (answered *Galliega*) she's neither of Kin to the Landlord nor Landlady; and you would puzzle me very much if you would know who she is; 'tis a deep Secret to me, and many others. All that I can tell you, Sir, is, she was born with her Head dress'd; and there's no body whosoever that comes to this House, but informs him-

self presently who she is, and who is not charm'd with her Beauty: 'Tis to none but her any obliging Thing is said; for, as for us poor Souls, there is not so much as one Word said to us that may give the least Pleasure. At this Rate (reply'd the Gentleman) she makes fair Play to those that come near her. By my Faith (said *Galliega*) very few can boast of having come near her; the Fault is not her's: If she would but permit any one to look upon her, she might, by this Time, have made her Fortune, Times without Number, and might have shin'd with Cloth of Gold; but she flies from the Men as if they were excommunicated; she is all the Day long shut up employed in Prayers to God, or at her Needle; I never saw a Girl of her Character; it becomes us to be wise, but plainly she is a little too much. Men are not so bad as they are black; and I have always heard it said, that a Man was made for a Woman, and that a Woman was made for a Man: I am as severe as another; But I would not be offended if all the Men upon Earth spoke to me, if they talk'd (as to her) in all Civility and Honour.

The Gentleman was fully satisfy'd with what he learn'd from the Mouth of this Servant, who had talk'd to him very naturally; he turn'd presently towards the Landlord, and without staying to take off his Spurs, he took him aside into a Chamber. I come (said he presently to him) to retrieve a Pledge that belongs to me, and which you have had in your Custody many Years; but to let you see, that I come not with false Tokens, I have brought you a Parchment, and five or six Links of a certain Chain, that you will know, without doubt.

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I must add to that, that I have a thousand Crowns to give you, to shew you my Acknowledgment. The Pledge you ask for, Sir, is here (answered the Landlord) but I have neither the Chain nor the List of Vellum, that were put into my Hands, when I was trusted with this precious Pledge, that I have so long kept; but (said he) have a little Patience, I will give you an Account of all. Upon this he went out of the Chamber and went to the Mayor, to let him know some were come to reclaim *Constance*.

The Mayor, as soon as he had din'd, presently took Horse, and taking with him the List of Vellum, he had seiz'd the Day before, rode strait to *Sevillan's* House; he had hardly cast his Eyes on *Don Juan de Avendania*, but he run to him with open Arms, crying out, Ah! my dear Cousin, is it you then? Yes; 'tis I (said *Don Juan*) and I am overjoy'd to see you again, you shall soon know by what Adventure: Then embracing him a second Time, he took him by the Hand, and conducted him into another Chamber, where the other Gentleman was. The Mayor was yet extremely surpriz'd to see *Don Diego Carriasse*, who he knew very particularly; the Civilities were reiterated, and having embrac'd again, with a great deal of Affection, they went into an Hall, where they were with *Sevillan*, who was gone to fetch the Chain. I partly know now what brought you to *Toledo* (said the Mayor, addressing to the two Gentlemen) and I expect (said he) a Discovery, that will cause me no less Admiration, than the History of this Illustrious Girl has caus'd me already, whom you come now to take away from us. Altho' I have her History, in a very imperfect Manner, shew the Chain

Chain that you have (said the Mayor, speaking to the Landlord) I have the Parchment you communicated to me Yesterday; of which I was very willing to be the Depositary, for fear it should come to be laid aside. The Chain then and the Vellum List were laid upon the Table. On my Side (said *Don Diego*) I have in my keeping the Links that are wanting to this Chain, and a Parchment very like that which I see; I return them to you: We shall soon be inform'd (said he) if this young Girl, whom we have seen, be her we reclaim. The Thing was soon dispatch'd. The Lists were of the same Workmanship, of the same Matter, and of the same Form, with the rest of the Chain: And as to the Parchment, the two Links were no sooner joyned and interlaid one in the other, but these Words were distinctly to be read:

Constancia will be known by this Signal.

There is no room to doubt but this is the same *Constancia* you are come to look for (said the Mayor, turning towards the two Gentlemen.) There's nothing to be done now (said he) but to know who are the Parents of this Girl. 'Tis I that am the Father (answer'd *Don Diego*.) For her Mother, she is no longer in this Life: 'Tis enough to tell you, 'twas a Person of Distinction; and by her Birth, and by her Virtue, you will hardly conceive, that without being my Wife, her Conduct was always regular. In the mean Time, Heaven knows her Life was always without Reproach. I have some Reasons to conceal her Name, but, I have besides to justify her Innocence. I ask Pardon of your Ashes,
 Illustrious

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illustrious Mother of *Conflancia* (cry'd out *Don Diego*, with a great Sigh) I made you the most unfortunate Person of your Rank, and your Sex. *Don Diego Carriasse* was some Time without speaking, after this Exclamation. One might see clearly he was troubled; but he soon recover'd his Spirits. This Lady (said he) hath been marry'd to a Gentleman of very great Merit, and one of the first Families of *Spain*; but she was a Widow a little Time after her Marriage. The Way she took, after the Death of her Spouse, was to retire into the Country, where she pass'd her Time in a Manner very Tranquille. I had known her, and one Day, when I went a Hunting, I found I was so near her House, that I resolv'd to go see her; it was in the Heat of Summer, and it was about two o'Clock in the Afternoon when I came to her: I left my Horse with one of my Men, and went into her Palace all alone; for this House, by Reason of its Greatness, and its Magnificence, might very well be so call'd. I was surpriz'd to find no body neither in the Court, nor in the first Apartments. I came at last into a great Hall, where finding no body, I went into a very fine Chamber, I found open, and where the Lady was asleep on a Pallat-Bed, 'twas a Woman extreamly well shap'd, and as she could not foresee any one could surprize her, she had taken no Precaution to hide her white Arms, and the whitest Neck that could be seen; 'twas a Goddess asleep, who to avoid the excessive Heat of that Day, was in a half Undress; for in short, one single Night Gown, and one single Petticoat, of very thin Taffatee, was all her Dress; her Beauty, which was extraordinary, the Silence,
the

the Solitude, so many Charms I perceiv'd, rais'd Desires in me, whereof I was no longer Master; I shut the Door softly, I approach'd her Bed, I admir'd her, and uncertain for a little while if I should retire or stay in her Chamber; the Force of Love carry'd it at last, I stoop'd to her, I gave her a Kiss, and Boldness coming on, I embrac'd her with so much Ardour, that she awak'd, drowsy, and very much affright'ned. 'Tis not difficult to comprehend, Madam — (said I presently to her) I conjure you most instantly, not to cry out; for, in short, your Cries will serve only to discover an Adventure, 'tis your Interest to conceal; they are asleep in your House; no body saw me come into your Chamber; your Domesticks will not fail to run in upon your Cries, and it might even happen they might kill me in your Arms; but my Death will never take away the Suspicion. That this is a Gallantry agreed on, I say all in one Word, I obtain'd the Favours I desir'd, because, being taken unawares, she could never disengage herself from me, with all she could do. The virtuous Lady was so surpriz'd, so confounded, so troubled, so little in Condition to know what she should do, or what she should not do, that very far from loading me with Injuries, or to complain of my Violence, that she had not the Force to speak. I found myself also confus'd as much as she, when I came to own, that if I had been happy, I had been happy by a Crime I shall blush for, as long as I live; but the Crime is committed, there was no Remedy. You may well imagine I did not stay long in her Chamber; I should have rais'd too great a Tempest if I had staid till she was recover'd of her Surprize; and

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and that she had the Strength to reproach me, for my unworthy Action, or to revenge herself: I went back the same Way I came in, without meeting with any body, and went to one of my Friends, that was two Leagues from her House. The Lady went to live in another Place she had, and two Years after I hear'd she was dead.

'Tis about a Month since (said *Don Diego*) that a Steward, who had serv'd her, writ me, he had very important Things to communicate to me, and what I ought not to neglect the Knowledge of, for my Satisfaction, and for my Honour. He observ'd to me, at the same Time, that he was not in a Condition to come to me, and that the Affair he treated of was very urgent. I went to see him and found him sick in Bed, given over by his Physicians; he related to me, in a very few Words, that this unfortunate Lady, on her Death-Bed, had plac'd Confidence in him of what had pass'd with me; that she said besides, that she proved with Child by the Violence I had us'd her; that to hide her great Belly, she had undertaken the Pilgrimage of the Lady of *Guadaloupe*; and in fine, that she was brought to Bed in the House wherein we now are, of a Girl that was call'd, *Constancia*. He put into my Hands at the same time the Parchment, and the Links which you see, and a Box of thirty thousand Crowns in Gold, and a Paper whereon was writ, with her own Hand, that she reserv'd this Money to be given in Dowry to this Girl. If I produce not presently this Box (said the Landlord to me, with a doleful Voice) 'tis because this great Sum had tempted me; but as you see me here, ready to give an Account to God, I will

O o

discharge

discharge my Conscience. I give you then what belongs to you; and I give you at the same time Means to acquire a far greater Treasure, which is a Child, which you never thought to have, and who has her Mother's Perfections: For, I ought to discover to you besides, that I have made three Journeys to *Toledo*, without making myself known; I have always seen her enchanted with her Virtues and her Beauty, which certainly is extraordinary.

Don Diego had hardly made an End of these Words, but they heard one cry out at the Gate, Advertize *Thomas Pedro*, that they are carrying away *Asturiano*, his Friend, to Prison. The Mayor, who heard 'em talk of Prison, gave Order, at that Instant, they should bring the Prisoner and the Bailiffs that carried him: The Bailiffs obeyed; they brought *Asturiano* to *Sevillan's* House, with his Face all bloody. *Asturiano* was no sooner come into the Hall, where were the Mayor and the two Gentlemen, but he knew his Father, and *Avendania's*; 'twas no small Surprize, he was confus'd and disconcerted. The Prison would have been more agreeable to him than the Sight of a Father, that could not but be irritated against him, and before whom he durst not appear, in the Condition he was in. He hid his Face with an Handkerchief, feigning to wipe off the Blood that run down; but it was hardly possible he should escape the Knowledge of the two Gentlemen, to whom appearing ill, they kept their Eyes always over him. The Mayor, who was willing to know what they were treating about, ask'd, what this young Man had done to be so ill-handled? The Bailiffs answer'd, 'Twas a Water-Carrier, call'd, *Asturiano*, upon whom the Children

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Children in the Streets cry'd, There's the Man of the Tail. They then made a Recital in few Words, what the Water-Carrier had done, after he had lost at Play the four Quarters of his Afs, which made the two Gentlemen and the Mayor burft with Laughing, the Story was fo pleasant to 'em. The Bailiffs related afterwards, that *Asturiano* going out by the Bridge of *Alcantara*, the Children followed him, crying out to him to come off from his Afs, he struck one of them fuch a Blow that he left him for dead; and as he was coming off when they feized him, he received fo many little Cuffs in the Face that made him very bloody, but 'twas only the bleeding of his Nofe. The Mayor then bid him uncover his Face; and as he made a Difficulty of doing it, one of the Bailiffs pull'd away the Handkerchief, and his Father knew him. One may well figure then the Amazement of *Don Diego*, the Joy he had to fee *Carriaffe* appeared prefently in the Eyes of the old Gentleman; but this Joy was extremely moderated, when he faw him in this Equipage. You make me afham'd, Son (faid *Don Diego* to him, with a fevere Air) and you difhonour our Family, by fuch unworthy Conduct. *Carriaffe* ftay'd not 'till his Father had ended his Reproaches, and juft Complaints, but fell at his Feet, all in Tears, and holding him about, ask'd his Pardon, and befought him to forget all his Follies. They may be forgot (faid *Don Juan de Avendania*) but tell me firft (faid he) what is become of *Thomas de Avendania*, my Son? *Thomas de Avendania* is here (answered *Carriaffe*) 'tis he that takes Care of the Oats for the Horfes of thofe that come to lodge in this Houfe; pardon his Metamorphofis and mine;

'tis Love that has thus transform'd us; when you are disposed to hear us, we will tell you all. The Mayor was in an Admiration; and as *Thomas de Avendania* was long in coming, he ordered the Landlord to produce him: It was not known presently where he was; but 'twas known presently after he was gone to hide himself in his Chamber. *Asturiano* not being to be found, the Landlord call'd him himself, but he refus'd to come down; and he had not come down, if the Mayor, who went into the Court, had not call'd him by his Name, saying to him, Our dear Cosen, come down, *Don Thomas de Avendania*, you may come without any Fear. *Avendania* came down then, with a down Look, and threw himself at his Father's Feet, who embrac'd him with a great deal of Affection. The Mayor went himself to fetch *Constancia*; and taking her by the Hand, presented her to her Father. Here is your Daughter (said he, directing his Discourse to *Don Diego Carriasse*) then turning to *Constancia*, This venerable Gentleman is your Father; give Thanks to Heaven both of you for this marvelous Discovery. *Constancia*, who knew not what to think, fell on her Knees before her Father, all trembling and drowned in Tears. *Don Diego* could not forbear to be much concern'd; and taking up his Daughter, I know you (said he) by your Beauty and your Modesty; and if I shed Tears embracing you, they are Tears of a veritable Joy. A Moment after, there appear'd two Coaches that the Mayor had sent for. It shall be at my House, if you please (said he to them) all that we will end this Scene with. The two Gentlemen were against it; but they were forc'd to give Way to the obliging Sollicitations

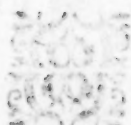
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Sollicitations of the Mayor, who treated them that Night very splendidly. The Landlady herself, who could not be separated from her dear *Constancia*, was of the Company. After Supper, *Carriasse* made a Recital very circumstanciated, and very agreeable of all that befel to 'em, after they had left their Governor; and falling at last in the Chapter of *Constancia*, he told them, that *Don Thomas* was become so hideous in Love, that to endeavour to make himself be belov'd, he had a Mind to take Service in the House where she was; and as to him, he made himself a Water-Carrier to wait the Issue of his Friend's Enterprize. He said a great many other Things, which they heark'ned to with Pleasure: And, whereas, it was unseemly, that *Carriasse* and *Avendania* should appear the next Day, in the Equipage they were in, they sent for Taylors, who work'd all Night, to make them Cloaths. For *Constancia*, the Mayor's Wife gave her those of her only Daughter, that was very near her Age and Stature. The Mayor's Son perceiv'd presently, he must renounce *Constancia*. *Don Pedro* was not Mistaken; for, that same Evening, it was concluded, he should be marry'd with *Don John de Avendania's* Daughter; that *Carriasse* should have the Mayor's Daughter; and that *Don Thomas* should espouse the beautiful *Constancia*. The Rejoycings lasted a Month; and the Weddings were celebrated at *Burgos*, with the utmost Magnificence.



NOVEL

illustrations of the Mayor, who treated them that night very politely. The lady had herself, who could not be separated from her dear Chamberlain, was of the Company. Alonzo, however, made a protest very circumstantially, and very agreeable to all that befell, to say, after they had left their governor, and sitting as tall in the Chamber of Commerce, he told them, that the Mayor was anxious to bid them in town, that he intended to take with himself, he had a mind to take a drive in the town, and he was to him, he made himself a Water-Counter to walk the lines of his friends. He said a great many other things, which they heard not to with pleasure. And, whereas, it was necessary, that Chamberlain and his friends should appear the next Day, in the Evening, they were in, and went for five days, who would all Night, to make them Chamberlain's. The Mayor's Wife gave her those of her only Daughter, that was very near her age and stature. The Mayor's son perceived, presently, he must renounce Chamberlain, for he was not Miriam's; for that, the Evening, it was concluded, he should be married with her. He had a Daughter, that Chamberlain should have the Mayor's Daughter; and that the Mayor should renounce the beautiful Chamberlain. The Reverend called a Moment, and the Village was called, and at length, with the usual Magnificence.





NOVEL VI.

THE

Jealous *Estremaduran*.

El día que te casas ó te sanas ó te matas.

Thy Fortune on thy Wedding Day depends:
Either it ruins thee, or mends.



NOT long since, there went out of the Province of *Estremadura*, a Man of a Family of Distinction, who, like another Prodigal Child, rambled thro' almost all the Provinces of *Spain*, equally consuming his Estate and Years. After many Journeys (his Father being now dead, and his Patrimony dissipated within a little) he came to *Seville*, where he could not fail of finding Occasions to spend the little he had left.

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left. When he came to find himself without Money, and without Friends (for a Man has not many that is not rich) he took the Course taken in Spain by the most Part of young People, that have liv'd disorderly, and in Libertinage: He resolv'd to go to the *Indies*, tho' all People that go thither, make not their Fortune in that Country: He remain'd firm in his Resolution, perceiving well it was the only Way he could take, to extricate himself from the Misery his bad Conduct had reduc'd him to. A Fleet departed for *Peru*; he had no Time to loose; he agreed with him that commanded it, and made Provision as well as he could, of what might be necessary, to render this long Voyage less disagreeable; he embark'd on board the Fleet at *Cadix*, and having given his Benediction to *Spain*, they weigh'd Anchor, and hoist Sail, with a Wind so favourable, that he lost, some Hours afterwards, the Sight of Land, and saw himself in the midst of the vast and spacious Campaignes of the Ocean. Our Traveller was pensive, his Memory refresh'd him, with the divers Perils he had run in his other Voyages; the bad Management he had hitherto made; in a Word, all the Actions of his Life, calling himself to an Account for what he had done. He said, at the same Time, he would be better, if he were so happy to gain an Estate; he would be mindful to preserve it. That, for the Future, he renounc'd Women, and all bad Company: These were the Reflections that entirely occupy'd him. The Fleet enjoy'd a Calm, whilst *Felipe de Carizale* (that was his Name) was tormented with a Thousand and a thousand Troubles, all these different Thoughts caus'd him. The Wind began to rise, and

and drove the Ships with so much Violence, that he saw himself constrain'd to think of somewhat else, and give Attention to the Dangers he might be expos'd to, in this new Voyage : The Voyage, however, was prosperous; the Fleet arriv'd at *Carthagena* without running the least Risque : But to abridge our Narration, and say nothing but what relates to our History, we will content ourselves to say, That *Felipe* was forty eight Years old when he departed for the *Indies*, and, in the space of twenty Years that he dwelt there, he order'd his Affairs so well, that he amass'd 150,000 Crowns. From the Moment he saw himself Master of so much Wealth, he resolv'd to return to his Country. Press'd with this Desire, which is so natural to Men, he executed his Resolution. He abandon'd *Peru*, where he had gain'd so great Riches. He put all his Silver into Lingots, and embark'd in a Ship bound for *Spain*, and, in fine, arriv'd at *Seville*, as rich, as he was old. Having left his Effects in Safety, he went in Search of his Friends; but he found they were all dead. This made him take a Resolution to leave this Town, and go end his Days in the Place of his Birth, altho' that he had heard his Relations were dead there also. *Carizale* was not without Inquietude, dissolv'd with Anxiety when he was poor, his Condition chang'd not in the midst of all his Treasures; he repos'd not with more Tranquility, than he was in Indigence, because, in some certain Sense, Riches are not less incommoding than Poverty : One may even say, there is this Difference, that he that possesses nothing, is happier, in some Manner, than he that enjoys the greatest Wealth; for, in fine, the poor Man

may become rich; but the Rich never thinks himself sufficiently so: Be it as it will, *Carizale* was not altogether content; he rejoyc'd to see his Lincots; but his Joy was imperfect; because he knew not what to do with them; he saw himself too old to put a Value on them, and apprehended, he should have his Throat cut one Night, in his House, if he shut himself up with them; besides, he could not well resolve to bury Riches, that might bring him such immense Profit, if he would continue the Trade he exercis'd with so much good Fortune in the Indies. In the midst of these Agitations, he had resolv'd to go pass in Peace his Old Age, in the Place of his Birth; but this Resolution put not an End to all the Cares that perplex'd him; he wanted to convert his Riches into Rent, but knew not where to place 'em; he found no where the Assurances he desired; never was Man more embarrass'd, nor more uncertain of his Destiny. On the other Side, the Borough that gave him Birth was full of nothing but poor People, he apprehended, and with Reason, to be expos'd at all Times to their Importunities. In the mean Time, he must make his Option, he must choose a Side, and 'twas a Point very difficult to him. Ingenious as he was, naturally to find Difficulties every-where, he took a Fancy to marry, to the End, that after his Death, he might not leave his Estate to Strangers; he examin'd himself thereupon, and it seem'd to him, he had sufficient Strength enough left, to support the Charge of Marriage; but to this Thought, there presently succeeded some very different; the only Imagination of being marry'd, made him tremble, and rejected it, as a Temptation of Satan: He was natu-

naturally so jealous, that he well perceiv'd he should be unhappy on that Side. Let us think no more on't (said he to himself) there are none but Fools, or People without any Delicacy, that marry. 'Tis the last Rock where a Man of good Sense shall touch. There's too much Risque to embark with a Woman. That's not the Side I shall take.

Poor *Carizale* might well say, he could not resist the Caprices of his Star; all his Reasonings was in vain, and made Reflections, he must be marry'd, whether he would or no. One Day, as he walk'd in the Town, always thinking what Course of Life he should lead, he perceiv'd at a Window a young Girl, he was presently taken with; besides a great Sweetness she had painted on her Visage (*Leonora* was the Name of this young Person) had so great Charms, that the good old Man could not prevent thinking her handsome, and fell in Love with her. She was but about fourteen Years of Age; but as Love argues not, *Carizale* thought her not too young, whatsoever Resolution he had taken, never to engage in Marriage; whatsoever Reasons had been alledg'd to support the Resolution, he was so metamorphos'd all of a suddain, that he believ'd there was no State in the World so happy as that of a Man that was marry'd. This young Girl (said he to himself) but to see the Out-side of her House) I see clearly, she cannot be very rich; she is but a Child, and a Wife of her Age can never cause a Husband much Suspicion; 'tis such a-one as I want; it looks as if Heaven had created her for me; she has never yet seen the World; the veritable Rock of most Women: Young and unexperienc'd as she is, I can live safely with her; I must marry her;

I will enclose her; I will put her on the Foot, that pleases me; I will frame her, in fine, so well to my Humour, that I shall never have Cause to complain, or repent me to have espous'd her. When one takes such Precautions as these, one may marry upon a sure Foot; I am not yet so old (he added) to despair of having Children: And I shall, at least, have this Consolation when I die, that I shall leave Heirs: I trouble myself very little as to other Things, whether she be rich, or whether she be poor, I have Wealth enough for her, and myself. Rich Men ought to endeavour their Contentment when they marry. Content makes long Life, in the room of Troubles that abridge it. Happen what will, the Stone is thrown; 'tis the Woman that pleases Heaven to give me to possess.

Nevertheless, he executed not with too much Precipitation, the Resolution he had now taken; he thought upon it seven or eight Days; and as he persisted still in his Design of espousing young *Leonora*, he himself demanded her in Marriage. After he had made known his Quality and his Riches, the Father of *Leonora*, who was a Gentleman too, but had no great Estate, opened his Eyes to *Carixale's* Proposition. In the mean time, he ask'd him sometime before he engaged his Word, testifying to him, he had great Obligation for the Honour he intended him: But this Precaution (he added) is necessary both for you and me; for 'tis Prudence, that I know before who you are, and that you know also who I am. Marriage is not the Business of one Day; and one cannot take too much Care in an Occasion such as that; the old Man was convinc'd. Information was made on both Sides, the Parties were

were agreed; so they began to put an Hand to the Work, and *Leonora* was, in fine, married to *Carizale*, who jointer'd her in twenty thousand Ducats upon his Estate; so much was his Soul inflam'd. *Carizale* deserv'd to be happy, he was married to his Fancy. In the mean time, he was but just engag'd with the Spouse he had chosen, but he had a thousand Chimera's in his Head, that rendered his Condition very sad. He began to tremble without any Cause; a thousand ill-grounded Suspicions disordered his Mind; and no Man was, in a Word, more jealous than he, from the first Day he sign'd the Contract of his Marriage. The first Mark he gave of his Jealousy was, that when the Question arose of making the Wedding-Cloaths for his Affianc'd, he would never permit, that the Taylor, who was to take Measure of her, should make 'em: He was inflexible thereupon; he sought a thousand Ways to order it so, that the Taylor should neither see nor touch her. And having at last found a young Girl, pretty near the Age, Bigness and Heighth, of his Mistress; by the Measure of this young Girl a Gown was made, that fitted *Leonora* very well: After that he caused others to be made in great Number, and so rich, that the Father and Mother of this young Spouse, thought themselves the happiest People in the World, to have met with a Son-in-Law so liberal and so magnificent. As for *Leonora*, who had never worn but very plain Cloaths, she was inconceivably over-joy'd, seeing she had them in Profusion, and all extreamly proper behold here something particular, Jealous *Felipe* would not consummate the Marriage till he had an House to himself, which he dispos'd in this Manner:

Manner: He bought one for twelve thousand Ducats, in one of the principal Quarters of the Town, which he furnish'd with the utmost Magnificence. It was environ'd with a Mote, always full of Water, and had a Garden planted with Orange-Trees; it was a House of the most superbe. As soon as it was his, he shut up all the Windows that look'd towards the Street, how distant soever they were; and the Apartment that was the most complete, and was to be that of his Wife, and his own, had none at all, having dispos'd it in Form of a Dome. At the Coach Gate he built a Stable for one Mule, which is the ordinary Travelling of the *Spaniards*, and over Head a Chamber for him that had the keeping of him, who was an old *Moor*, that was an Eunuch. The Walls of the Terrasses was rais'd in such a Manner, that those that entered this House were obliged to see the Heaven in a direct Line, it being impossible they could see any thing else: Besides all this, he made a Tournelle, that answer'd from the Great Gate to the Court; never were such Precautions taken as those of this jealous old Man. He bought four white Slaves, and two *Morisco's*; these were *Carizale's* Domestics; but as for Lacqueys he would have none. His House being thus dispos'd; and having made choice of those he would be served by, agreed with a Man that bought and dress'd what he design'd to eat: This Man, in a Word, was to furnish him with all; but on this Condition, that he should dwell and sleep at his own House, and that he should come no farther then the Tournelle, whereby he should deliver what he brought. He put in Rent, or in Bank, Part of his Money, after he had taken all the Assurances

suraces that were possible, and reserved what he thought necessary for his most pressing Occasions, he caused a Pick-Lock Key to be made for all the Doors of his House, where he laid up presently, for the whole Year, what ordinary ones make no Provision for, but when the Season is come. After he had finish'd all these Preparatives, he went to his Father-in-Law, demanded his Wife, and espoused her. He brought her afterwards to his own House, and told her, she had nothing to do but to ask whatsoever she had a Mind to, for nothing should be refus'd her; never was a Woman so confin'd. She went not out but Sundays and the Festival Days, to go to Church, and 'twas there her Father and Mother had the Liberty to speak to her, in Presence of the old Man, who was always with her; the Entry of his House was forbidden them, he explain'd upon that when he marry'd. But, on the other side, he made them very fine Presents, and supply'd their Wants, with so great Liberality, that consol'd them a little for the Captivity of their Daughter, and the Trouble they conceiv'd for not being able to see her as often as they desired. On other Days, *Carizale* arose early in the Morning, and waited for him that made Provision for the House, who was always advertiz'd the Night before what he should provide. From the Time the Caterer was gone, he went out, after he had shut the two Gates that were next the Street, and that in the Middle, between which the *Moor* lodg'd; as he had no great Affairs he soon return'd: Then he shut up himself, and invented some News to divert his Wife with, and these Slaves that lov'd her, because she sometimes

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Carizale made herself merry with them, and *Carizale* was always liberal enough. Behold what Manner of Life *Felipe* led. *Leonora*, and her six Slaves, pass'd an Year of Noviciate; and they had spent others, after the same Manner, if the Perturbator of Mankind had not disturb'd them, as we shall see.

Let the wisest and most sable of Mortals answer, if he can, what I'm going to ask. What Invention could the good Man *Felipe* contrive for his Surety? Because, far from permitting any Man to enter his House; that he suffer'd not any Animal but was Female; neither Cat that run after the Mice, nor Dog that bark'd at the Gates, but what was of the Feminine Gender. *Carizale* never slept Night nor Day; he made Night and Day the Round about his House; he was always a Sentinel; he himself was the *Argus* of his Wife, to keep at a Distance all sorts of Men from him, even his most intimate Friends; he treated with them of Affairs in the open Street. All the Figures represented in his Hangings, and the Pictures that adorn'd his Apartments, were of Vestals, of Goddesses, or some of the strong Women, History has so much celebrated at his House; in a Word, breath'd nothing but Modesty; and even the Tales that the Slaves made about the Fire, the long Winter Nights, they related very little of Men, as if there had been none in the World; 'twas Stories of some *Amazon*, or some Heroine of old Time. *Leonora* lov'd her Spouse with the utmost Affection, because he was the first Man she had ever seen; she took for a wise Conduct his excessive Jealousy; she imagin'd, all new marry'd Women led a Life like her's; she had not the least Desire to go Abroad; and the
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only Pleasure she took was to please *Carizale*; she herself prevented his Desires; she never saw the Streets but the Day she went to Church, and that was only as she came back; for she went so early in the Morning, 'twas impossible for her to see them; never was Monastery closer shut up; never did Nuns live in a Manner more austere; never were Apples of Gold better kept: In the mean Time, *Felipe* could not forbear falling into the Precipice he apprehended, or, at least, to believe he was fallen.

There is in the City of *Seville*, a sort of People lazy, and Do-nothings, commonly call'd, Children of the Quarter; they are young People, that have rich Parents, always well clad, loving Pleasure, making Expence, and always at Festivals. Many Reflections might be made on their Behaviour; on their way of living; on the Laws observ'd among them. Many Truths might be discover'd; but all Truths are not fit to be spoken; 'tis better to come to the Point. One of these Gallants, who was not yet marry'd, cast his Eyes one Day upon *Carizale's* House, and seeing 'twas perpetually shut, he took a Desire to see what was within it, he try'd so many Ways, and made so many Motions to accomplish his Design, that he came at last to succeed; he inform'd himself of the old Man's Humour, *Leonora's* Beauty, and in what Manner this young Woman was kept; he presently communicated his Design to three of his Friends, the most crafty: It was resolv'd among 'em to attempt forcing this Place; for never in this sort of Enterprizes does Council or Succour fail; but that, nevertheless, was not so easy; there were some Obsta-

cles to surmount; 'twas not the Business of one Day: In the mean Time, after well thought of the Measures fit to be taken, and the Means necessary to be employ'd, to succeed in an Exploit so difficult, they proceeded in this Manner:

Loaysa (that was this good Companion's Name) sham'd a Journey into the Country for a few Days, and kept close at Home; he chang'd his Breeches and Shirt, and put upon it a Suit so vile and ragged, that there was no poor Man in all the City that had such miserable Raggs; he caus'd the little Beard he had to be shav'd off, put a Plaister on one of his Eyes, and bound up one Leg very strait, supporting himself on two Crutches; he was so metamorphos'd, that those that saw him in this Equipage were all of a Mind, it was impossible to act the Beggar better. Mark'd, and counterfeited in this Manner, *Loaysa* went every Evening in a praying Posture to to the Gate of *Carizale's* House, which was always well shut, the Apartments were also at that Distance, that it was impossible the old Man, *Leonora*, or any one else of the Slaves could hear him; but he had his End if he could excite the Curiosity of the *Moor*, who was between the two Gates. After *Loaysa* had made some Lamentations, he thrum'd a little ugly Guitar, and as he heard the Music, in playing on this Instrument, he sung little pleasant Songs of Romances of *Moors* and *Morisco's*, and *Vandals*, so diverting, and did it with so good a Grace, in counterfeiting his Voice, that all that pass'd along the Street stop'd to hear him. *Lewis* (that was the *Moor's* Name) enchanted with this Simphony, he was all Ears, he laid down to the Gate to hear it the better; for the

Moors

Moors naturally love singing, to play on Instruments, and hear playing. *Loaysa* gave him this Divertisement during five or six Nights; he saw well enough he must necessarily have him in his Interest, to compleat the Enterprize he had in View, but he had not yet spoke to him, but he did not tarry long to do it. I die with Thirst (he said to him, in a low Voice, the first Time he went to *Carizale's* House) I die with Thirst, my dear *Lewis*, and if I don't drink I can't sing. Give me a Glass of Water, I pray thee. 'Tis not possible to satisfy thee (answer'd the *Moor*) because I have no Key to the Gate; and there's no Overture to give you what you ask. Who then has the Key? (reply'd *Loaysa*.) 'Tis my Master (reply'd *Lewis*) that is to say, the most jealous Man in the World, and so suspicious, that if he should come to know, if at any Time I should speak with any one, it might cost me my Life. In the mean Time, who are you, I conjure you? I am (answer'd *Loaysa*) a poor Cripple, that get my Living by asking Alms, for the Love of God, of good People; besides that, teach other Poor, and Slaves, to play on Instruments. I have above twenty Schollars, as poor as I am; and there are three *Moors*, that have learn'd so well, that they may boldly play in all the Taverns in *Seville*. If I have serv'd 'em well, they have paid me well. 'Tis so, my dear *Lewis*, 'tis as I tell you. I would pay you as well as they (said the *Moor*, sighing deep) if I could take your Lessons; but 'tis a Thing impracticable, because my Master, when he goes out in the Morning, locks the Street Door; he does the same when he comes back, and I am always as a Prisoner,

between the two Gates. I swear to thee (added *Loaysa*) if thou would'st give me Opportunity to enter thy Apartment some Nights, I would make thee so able to play on the Violin or Guitar, that thou would'st play admirably well in a little Time; be but perswaded; I have a Method extreamly easy, and I should have the less Trouble with thee, because I know thou wantest neither Inclination nor Wit, as one may even judge, by the Tone of thy Voice: I'll engage thou sing'st very well. I sing not altogether amiss (reply'd the Slave) but what does it concern me to sing well? I know but one miserable Song. He began presently to sing some one of his most trivial. Thy Songs (*Loaysa* told him, interrupting him) are no more than Fooleries, in Comparison of those I could teach you: I know all those of the *Moor Abendarez*, and the Lady *Chariffe* his Mistress; I know all those of the *Sophy Tomunebaio*; and these Sarabands so divinely compos'd, that they ravish the Soul of the *Portuguese*: But this is not all, I teach all these Things with so much Art, and a Manner so easy, that without giving thee almost the least Trouble, thou would'st hardly have eaten three or four Bushels of Salt but thou would'st become the best Musician that is in all *Spain*, in all Instruments.

The *Moor*, who comprehended not that *Loaysa* openly mock'd him, answer'd with another Sigh; But what does all this signify, since I know of no Means to take to introduce you into the House? There's a Remedy for all (reply'd *Loaysa*;) Thou must endeavour to get the Keys of thy Master, and I will give thee a Bit of Wax whereon thou shalt imprint them; and provided, thou dost order it so,

that the Marks of the Teeth be imprinted, take no Care for the rest, I am ready by the Friendship that I begin to bear thee to employ a Locksmith, a Friend of mine, who will make Keys by this Model, so well, that I can enter by Night into thy Apartment; and that done, I will teach thee to play on Instruments better than *Prefter John*, or the *Sophy* of *Persia*. I perceive, 'tis great pity, that a Voice like thine, should want Improvement, and remain inutil; for thou must know, that the best Voice in the World looses one Moiety of its Beauty, and its Value, when 'tis not apply'd to the Sound of some Instrument; be it Guitar, Harpsichord, Organ, or Harp: Thou must choose somewhat of those; and if I may advise thee, I am of Opinion, that which agrees best with thee is the Guitar; because 'tis an Instrument more portatife, and which cost less. I believe it answered the *Moor*: But all which thou say'st amounts to nothing, because the Keys thou demand'st never fall into my Hands; my Master never parts with them, they sleep Night and Day under his Pillow. Do another Thing then, Master *Lewis* (said *Loaysa*) if it be true, that thou desirest to become a perfect Master of Instruments, for otherwise 'tis in vain, that I should break my Rest to give thee Council. If I had a Desire (said *Lewis*, interrupting) the Desire I have is so great, that I would spare for nothing to put it in Practice, provided it were of Things a little more possible than that of snatching the Keys out of my Master's Hands, who would rather loose his Life. If 'tis so (said the good Fellow) I will make thee keep between the two Gates and the Wall, by certain Machines, that will do Wonders, provided,

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ded, on thy part, thou takest away a little of the Stone, 'tis a Thing very easy: These Machines shall be a Pair of Tongs, and a little Hammer, thou shalt draw the Nails of the Lock with, when they are all asleep, and afterwards we will replace them; which we will do so dextrously, that I assure thee, it shall never be perceived that they were drawn. When I am once within with thee, we will work a Wonder; I will hide nothing from thee; and I promise thee, thou shalt never repent to have executed what I shall council thee, equally for thy good, and to do me Service. Leave not the Occasion, my dear *Lewis*, you will never find such another; and I perceive well, that thou oughtest to love me, as I love thee, to go shut up myself voluntarily with thee in a Hay-Loft: But what would not one do for a Friend? for the rest, trouble not thyself; for what we shall eat I will bring Provision for us both, and I will bring even for more than eight Days, I have Scholars and Friends, that will not abandon me for what I want; we shall not die thro' Hunger, I'll take care of that. 'Tis unnecessary (said *Lewis*) that thou shouldest put thyself to Charge that Way, we shall have sufficient to eat, and we will make good Cheer of what my Master gives me, and what the Slaves bring under Hand will suffice to keep us two Days longer, so we have no Trouble that Way; there's no more to be done at present but to have this Hammer and Tongs; I will quickly find a Passage to get them in; I will cover, with a little Mortar, the Overture I shall make; and when once I have them (leave the rest to me) I will draw the Nails of the Lock as artfully as I can, and e-

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ven suppose, I was forc'd to knock hard, my Master lies so far off, that it is the greatest Miracle, or the greatest Misfortune in the World, if the Noise should reach him. All does well (said *Loaysa*) within two days thou shalt have all that is necessary to put in Execution so virtuous a Design. I warn thee, in the mean time, to eat nothing that is flegmatic; for 'tis so far from doing good, that, on the contrary, it spoils the Voice entirely. There is nothing (answered the Slave) that makes my Voice hoarser than Wine; in the mean time, I would not leave it for all the Voices in the World. That is not what I would say (reply'd *Loaysa*) I have not so ridiculous a Thought. Only drink, my dear *Lewis*, and much good it may do thee; Wine that is drank by Measure never does hurt. I drink too by Measure (said the *Moor*) I have a Pot here that holds just a Quart, the Slaves bring it me without my Master's Knowledge; and the Purveyor himself gives me, from time to time, in private, a Bottle, and that supplies the Defect of the Pot. By my Faith (said *Loaysa*) what thou say'st to me is admirable, thy Head is longer than I thought it, a less Fool than thou is no Beast, and what thou knowest is good Sense; for, in fine, 'tis impossible for a dry Throat to groan or sing. Go your Ways (said the *Moor*) but remember, I expect you will not fail to come and sing here one Night, my Fingers itch, so great a Desire I have to touch the Strings of the Instrument on which I heard you play such fine Things. I will come (said *Loaysa*) and I will bring new Airs. That is what I desire (reply'd *Lewis*) but, in the mean time, I beseech you to sing again some little Song, that I may go to Bed
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with more Content; we will pay you for it, never trouble yourself, the Poor sometimes pays better than the Rich. That is not what we are treating of (reply'd the Master Musician) thou shalt always pay to please thyself; in the mean time, hearken to a little Song. He tun'd up then a Romance, that effectively was so pretty, and he sung it so well, that it seem'd to the *Moor*, he was so well pleas'd, that the Hour for opening the Gate would never come.

Loaysa was but just gone from the *Moor*, but he went to advertize his Confidants of what had happen'd to him of the Measures he had taken, and what had been agreed upon between him and this Slave, to be introduc'd into *Carizale's* House. They put their Hands presently to the Work, and by the Morning, they had Pincers of so good Metal, that they would break Nails with so much Ease as if they were made of Wood. In the mean time, *Loaysa* forgot not to go and sing and play on his Instrument before the Gate, where he found the *Moor* had already made an Overture sufficient; and that this Overture was so well cover'd, that it was impossible to perceive it, unless you look'd very near, and, withal, with some Suspicion. The Night following, *Loaysa* carried the Hammer and Pincers; and *Lewis* had them no sooner in his Hand, but he broke the Nails of the Lock, with the greatest Facility in the World; he opened the Gate at the same time, and let in his *Orpheus*; never was Man better pleas'd. 'Tis true, he was a little surpriz'd to see *Loaysa* with his two Crutches, in such a shabby Dress, and with a Leg so bound about; yet he knew 'twas a poor Man that

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that begg'd; and as *Loaysa* had taken off the Plaister from his Eye, because he had no Occasion of it, he comforted up himself to see a Face that seemed to him not altogether disagreeable. As soon as the Companion was entered, he embrac'd his good Schollar; he kiss'd him, and immediately put into his Hands a great Bottle of excellent Wine, and a Box full of Sweetmeats; he presented him besides, with many other Comfitures he carry'd in his Pockets, which was very well furnish'd; presently after, he threw away his Crutches, and made three or four Caprioles very nimbly. The *Moor* was at a Stand what to believe. Be not surpriz'd at what thou see'st, my Friend *Lewis* (said *Loaysa*, presently.) Thou must know that I am not naturally lame of a Leg; but, by Industry, I get my Living by this Way of begging; so by Means of this Contrivance, and my Instrument, I lead the happiest Life in the World. He that wants Industry, run a Risque to die with Hunger. Thou wilt try it, I assure myself, during the Course of our new Friendship. I am perswaded so (reply'd the *Moor*) but let us think of the Present, before we think of what is to come; let us think of replacing the Lock in it's Place, and accommodate it so well, that no Change may be known. I am willing (said *Loaysa*) and then took out the Nails out of his Pocket, and the Lock was a Moment after so well accommodated as it was before. *Lewis* was wonderfully overjoy'd, and *Loaysa* went up into the Hay-Taller, where the Slave was, and accommodated himself as well as he could. *Lewis* presently lighted a Rush, and his new Comrade took out his Guitar, that he began to pinch in a

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low Note, and so melodiously, that the poor *Moor* that list'ned to him, was, as it were, ravish'd in an Extasy. After he had play'd a little, he took out some more Comfitures, to make Collation, and gave to his Schollar, and afterwards empty'd their Bottle very merrily. That being over, he would have *Lewis* begin a Lesson; but the *Moor* had so well drank he knew not what he did. *Loaysa* made him believe, he knew already two Notes at least; that he had the best Hand in the World; and, that he had never seen so good a Beginning: So that for a good Part of the Night, he did nothing but thrum the Guitar out of Tune, and without any Order. They slept but very little that Night. The next Morning, about six o'Clock, *Carizale* went down, he open'd the middle Door, and that to the Street; he waited for the Purveyor, who came a little after, and gave him by the Tournelle the Meat he bought. In his Return, he call'd the Slave, that he might come down and take his Portion, and Oats for the Mule; that being done, he went out, and left the two Gates shur, without taking Notice of what had been done to the Lock, that of the Street, to the great Contentment of *Loaysa* and *Lewis*. *Carizale's* Foot was no sooner out, but the *Moor* handled the Guitar, and began to play in such a Manner, that all the Slaves heard it, and run to the Gate of the Tallet. What signifies this? (said they) How long hast thou had such an Instrument? Who is it that gave it thee? Who gave it me? (answer'd *Lewis*) 'Tis the best Musician of the whole Universe; a Man, that in less than six Days has taught me more than six thousand Songs. Then where is this Musician? (said

(said the Governess) He is not far from hence (reply'd the *Moor*) and were it not for fear my Master should come and surprize us, perhaps, I might let you see him, now present; and, I assure you of being well pleas'd to have seen him. How can we see him (continu'd the Governess) since never any Man but our Master that ever enter'd this House? I have nothing to say to you upon that (answer'd the *Moor*) and I will say no more to you of it, 'till first you have seen what I know, and have learn'd in so short a Time. 'Tis impossible (added the Governess) but he that taught thee be some Lutanist or Spirit; for no Man ever enter'd here, nor can be able, in so short a Time, to make so able a Master, as thou pretendest we may believe thee to be. Whether he be a Lutanist or no, trouble not yourself upon that; you shall see him, and shall hear him in Time. I defy thee upon that (said one of the Slaves thereupon) and, in effect, How can that be, since we have no Windows that answer the Street, to hear it, or see any one. There's a Remedy for all in Death (said the *Moor*.) If you would, or rather, if you know how to be silent, you shall see other Things yet. How be silent? (reply'd another of the Slaves) We will be more dumb than the Night; I swear to thee, my dear Friend, we will all die with Desire to hear a good Voice, for it wants but little; but since we have been enclos'd here, we have heard some one sing, that we never heard the Monks sing better.

Loaysa heark'ned to this Discourse with a great deal of Joy, because, he clearly saw it all went as he would have it, and that his good Fortune took Pains to guide this Affair herself. Upon this, the

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Slaves withdrew, and the *Moor* promis'd to divert them, and regale them with a good Consort, when they least thought of it. He would not entertain them too long, because he apprehended that his Master might surprize them talking together; so he withdrew to his Abode. He had a great Desire to take a Lesson; but he durst not do it by Day, for fear *Carizale* should hear him: In effect, he came a little Time after, and having shut the Gates, according to his Custom, he went to lock himself up in his House. One of the Slaves delay'd not to come to the Tournelle, to carry the *Moor* somewhat to eat; and, 'twas then that he told her, she and her Companion should come to the same Place, when their Master was asleep, and he would dare promise them, they should go away content. He talk'd in this Manner, because he had before desir'd his Player on Instruments to come and sing, and play at the Gate of the Tournelle, to please the Slaves. *Loaysa* had promis'd him afterwards, having a long Time intreated him, altho' he had desir'd it a thousand Times more earnestly than the *Moor*, whom he embrac'd with the utmost Tenderness, to testify his Contentment, and to make him good Chear too, as if he had been at Home. The Day began, in fine, to disappear, and about Midnight he began to sing at the Gate of the Tournelle. *Lewis* going thither, saw the Gang was come, he presently advertis'd *Loaysa*, and at the same Time, they both went down from the Hay-Tallet with the Guitar, that was well strung. *Loaysa* demanded of the *Moor*, how many they were that were to hear him? He answer'd him, that all the Women of the House were come to the
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Place of Affignation, except their Mistress, who was a Bed with her Spouse. That was nothing agreeable to *Loaysa*; however, he resolv'd to execute his Design, and please his Schollar. He began then to pinch the Guitar, and he play'd so well, that he ravish'd the *Moor* and all the Crowd of Women that heard him; but he excell'd, as soon as he began to sing passionate Songs, and concluded with a Saraband, that was then but newly come up in *Spain*; all the Slaves were in a Rapture; there was neither Young nor old that were not at their Wits End to dance; they contented themselves to make Signs, making as little Noise as was possible, and setting Sentinels, that reliev'd one another by Turns, in Case the old Man should happen to awake. *Loaysa* sung also some Stanza's; and they were so enchanted with this Harmony, that they would needs know who this admiral Musician was. 'Tis a poor Beggar (the *Moor* told them) but the most gallant, and the most honest Beggar that there is in all *Seville*. They conjur'd him to order it so that they might see him, and detain him as long as they possibly could, promising to treat him well, and contribute all that they had to make him good Entertainment. They ask'd him also, what Course he took to be introduc'd into the House? That is what I shall never tell you (answer'd the *Moor*.) There are some certain Things Women ought never to know. All that I have to say to you is, That you make a little Hole on the Side of the Tournelle, and after you have made use of it, take the Precaution to stop it with a little Wax. *Loaysa* talk'd to them afterwards, and offer'd 'em his Services, with so good a Grace,

a Grace, and such fair Terms, that they had all the Difficulty in the World to believe he was a poor Beggar. The Conversation being begun, they besought him to come the Night following to the same Place, adding, that they would do all they could, if possible, to make their Mistress come too, in Spight of the interrupted Sleep of her Spouse; which Interruption of Sleep (they said further) proceeds more from his great Jealousy, than his old Age. *Loaysa* told them thereupon for Answer, That if they desired to hear his Symphony, without apprehending to be interrupted by the old Man, he would give them an admirable Powder, which they should put into his Wine, and that this Powder had a Virtue to cause Sleep more than ordinary. Oh Heaven! (cry'd out then one of the Slaves) If what you tell us be true, what Fortune could equalize ours, and what Alteration for the better? Happy Powder for us, so long as we are in this House, and especially for *Leonora* his Wife, our Mistress, whom he follows as the Shadow the Body, and whom he never looses Sight of. Ha! Good Man! whoever you are, bring us this Powder, and may all the good in the World you wish for happen to you. I offer to moisten myself in this Beverage, and serve for a Butler: If this old Man, who has always his Eyes open, could but sleep three Days and three Nights, we should be at the Top of our Joy. I will give it (said *Loaysa*) And this Powder does no other Hurt to him that takes it, than to put him into a profound Sleep. All in fine, besought him unanimously to bring it as soon as possible; and 'twas resolved the Night following, they would make a Hole in the Gate with a Wimble,

a Wimble, and they would dispose their Mistress to come and see him, and hear him. They then all withdrew; and tho' the Day began to break, *Lewis* would take out a Lesson not to loose Time. *Loaysa* did so always, making him believe, that of all the Schollars he had, none had a better Hand nor better Ear, altho' this poor *Moor* was of all Men the most stupid, and the least fit to manage an Instrument.

In Proportion, as Affairs advanc'd, *Loaysa's* Friends were careful to go and hearken every Night at the Gate, to see if he wanted any thing, or had any thing to say to them: They fail'd not to come the next Night; *Loaysa* talk'd to them thro' a little Hole that he had made, how Matters went, and conjur'd them to look out for somewhat that would provoke Sleep, that he might give it to *Carizale*. He told them, he had formerly heard talk of a certain Powder that produc'd this Effect; and that it was of the utmost Consequence to have it incessantly, and after that they might see a pretty Game. If that be all (said his Comrades) you shall be soon satisfied, we have a Physician, a Friend of ours, that will furnish us, and you may depend upon our Words, you shall have it To-morrow Night, or else 'tis not to be had in Seville; they then withdrew. Night being come, all the Gang repair'd to the ordinary Rendezvous. The Simple and young *Leonora* came also, all trembling in the Fear she was in, that *Carizale*, whom she had left asleep, should happen to awake. There was all the Trouble in the World to make her go; but all the Slaves, and particularly the Governess, told her so many Marvels, both of the Musician and Music,

Musick, and solicited her with so good Reasons, that at last she was prevail'd with to go. The first thing they did was to make a Hole in the Tournelle, that *Loaysa* might be seen, who was not dress'd that Night like a Beggar; he put on a Pair of Breeches of yellow Taffatee, a Doublet of the same Stuff, enrich'd with little Embroideries of Gold, he had a Sattin Bonnet of the same Colour, and a Band of Lace cut: He had the Precaution to carry these Accoutrements in his Snap sack, as well knowing he should change Personage in Time and Place. He was young and tall, and had a very good Mein; so that these Women, that of a long Time had never seen none but their old Man, believed they saw an Angel when they saw him thro' the Hole; never was seen so much pressing, the Hole was always full; and that they might see the better, the *Moor* march'd round him with a lighted Torch. After they had their Fill, he took his Guitar and play'd so perfectly well, that they hardly knew where they were. Ah! *Lewis* (said they altogether, ravish'd and extacy'd) we must order it so, that this incomparable Musician come into the House, that we might hear and see him somewhat nearer. They went on, and said, we cannot enjoy him without Fear; for, in fine, the Place we are in, *Carizale* might surprize us, and that would never happen if we had him once amongst us. *Leonora* rejected this Proposition. I will never consent to it, she told them; we may come to repent it; we must be contented to see him in the Manner we now see him. Let us manage our Reputation I pray, and make no Breach in our Honour. Of what Honour do you talk of (said the Governess?)

ness) the King has but too much. You may, if you have a Mind to't, shut yourself up with your *Me-thusalem*; but let us pass our Time as well as we can. This charming Musician seems so full of Honour, that he will never ask more than we desire. No; without Doubt (reply'd *Loaysa*) I am come hither for nothing but to do you Service, having Compassion that you are so straitly enclos'd; for, after all, your Destiny could not be more sad. I swear by all that I hold dear in the World, that never Man was more discreet than I am; and, besides, I have been bred in so great a Respect for Persons of your Sex, that I am afraid of displeasing them with only looking on them. I shall be so submissive, be perswaded, that you will never have cause to repent, the having introduc'd me into your House. I shall obey you blindly, and there shall be nothing I will omit to do, to render myself worthy of the Confidence you shall repose in me. If that be so (said simple *Leonora*) what Course shall we take to let you in? The Matter will not be difficil (reply'd *Loaysa*.) You must take the Pains to engrave in a Bit of Wax the Wards of the Key of this Gate; and I will order it so, that To-morrow we shall have one that will serve. In having this Key (said one of the Slaves then) we shall have all those of the House; for this opens all the other Doors. 'Tis true (reply'd *Leonora*) but 'tis good, nevertheless (she continu'd to say) that the Master of Music swear first, that he will do nothing else, when we have introduc'd him here, than sing and play on his Instrument when we desire him; that he shall be contented to be shut up 'till we have Occasion for him, and that

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he shall never pretend to the least Privacy with any of the Slaves. I swear it (said *Loayfa*, presently.) This Oath is not sufficient (reply'd *Leonora*) you must promise that, in a Manner a little less general; you must swear by the Life of your Father, and by the Cross, kissing it in the Presence of us all. I swear it by the Life of my Father (said *Loayfa*, presently) and by the Cross, that I kiss with my unworthy Mouth. Upon this, he made a Cross with two of his Fingers, and then kiss'd it three Times. We ask no more (said one of the Slaves) we may safely receive you; come in as soon as 'tis possible; and above all, remember the Powder, for the whole depends on that, as you comprehend very well.

The Conversation ended there; and 'twas about two Hours after Midnight when *Leonora*, and her Woman of Service withdrew. *Loayfa* and the *Moor* prepar'd themselves for Repose, very well pleas'd with what had pass'd. As soon as they heard a Noise in the Street, as it was the Signal, *Loayfa's* Friends us'd to make, the Master and the Schollar came presently to the Gate; they learn'd in few Words what had pass'd; but they were under some Consternation that they had not brought the Powder they ask'd for, to make *Carizale* sleep. Take no Care for that (said *Loayfa's* Friends) things are not always so easy to be had as one imagines; but the next Night we will put into your Hands, that which shall make the old Man sleep, you may depend on it; 'twill not be a Powder, it will be an Inguent, that doth Wonders. You must only anoint the Arms and Temples of him that you would lay asleep, and he will sleep two Days entire,

rise, without waking, unless you chafe with Vinegar the Parts anointed; then only the Charm shall be broken. The Remedy is immanchable, it is approv'd. For the Key, you need only give us the Wax whereon it has been imprinted; we have a Locksmith, who will readily serve us. They withdrew a Moment after, and *Loaysa* and the *Moor* slept that little that remain'd of the Night. There pass'd nothing new the next Day, only, that the Day seem'd extremely long to *Loaysa*: But, in fine, the Sun went to precipitate into the Sea, to go and enlighten other People; the Heaven was embroider'd with Stars, and the Night came not only, but the Hour so much desir'd, they us'd to repair to the Tournelle; *Loaysa* and his Schollar fail'd not, and they found that all the Slaves were come already, so impatient they were to have the Musician in their Seraglio. *Leonora* was not there, because, that Night, *Carizale* had lock'd with a Key the Chamber where they slept. Let not this trouble you (said the Slaves to *Loaysa*) as soon as *Carizale* is asleep, she will seize on the Key, that this suspicious Spouse has under his Bolster; she will imprint it on the Wax she has ready, and she will give it us by a Cranny; for this Man, so ingenious to take Precautions, has never foreseen, that this Overture might sometime be fatal. *Loaysa* remain'd surpriz'd at the Things he newly heard; he admir'd the different Motions of *Carizale*, *Leonora*, and her Slaves; and, in the Time he made Reflection, and that he could not forbear admiring, he heard the Sound of the Cornet; he run immediately to the Gate, and his Friends gave him, in fine, a little Box full of the Drugg he desir'd.

Leysa took it, and desir'd them to stay one Moment, and he would go fetch the Figure of the Key they were to cause to be made. He was no sooner at the Gate of the Tournelle, but he address'd himself to the Governess. That was she, that of all the rest, desir'd with the greatest Ardour, that he might come in. Do you hear, *Mary*? (that was her Name) carry this Box to your Mistress; tell her the Properties of the Medicine, and the Manner she ought to use it; and be perswaded, that if she applies it as it ought, she will have Cause, she and we, to be satisfy'd and content. The Governess took it, and 'tis impossible to express the Joy she shew'd on this Rencontre; she went immediately to the Chamber Door, where her Master and Mistress lay, and looking thro' the Cranny, she found that *Leonora* waited for her, extended all along upon the Ground, with her Face towards the Hole; the Governess put herself into the same Posture, and putting her Mouth to her Mistress's Ear, she told her in a low Voice, she had an Inguent, to make her Husband sleep, and told her in what Manner she should use it. *Leonora* took the Box, and told the Governess, she could not possibly take the Key from her Husband; for (said she) he keeps it no longer behind his Bolster, as he was used to do, he puts it between the two Quilts, and almost under one half of his Body. In the mean Time, she went on, and said, you need only tell our Musician, if his Medicine has the Properties you speak of, we may easily have the Key as often as there's Occasion; and 'tis unnecessary to imprint it upon Wax. I am going to make Tryal of the Drugg; and if those
that

that are at the Street Gate to wait for the Print of the Key, you may give them Leave to be gone, we have no Occasion of 'em at this Time. *Leonora* trembled, and durst not breath, when she began to rub her Husband's Arms, who was now in a profound Sleep; for it was by that, she believ'd 'twas necessary to begin by; she made an End at last of anointing him in all Places necessary, and that was enough almost to embalm him, to put him in the Sepulchre. The Drugg fail'd not much, to produce the Effect expected; the old Man began to snore so loud, he might be heard in the Street. This Music gave *Leonora* as much Pleasure as that of the Master of her Slave. Notwithstanding, not being yet well assur'd of what she believ'd, she jogg'd him a little, and soon after shak'd him again; and, in fine, she grew so bold, to turn him from one side to the other. *Carizale* felt nothing. As soon as she saw that the Ointment work'd, and that she need no longer doubt that her Husband was entirely bury'd in his Sleep, she went to the Hole of the Gate, from whence she call'd her Governess, who waited there for her. *Carizale* sleeps (she cry'd out all aloud) and he sleeps so well, that I think he will never awake, 'till we throw Vinegar in his Face. And what is the Reason (reply'd the Governess) that you make not use of the Key? 'Tis now above an Hour that our Player on Instruments grows impatient of waiting. Patience (said *Leonora*) I will go look for him. Having said that, she return'd towards the Bed, put her Hand between the two Quilts, and took the Key, without waking *Carizale*, the least in the World. She was no sooner Mistress of the Key, but she
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went to open the Gate, which she did with Transports of Joy, that bright'ned her Eyes, and all her Face; she then gave the Key to the Governess, and order'd her to go open to the Musician, and conduct him to the Gallery, because she dar'd not go further, by Reason of Inconveniencies that might be fear'd. One cannot take (she said) too much Surety; she recommended to her, at the same Time, to make *Loaysa* ratify the Oath, he took before, to pretend to nothing but what she desir'd. If he refuse to swear again (she further said) and confirm his Oath, open not to him in any wise, I beseech you. I will do it (reply'd the Governess) I will take it on my self to make him; and I promise you, he shall have good Luck if he comes in, if first he swear not, and reswear, and kiss the Cross six Times at least. Confine him not to that (said *Leonora*) let him kiss it as often as he please. I have heard *Carizale* say a thousand Times, that when a Man promises any thing, one cannot require too many Oaths. Let him kiss the Cross then as often as he pleases, he shall never do it too often; but above all, remember to make him swear by the Life of his Father, and his Mother, and by all the Goods he can pretend to; by that Means, we shall be safe, and enjoy, without any fear, the sweet Symphony of his Guitar; he plays upon it admirably: Go then without any further Delay, and let us not pass the Nights in vain Words.

The Governess tuck'd up her Petticoat, and went to the Gate of the Tournelle, where all the Company waited. They no sooner saw the Key she had in her Hand, but they cry'd out, Oh! Brave Little *Mary*! They took her up in their Arms,
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and carried her about several Hours in Triumph; the Joy redoubled when they understood there was no need of false Keys, since they could make use of that as often as was necessary. Very good, our good Friend (said one of the Company) let this Gate be set open; the Musician has waited a long time. Let us take a good Meal of Music, and take no Care for the rest. There is yet something to be done, Care ought to be taken (reply'd the House-keeper) he must for our entire Safety swear, as he has already done. He is so honest a Man (said one of the Slaves) he will never perjure himself. Upon these Parlies, the House-keeper open'd the Gate, and keeping it half open, called *Laaisa*, who had heard all by the Hole of the Tournelle. He would have leapt in; but the House-keeper laying her Hand upon his Stomach, said to him fair and soft. Our dear Friend, you must make a little Halt. Do you hear? You must know and be fully perswaded, that I, and all these here are Virgins, as our Mothers brought us into the World, except *Leonora*, our Mistress. Take Notice of me, I pray: I seem a Woman of forty Years old, and yet am but thirty, and have never yet known Man, I unhappy and poor Sinner. If I seem older than I am, 'tis Troubles and Cares have made it, and I have had a great Share all my Life Time. What I was going to say (she said further) being the naked Truth, it were unreasonable, that for hearing two or three Songs, we should come to loose the honourable Virginity that is enclos'd in this House: We are not such Fools as you take us for, nor so devoid of Sense. You must then, our dear Friend, before you will be suffered

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to come in, make a solemn Oath, that you will not transgress our Commands : If your Intentions are good and honest, an Oath need not trouble you to take ; a good Paymaster is not troubled at giving a Pledge. Little *Mary* has said well (said one of the Girls thereupon.) If you have no Design to swear (she said further, directing her Discourse to *Loaysa*) you must resolve not to come in. I am little concern'd, if he swears or swears not (said one of the *Moorish* Slaves, whose Name was *Guiomar*) if he comes in, if he swears or re-swears, I know very well, that if he is once amongst us, he will make a Jest of his Oaths, and his Promises. You take me for a Fool ; but as great a Fool as you take me for, I have heard say, all my Life-time, that he that Names a Man, names a Lyar. *Loaysa* list'ned to all this very quietly, and answer'd gravely in this Manner. You ought to be perswaded, my Sisters, and dear Companions, that I never had an evil Intention towards you, nor never will have in all my Life, should I live amongst you to the Worlds end. My Design has been always to give you the Pleasure and the Diversion I may be capable of ; these are all the Views I have : And, I am ready to protest to you, and swear a-new, in the most solemn Manner that can be made. I own, I should have been much oblig'd, had you confided in me, after the Promise I had made ; for an Ox is taken by his Horns, and a Man by his Word ; but since 'tis, that my first Oath goes for nothing, and that I must reiterate it, I am willing to reiterate it, and give you yet more than you could ever exact from me. I swear then, as a good Catholic, and an honest Man ; I swear

swear by the Life of all my Ancestors, from *Don Japhet* of *Armenia*, down to us by the Entries and Issues of *Mount Libanus*; by the Labrinth of *Crete*; by the Flames of *Mount Aetna*; by all the *Der-vices* of the *Ottoman* Empire; and by all that is contain'd in the Preface of the veritable History of *Charles* the Great; and by the Death of the Giant *Firebras*, not to transgress in any wise, the Oath I have already made, and even less, the Commands that the least and miserablest of the Company vouchsafe to make me, under Pain, if I countervene that from the Present. As for that Time, and from that Time to the Present, I hold it for Null, and of no Value, and a thing as never happen'd.

Loaysa had hardly made an End of the Oath, but one of the Girls of the Company, that had hark'ned attentively to him, began to cry out aloud; This may be well call'd Swearing; this Oath is capable of cleaving a Stone. May a Curse light upon me (said she) if I exact any more Swearing, since the Oath thou just now mad'st can make one enter the Cavern of *Cerberus*. As soon as she had made an End of speaking, she took him by the Skirts of his Doublet, and put her Hand in; presently they stood all round him like a Crown, and one of them run to advertize their Mistress, who was near her Husband's Bed. As soon as she learn'd, *Loaysa* was coming towards her, she was equally filled with Joy and Fear, she failed not to ask if they had made him take a new Oath. He made so strange a one (this Slave answered her) that I never heard the like in all my Life, all that I can say, we ought all to be contented. Since he hath sworn (reply'd *Leonora*)

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we have him fast ; I own that I was extreamly prudent at the Time I was adviz'd he should swear again. All the Company came then; the Musician was in the Middle; and the *Moor* and *Guyomar* lighted them. As soon as *Loaysa* perceiv'd *Leonora*, he threw himself at her Feet to salute her ; he spoke only two or three Words to her ; and *Leonora* (without answering a Word) made a Sign to him to arise, which he did. The Slaves were no less mute than their Mistress; they all kept profound Silence, under an Apprehension they had, that *Carizale* might awake. He will never awake (*Loaysa* told them, who knew well enough what was done) You may talk as loud as you please, I will be answerable for the Virtue of the Drugg. I doubt it not (reply'd *Leonora*) if this Unguent, I just now anointed him with, had not the Virtue you speak of, he had been awake by this Time twenty Times, thro' his Indispositions; but I assure you, he snoar'd just now as he ought. If this be so (said the House-keeper) let us go to the Hall that is near ; 'tis time to be merry a little. Let us go (reply'd *Leonora*) and in the mean time *Guyomar* shall stay here, to advertize us if *Carizale* is awake. How (reply'd *Guyomar*) must I then, because I am black, stand Centinel here, and the rest have Joy at their Hearts? Take some pity of me (the *Moor* said.) However, the rest went to the Hall, and being sat on a rich Piece of Tapestry, they put *Loaysa* in the Middle of 'em: They failed not to devour him with their Eyes; and there was not one that contemplated him, but gave him some Commendation; only *Leonora* said not a Word, she beheld nevertheless the Musician as well as the rest; and he seem'd to her,

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to have a better Air than her old Man. In the mean time, being new with Inaction, the House-Keeper took the Guitar, that the *Moor* held, and put it into *Loaysa's* Hands, desiring him to play and sing the Couplets of a *Vionelle*, that had been in great Vogue a long Time at *Seville*: They all arose up to dance; and the House-Keeper, who knew the Couplets of the Song, would needs sing it herself, tho' her Voice was none of the best. Behold here what it contain'd in Substance.

In Allusion to *DANAE*.

What avails it, my good Mother,
That you keep so great a Pother,
To enclose me in a Tower,
With Locks and Bolts, within your Power?
There is neither Guard nor Fence,
That can with Nature's Law dispence,
When Love commands Obedience.
The best Defence a Woman has
Is, her Discretion and her Grace.
If I place not my own Guard;
In vain, do you keep Watch and Ward.
Love encreases, and grows hot,
Breaks Locks and Iron; and what not?
Tho' 'tis confin'd, 'tis not forgot:
Hence come the Horns, that People flout 'em,
Which jealous Husbands wear about 'em.

As the House-Keeper, with the Gang, led up the Braul, and danc'd to the Song, *Guyomar* appear'd, and 'twas observ'd, she much appear'd troubled in her Countenance. You must immediately withdraw,

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we are undone, *Carizale* is awake, he is up, and coming to surprize you: 'Tis what the *Moor* said in a Tone low and hoarse, and not knowing hardly where she was. There was never seen so great a Consternation and Confusion like it; one pass'd to one Side; another to another; *Leonora* spread her white Hands; *Loaysa* was immoveable; and little *Mary* was overcome with Trouble and Despair. In the mean time, she being the craftiest of them all, she made *Loaysa* go into her Chamber, and she staid in the Hall with her Mistress. We will invent some Excuse (said she to *Leonora*) let us not disorder ourselves, I conjure you; and let us wait with Patience, what will come of this. *Loaysa* hid himself the best he could: And little *Mary* approach'd *Carizale*'s Chamber to see if he came. As she heard no Noise, she took a little Courage, and Step by Step being entered his Chamber, she heard him snore as he did before. Being then fully satisfied he slept, she run to her Mistress; A Pox take *Guyomar* (she said) your Husband was never sounder asleep; the poor *Moor* owes a great Candle to *St. Mathurin*; but Thanks be to our good Star, that we are free from our Fear. The House-Keeper, who had a good Appetite, and found the Musician much to her Mind, would not loose the Occasion, took the first with him Head to Head. She said then to *Leonora*, that she staid for her in the Hall, and she was going to put the Master-Player of Instruments out of his Pain. She went then strait to the Place where *Loaysa* was hid, very ill satisfied of his Adventure; cursing the Unguent they had sent him, and complaining of the Credulity and Imprudence of his Friends, who should have had the Precaution to have made

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Proof of it first. The House-Keeper assured him, at the same time, that the old Man never slept better in all his Life. This entirely set him right; and he was no sooner come out of his Trouble, but little *Mary* said very amorous Things to him. This goes not amiss (said *Loaysa* to himself) I shall come to the End of my Design, all conspires to make me happy, and I will take care to make use of what passes. You sweeten me, little *Mary* (he told her, after having kept Silence awhile) I understand what you will tell me, and will give you a favourable Answer; but I hope too, that I shall not have to do with one ungrateful, and that you will assist me to enjoy an Enterprize I have in View, the Success whereof depends on you. Dispose of me (said the House-Keeper) as of yourself, I can refuse you nothing, of which you will soon see the Marks. She said these Things, wringing her Hands, and embracing him from Time to Time, with many frightful Transports. During the Time that *Loaysa* and little *Mary* were in Conversation, the other Slaves that were hid in divers Parts of the House, came back to know if it were true that their Master was awake. *Leonora* told them, he was still asleep, and that they had a false Alarm. And what is become of the Musician and the House-Keeper? (they cry'd out altogether) Little *Mary* is gone to see for him (answered *Leonora*) and she is still with him in his Chamber, sufficiently busy, perhaps, to recover him of his Fear. Let us go to confirm him (said they) if what the House-Keeper told be true, and that there is no more to apprehend; many Witnesses are better than one. They presently went to little *Mary's* Chamber Door, without the least Noise,

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Noise, and heark'ned to the Discourse between the Lovers; at least on the Part of the House-Keeper: *Guyomar* fail'd not to join them; but for the *Moor* he was not there, he was gone to hide himself in his Apartment, and was covered all over in the Bed, where he sweat great Drops, and trembled for Fear. He could not forbear however thruming the Strings of the Guitar he had seiz'd upon, so much did this Passion, to be a Player on Instruments, possess him.

There were none of the Slaves that appear'd not offended at the Discourse of old little *Mary*, and that gave her not a Lash with her Tongue; but what the *Moorish* Slave said, was admirable; she was a *Portuguese*, and witty, so that what she came out with, was so pleasant, they could not forbear laughing, as much offended as they were. In fine, the Conclusion of the Bargain of little *Mary* and *Loaysa* was, He would accomplish the Expectation of the House keeper, provided she first help'd him to obtain the last Favour of her Mistress. This was, it seem'd, to promise a Thing very difficil. In the mean Time to endeavour to assuage his Passion, little *Mary* had promis'd Things far more difficil. She left him after the Bargain was made, and went out to talk with her Mistress, when she perceiv'd her Door inviron'd with Slaves; she was somewhat surpriz'd; in the mean Time, without discomposing herself, she told 'em, they should every one go into her Chamber, and that the Night following, they might have Means to enjoy the Musician quietly; that by the Fear he had been put to, he was in no Condition but to repose. The Company comprehended well enough, that the old Woman had
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a Mind to be alone; and none of the Slaves durst disobey her, for she commanded 'em all.

The Moment the Slaves were withdrawn, little *Mary* went to the Hall, to perswade *Leonora* to hearken to the Sighs of *Leaysa*; she made her a long and fine Harangue, and so well follow'd it, that one would have thought she had study'd it before. The false Matron began to praise all the Qualities of the Musician, as well those he had, as those he had not; for, in fine, she knew him not: She made a Picture of a Man accomplish'd; she represented to her afterwards, how much the Caresses of a young Lover ought to be preferable to those of an old Husband; she assur'd her the Thing should be secret, and that she would never repent of the Pleasures she would taste; for it was the Custom of all Women who had Husbands of the Age of hers, at least, if they had any Wit: She said a thousand other Things of this Nature; and she said 'em in such a pathetic Manner, that she would have tempted a Woman, that had been as inflexible, and as crafty, as *Leonora* was innocent and simple. In a Word, she knew how to take it, that *Leonora* yielded in spite of all the Precautions that poor *Carizale* could take, who slept still profoundly. Little *Mary* presently took her over credulous Mistress by the Hand, whose Eyes were blinded with Tears, and conducted her as by Force, into the Chamber where *Leaysa* was; she withdrew a Moment after, and having shut 'em in, she went to lie down on the Bed, waiting till her Turn came. Behold *Carizale*, what became of all the Measures thou took'st, all thy Distrusts, and so many Sermons thou mad'st at every Turn to thy Spouse;

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Spouse, and to thy Slaves? To what Purpose serv'd the High Walls of thy House, where no Male, not so much as a Picture, had the Credit to enter? What Profit hast thou made of this Tournelle, of these Windows, thou caused to be wall'd up, of so many Advantages thou mad'st to thy Wife, when thou marry'd'st her, and of all the Goods thou heap'd'st on all Occasions, on thy Servants and Slaves? Depend upon't, all Precautions are inutil where a Man has a Wife may be prevail'd on. In the mean Time, what we have here singular is, *Leonora* was not unfaithful; she was all alone with *Loaysa* a long Time. *Loaysa* was crafty and courtly; he omitted nothing to put in Practice, to obtain the last Favour of this young Woman, whom he held in his Arms; he solicited her, he prest her, he did his utmost, and yet for all this, could not attain his Ends; he charg'd a thousand Times, but all his Tentatives were vain; and both the one and the other, were so tir'd in the Combat, that at last they fell asleep. During these Contests, *Carizale* awak'd, notwithstanding the Force of the Unguent; he presently search'd of all Sides, according to his Custom, and not finding *Leonora*, he leap'd out of Bed, affright'ned, with an extraordinary Agility, he search'd round the Chamber, and seeing the Door open, he wanted but little of dying in Despair. This unforeseen Accident, which he little expected, put him entirely beside himself, yet, recovering his Spirits a little, he went into the Gallery, and after softly into the Hall, where the House-Keeper was asleep; he no sooner saw little *Mary* alone, but he went strait to her Chamber, and having open'd the Door, without any Noise, he perceiv'd *Leonora*

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in the Arms of *Loaysa*, who were so found asleep, that one might have said, 'twas upon them the Virtue of the Drugg had operated.

This Spectacle shock'd *Carizale* 'tis not difficult to conceive, he knew not whether he was awake or asleep yet ; he became void of Motion, and depriv'd of Voice, and the Choler was his natural Quality; the Grief he rendered was so great, he had much ado to breath. As soon as he came to himself, he form'd a Thousand Designs in his Mind ; and that which, in fine, he resolv'd to execute, was to cut the Throat of this unfaithful Woman, and the Lover she held in her Arms. He went presently out of little *Mary's* Chamber to go fetch a Dagger of his own ; but he was no sooner come in, not being able to resist his Grief, he fell in a Swoon on his Bed. In the mean time, Day appear'd, and surpriz'd *Leonora* and *Loaysa*, who were still embracing. Little *Mary* went to awake them, and having taken *Leonora*, they went trembling to *Carizale's* Chamber ; and as they saw him upon the Bed, they in no wise doubted, but that the Unguent operated still. *Leonora* went near him, and turned him from one Side to the other, to see if he might be awakened, without Occasion of Vinegar to rub him : But, in the Time they turn'd him, *Carizale* recovered his Spirits, and fetching a profound Sigh, he began to say, with a weak and lamentable Voice, that he was the most unfortunate of all the Men in the World. *Leonora*, who understood not very well what her Spouse said, and saw him awake, was surpriz'd, that the Vertue of the Unguent the Musician had given her lasted no longer ; notwithstanding, she went near him, and began to kiss him,

and embrace him tenderly: What is the Matter with you *Carizale*? (she began to say, at the same Time.) Methinks you complain. The unhappy old Man then opening his Eyes, look'd on *Leonora* very earnestly, and answer'd her no otherwise, but desir'd her incessantly to send for her Father and Mother. I have something in my Heart that gives me extream Pain (said he, presently after.) I fear I shall not be long in this World, and I shall part with my Life with a sensible Regret, if I die without seeing them once more. *Leonora*, who believ'd what her Husband said was veritable, answer'd, she would presently obey him. In effect, she order'd the *Moor* to go without Loss of Time to her Father; and as she apprehended the Incommodity *Carizale* felt, might proceed from the Force of the Unguent, she was Troubled in her Heart; that work'd so strong upon her, that she caress'd him more than ever she had done in all her Life; she never appear'd so concern'd about this unfortunate old Man. *Carizale* consider'd her with Astonishment, and made a thousand doleful Reflections, that forc'd Sighs every Moment. By this Time the Governess had inform'd *Loaysa* of her Master's Malady, and made him sensible of Necessity he must be extreamly ill, since he forgot to recommend to them the shutting the Street-Door when the *Moor* went out. *Leonora*'s Father and Mother were much surpriz'd, to see they were sent for, because they had never been permitted yet to see their Daughter in her House; but they were yet much more surpriz'd, when they saw, in coming to their Son-in-law's House, that the Street-Door, and that of the Court were open, that the
House

House was bury'd in Silence, and as it were, a Desert. They went up pensive to his Chamber, and found him, having his Eyes fix'd on his Spouse, who shed Tears as well as he. As soon as they were come in, *Carizale* made all the Slaves go out, except little *Mary*; and, in the mean Time, drying his Eyes, he made them sit down, and spoke to them in these Terms, in a Manner very solid, and with the utmost cold Discourse. You have not forgot, without Doubt, my Father-in-law, and my Mother-in-law, the Frankness wherewith I fought the Honour of your Alliance, and the extraordinary Affection I express'd to you: 'Tis now one Year since the Time you gave me your Daughter, for my lawful Spouse: You may remember the Liberality I made appear when I espous'd her, and the honest Behaviour I us'd towards her in all Respects. She was mine, you gave her me; and as I lov'd her with the utmost Affection, there were no Precautions I neglected to preserve to me this precious Jewel.; for in fine, a long Experience has taught me, that Men are designing, and Women extremely weak; Not to expose her then to Temptation, I rais'd the Walls of my House; I stop'd up the Windows of my House towards the Street; I strengthen'd the Locks of my Gates; I caus'd a Tournelle to be made, such as are us'd in Monasteries: never expos'd to her Sight any thing that had the Name or Figure of a Man; I gave her Servants and Slaves; she could desire nothing but was provided her in a Moment, she and those that serv'd her: In a Word, I made her my Equal; I communicated to her my secret Thoughts; I put my whole Estate into her Hands. After the Course

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that I took then, it seems I had nothing to fear, and that I could, without any Jealousy, possess the Spouse I had sought for, and that was fallen to my Lot, by your Bounty; but as the most consummate Prudence cannot prevent the Evils Heaven send us, to chastise us, I could not prevent my own, what ever Motions I could take; and I have prepar'd the Poison myself that will kill me. You are surpris'd and astonish'd, and you know not, I assure myself, where this Preamble will end. I am going to tell you, in one Word, what I have to say; I shall not hold you long in Suspence. I have found, this Morning, your Daughter in the Arms of a young Lover; 'tis neither a Vision nor a Dream; the young Man is still shut up in the Chamber of this pernicious House-keeper. *Carizale* had hardly finish'd these last Words, but *Leonora* fell down in a Swoon at his Knees. Little *Mary* was entirely confounded; she grew as pale as Death: And *Leonora's* Father and Mother were in such Confusion and Disorder, they could not pronounce one Word. *Carizale*, who was oblig'd to break off his Discourse, resum'd it on a suddain. The Revenge I design to take for this Affront (he went on and said) is not that which is ordinarily taken on the like Occasions: As I have been singular in all my Actions, so I will be also in this here: I will make the Vengeance fall on myself; because in the main, to consider well the Thing, 'tis I that am guilty of this Crime. What Business had I, at the Age I was of, to espouse a Girl of fifteen Years? These sort of Marriages never do well; and 'tis only on myself I ought to lay it upon; I deserve, without Doubt, such a Destiny; and I
may

may be justly compar'd to those Insects that make Houses to serve 'em for a Grave. I do not at all think culpable, my dear *Leonora* (he cry'd out, embracing her, and kissing her with and extraordinary Tenderness) I accuse none but little *Mary*, that has seduc'd thee, and wickedly abus'd thy Simplicity, and want of Experience. I shall not load thee with Reproaches; and very far from retaining any Resentment in my Heart, thou shalt find I love thee still; for, as I said before, I will do thee this Justice, that thou hast not deceiv'd me, but as thou hast lent an Ear to Discourses deceitful and interested of the most wicked of all Women. Let a Notary be call'd (he went on, addressing to *Leonora's* Father and Mother) I will make my Will; and give twenty thousand Ducats to your Daughter, to whom I recommend, after my Death, to marry this young Man, that I found with her; for, as I have lov'd her tenderly in my Life-time, I desire her Content, when I shall live no longer. For you, my dear Father-in-law, and my dear Mother-in-law, I will leave you wherewith to live honourably the rest of your Days: And, as for the rest of my Estate, I design it to Works of Piety. Behold what is my last Will! (but he went on) Delay not to fetch the Notary; I find I have not long to live. In ending these Words, he fell down in a Swoon on *Leonora's* Face, who was not yet recover'd from her Dismay. During this Time, little *Mary*, seeing a convenient Opportunity, went out of the Chamber, and went to advertize *Loaysa* of what pass'd. She advertiz'd him in the mean Time to withdraw, and promis'd him to give him an Account of all that should happen afterwards;

for

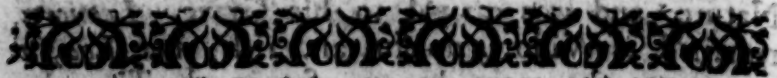
for (she said further) whilst the Gates of our House are open, it will be no hard Matter for me to send you the *Moorish* Slave, as often as there shall be Occasion. *Loaysa* was surpriz'd at the Relation given him by this House-keeper, and having taken with him the Beggars Dress, he went to acquaint his Friends with this surprizing Adventure. The Notary came in the Moment *Leonora* and *Carizale* reviv'd from their swooning; he was a Friend of the Father-in-laws, who presently sat down to write: The unfortunate and generous old Man made his Will, in the Manner he had before projected, to make it without saying the least Word of the Fault his Spouse was fallen into. He only declar'd, that he besought her, for good and lawful Reasons, to marry as soon as he was dead, the young Man, he had told her of in Secret. *Leonora*, who little minded that, threw herself at *Carizale's* Feet. Live my Lord (she said, melted in Tears) 'tis I that deserve to die; for I am unworthy of all your Benefits: In the mean Time, hearken to me *Carizale*, and believe what I am going to say; I have offended you; I condemn myself, and I deserve all your Contempt; but I call Heaven to witness, that I never offended you but in Thought. She was going to say more, but a sudden Dismay of Heart seiz'd her, that she fell a second Time into a Swoon. The unhappy *Carizale* embrac'd her weeping, and gave her a thousand Marks of a veritable Affection. In fine, he sign'd his Will, by which he gave the *Moor*, and all the Slaves, wherewith to subsist, during their Lives; there was only little *Mary* to whom he gave nothing. *Leonora's* Father and Mother try'd all they could to divert his Grief, as much as the Matter

Matter would bear; but the Wound was too deep; all the Pains that were taken were inutil. Seven or eight Days after, *Carizale* paid the Tribute to Nature, and was carry'd to his Grave. *Leonora* remain'd a Widow, doleful and rich; but *Loaysa* was never the more happy; for in the Time he had promis'd, as he had Reason to wait, that she would accomplish that which her Husband had recommended to her in his Will, he learn'd, she was become a Nun in a Convent of the most austere of the Town, which made him so troubled, and asham'd, that he went to the *Indies*. *Leonora's* Father and Mother were sad at the Choice their Daughter had made; but they comforted themselves afterwards, for *Carizale* had left them great Riches. He did the same to the *Moor* and the Slaves, who were enlarg'd, and had wherewith to subsist; but for the perfidious little *Mary*, she remain'd poor, and durst not shew herself.

Behold here the End of this Adventure, the most singular, perhaps, that ever happen'd in the World, of which side soever one considers it; an Adventure, or, if you will, an Example of Women's Fragility; and of the Madness of old Men; of the Artifices of young People; and the little Dependance can be made on Precautions the most wise, and Measures the best concerted. For the rest, I know not whence it comes, that *Leonora* compleated not her Justification; but there is Appearance, the Trouble she was in ty'd up her Tongue; and that the precipitate Death of her Husband hinder'd it. Perhaps, she thought her Justification might be inutil. In effect, what she had to say was nothing; very incredible, how veritable soever it may be.

The Editors

Matter would bear but the wound was too deep;
all the Pains that were taken were in vain. Seven
or eight Days after, Gentlemen said the Tribune



was never the more happy: it in the time he
had promised as he had reason to wait, that he

CORRIGENDUM.

THE Translator being
absent from the Press,
whilst most of this Vo-
lume was Printing, a great
many Errors may have en-
su'd; which the Reader is
desir'd to excuse.



perhaps, the Translator may have been
and that the press of her husband
suffer'd it. Perhaps, the thought her justification
might be in vain. In short, what he had to say
was different; very incredible; how verisimile
ever it may be.

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